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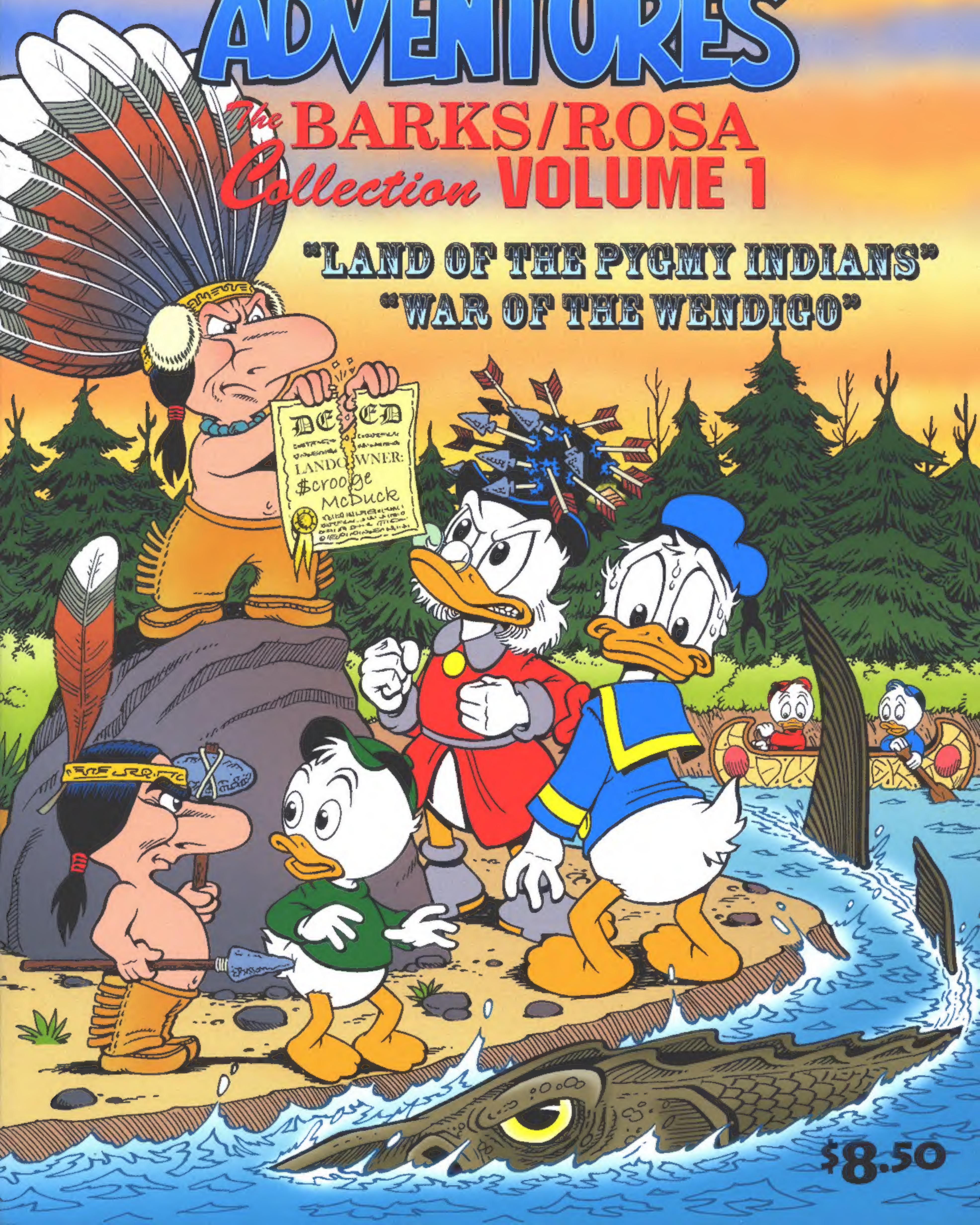
WALT Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE ADVENTURES

The BARKS/ROSA
Collection VOLUME 1

"LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS"

"WAR OF THE WENDIGO"

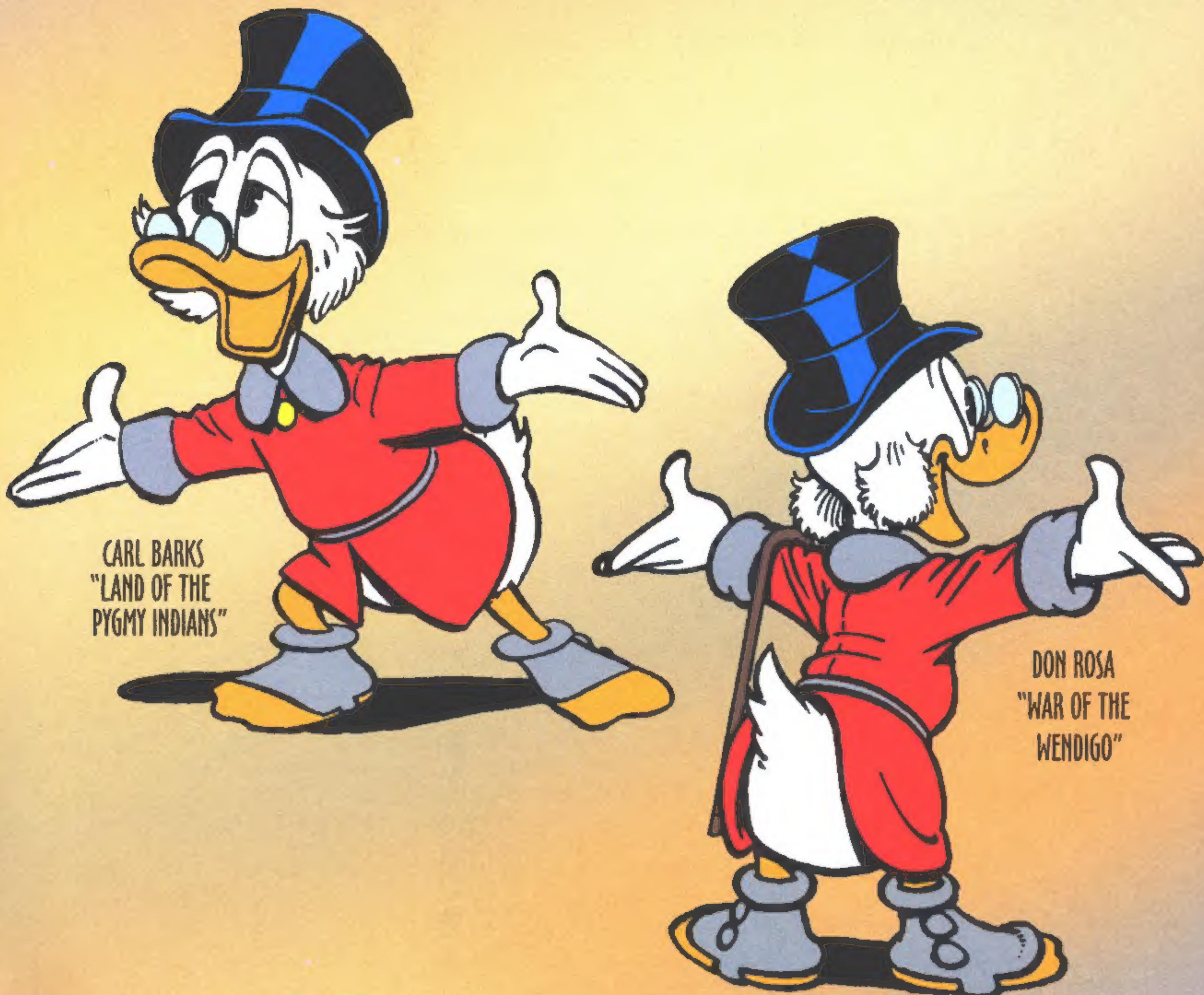


\$8.50

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CARL BARKS
"LAND OF THE
PYGMY INDIANS"

DON ROSA
"WAR OF THE
WENDIGO"

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING
Timonium, Maryland

WALT DISNEY'S

UNCLE \$CROOGE ADVENTURES

The **BARKS/ROSA
Collection VOLUME 1**

LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS starring Uncle Scrooge

Story & Art: Carl Barks (*Uncle Scrooge* #18, June 1957)

Color: Scott Rockwell

COVER OF UNCLE SCROOGE 18

Art: Carl Barks • Color: Susan Daigle-Leach

IN THE LAND OF THE PEEWEEGAH

Commentary by Don Rosa

WORLD OF THE WENDIGO

by David Gerstein

WAR OF THE WENDIGO starring Uncle Scrooge

Story & Art: Don Rosa (*WDC&S* #633, 1999) • Color: Scott Rockwell • Lettering: John Clark

COVER OF UNCLE SCROOGE ADVENTURES 10

Art: Daan Jippes (*USA* #10, 1988) • Color: Sue Kolberg

Cover art by Don Rosa, color by Susan Daigle-Leach

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Walt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE

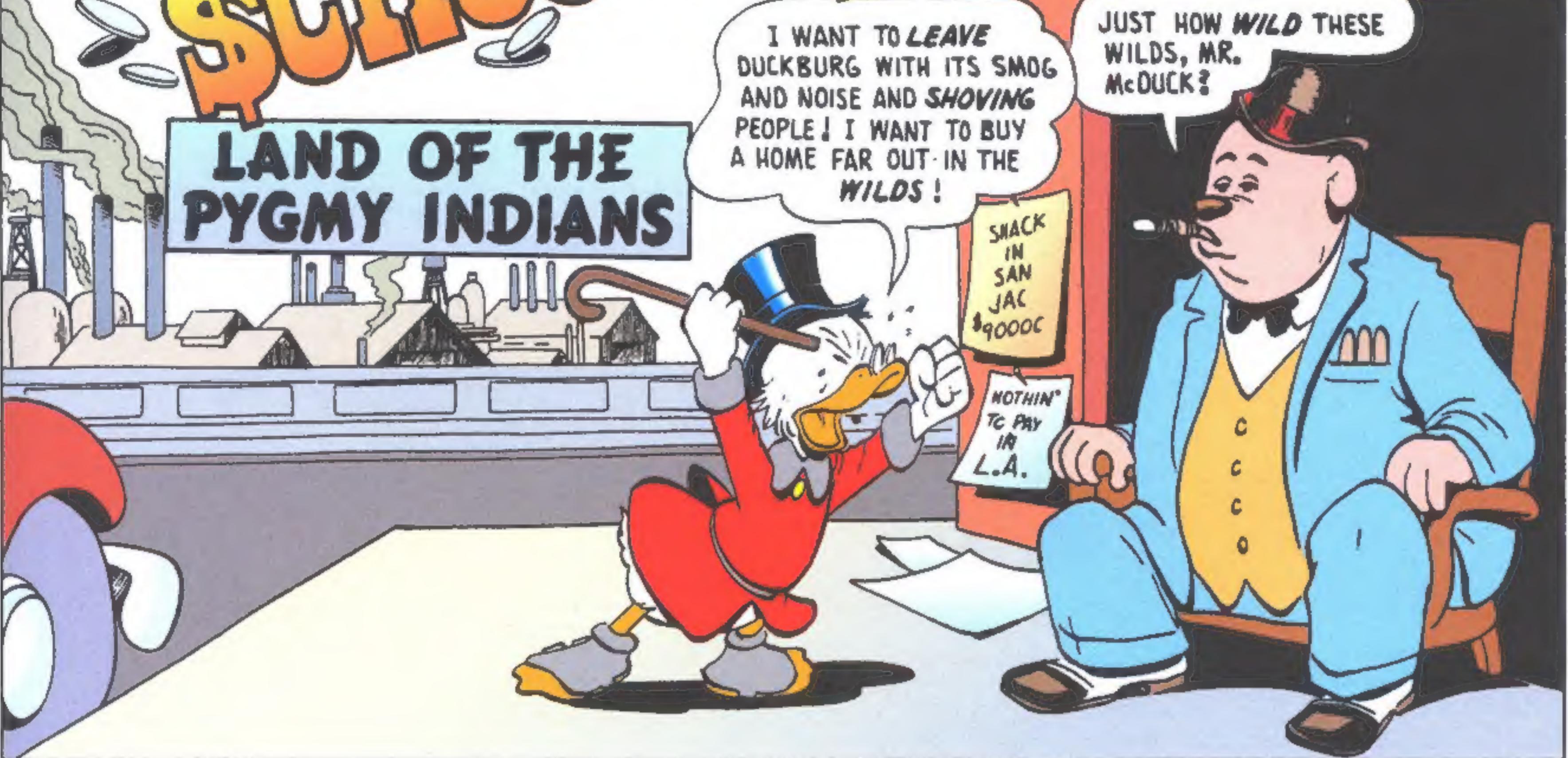
LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS

TO THE LAND OF SKY-BLUE WATERS GOES UNCLE SCROOGE TO FIND A HAVEN FOR HIS FORTUNE, IN THIS STORY OF NORTHERN LAKES AND MIGHTY WARRIORS!

SIDEWALK SAM
THE REAL ESTATE MAN

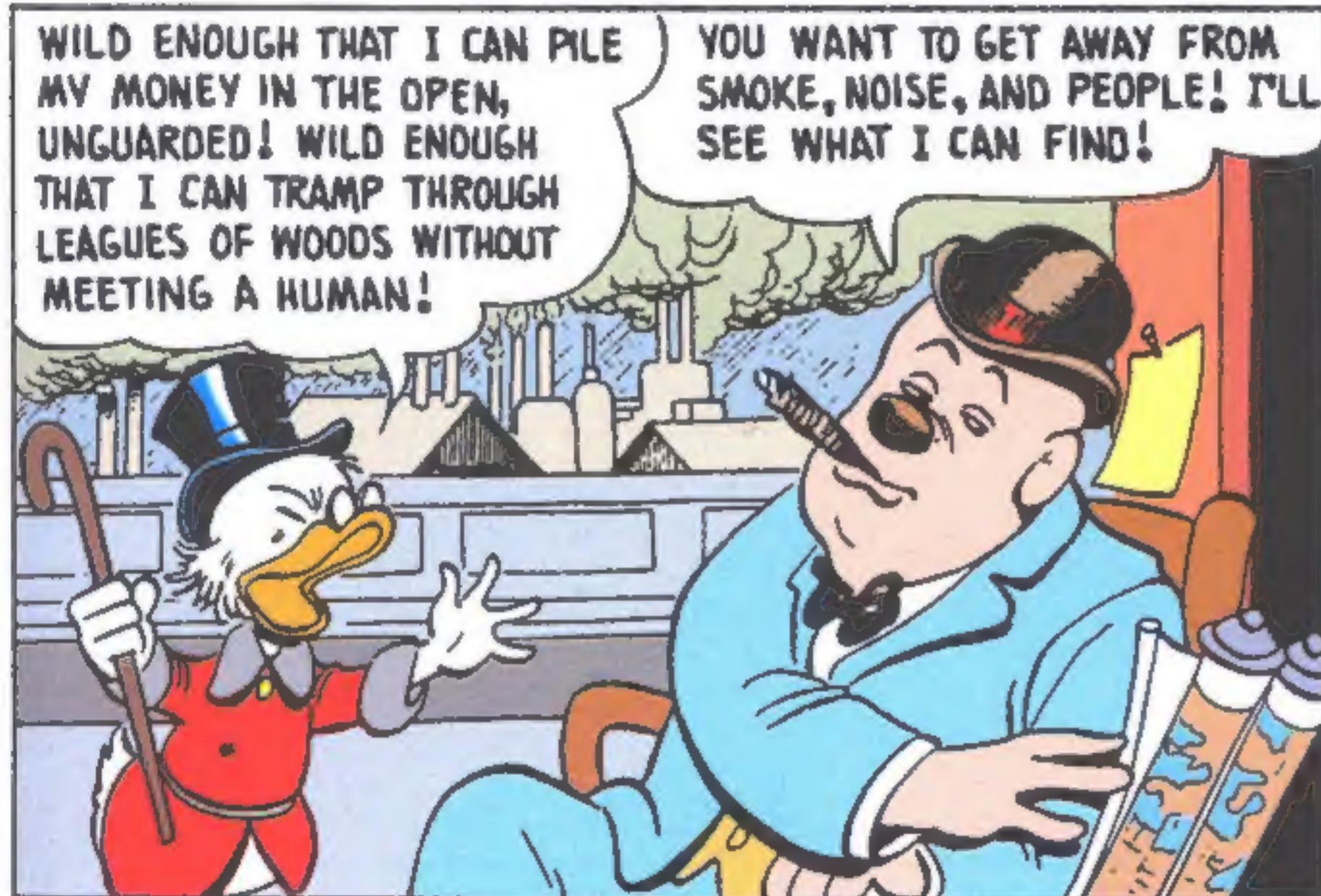
I WANT TO LEAVE DUCKBURG WITH ITS SMOG AND NOISE AND SHOVING PEOPLE! I WANT TO BUY A HOME FAR OUT IN THE WILDS!

JUST HOW WILD THESE WILDS, MR. McDUCK?



WILD ENOUGH THAT I CAN PILE MY MONEY IN THE OPEN, UNGUARDED! WILD ENOUGH THAT I CAN TRAMP THROUGH LEAGUES OF WOODS WITHOUT MEETING A HUMAN!

YOU WANT TO GET AWAY FROM SMOKE, NOISE, AND PEOPLE! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!



AH! HERE IN THE REGION NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR ARE VAST BLOCKS OF PUBLIC LAND INHABITED ONLY BY MOOSE AND MUDHENNS!

YOU MEAN THEY HAVE NO ROADS, NO CITIES, NO FACTORIES, NO PEOPLE?



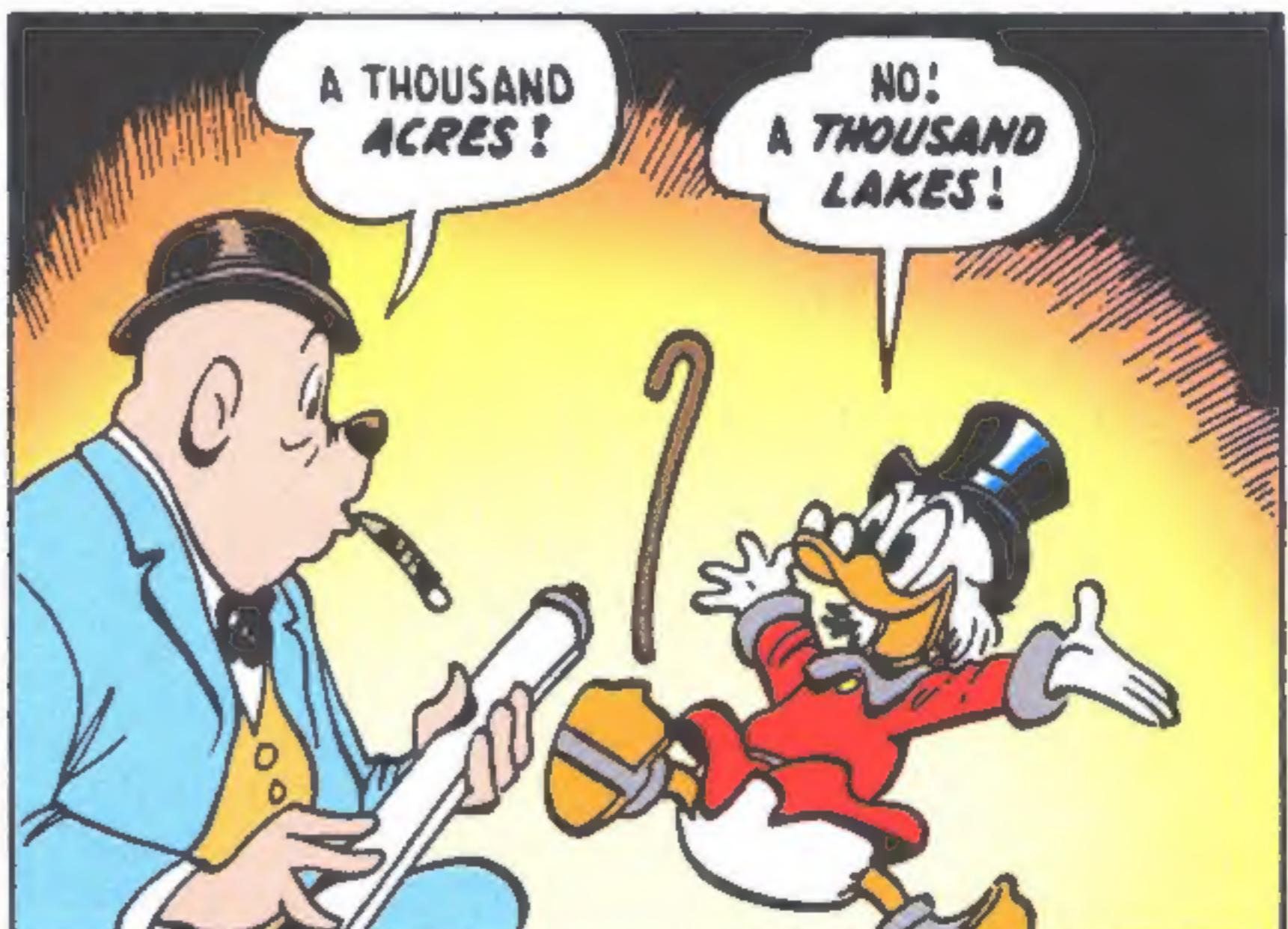
THAT'S RIGHT! NOT EVEN VISITING FISHERMEN ON THE THOUSANDS OF LAKES!

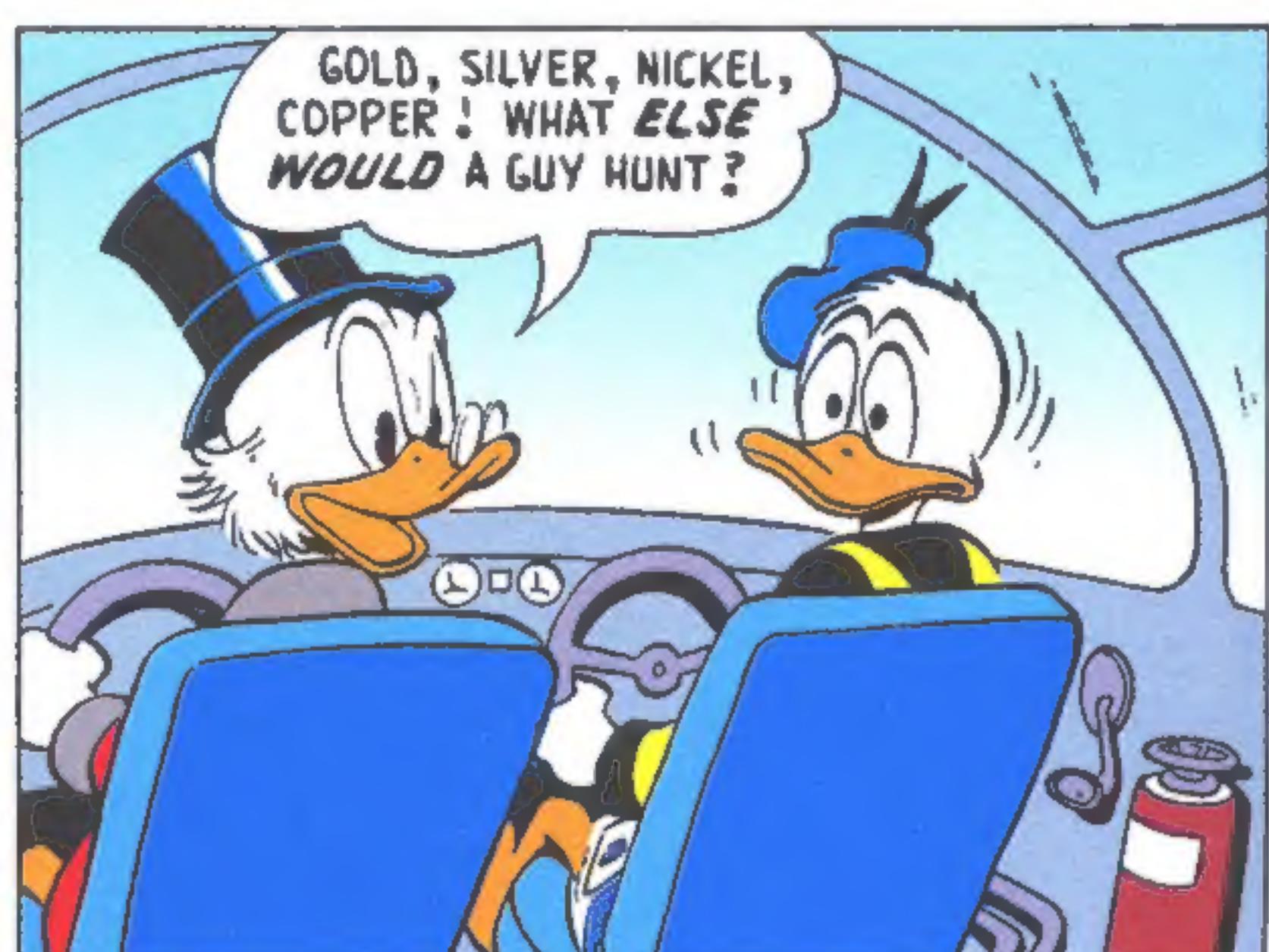
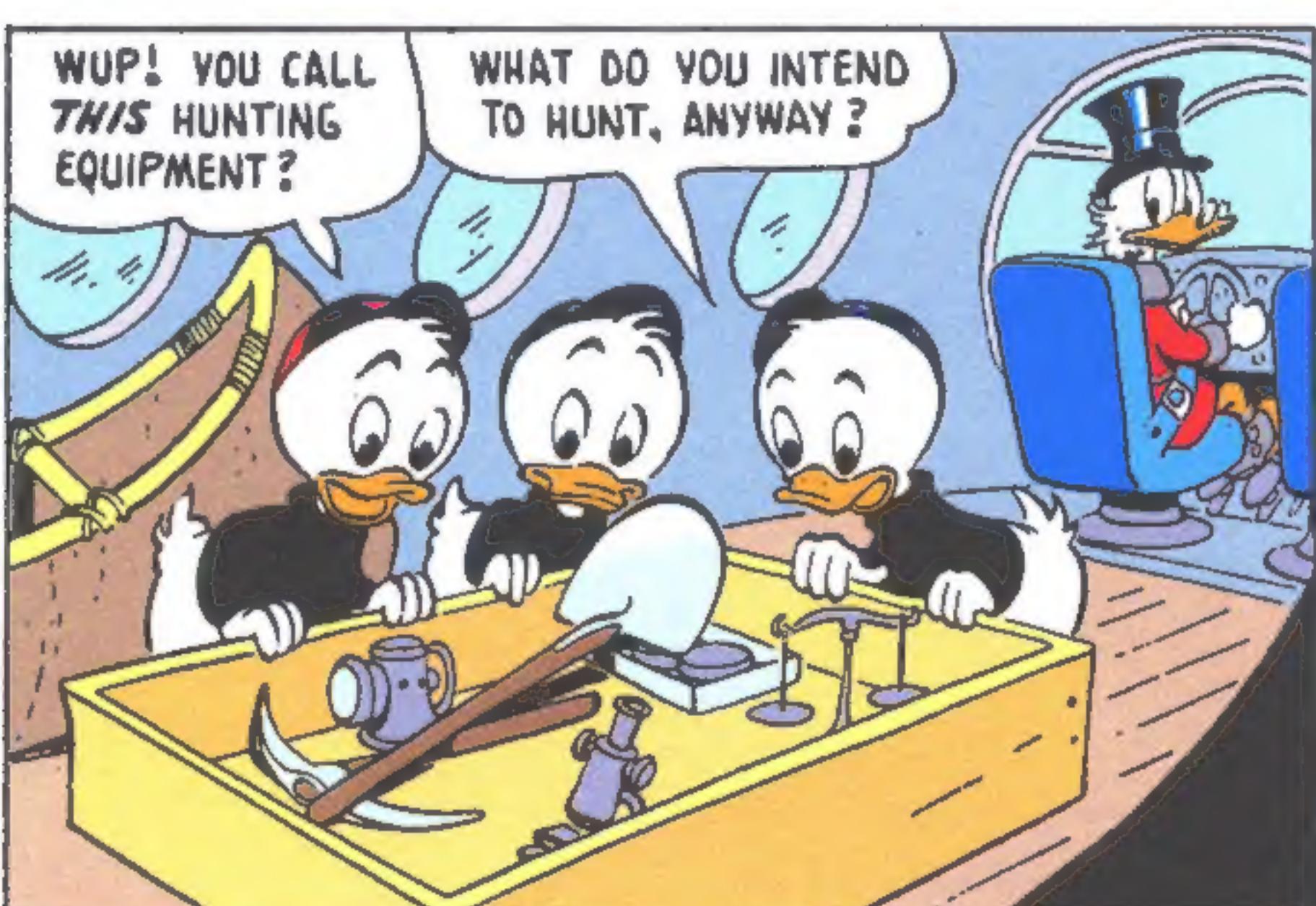
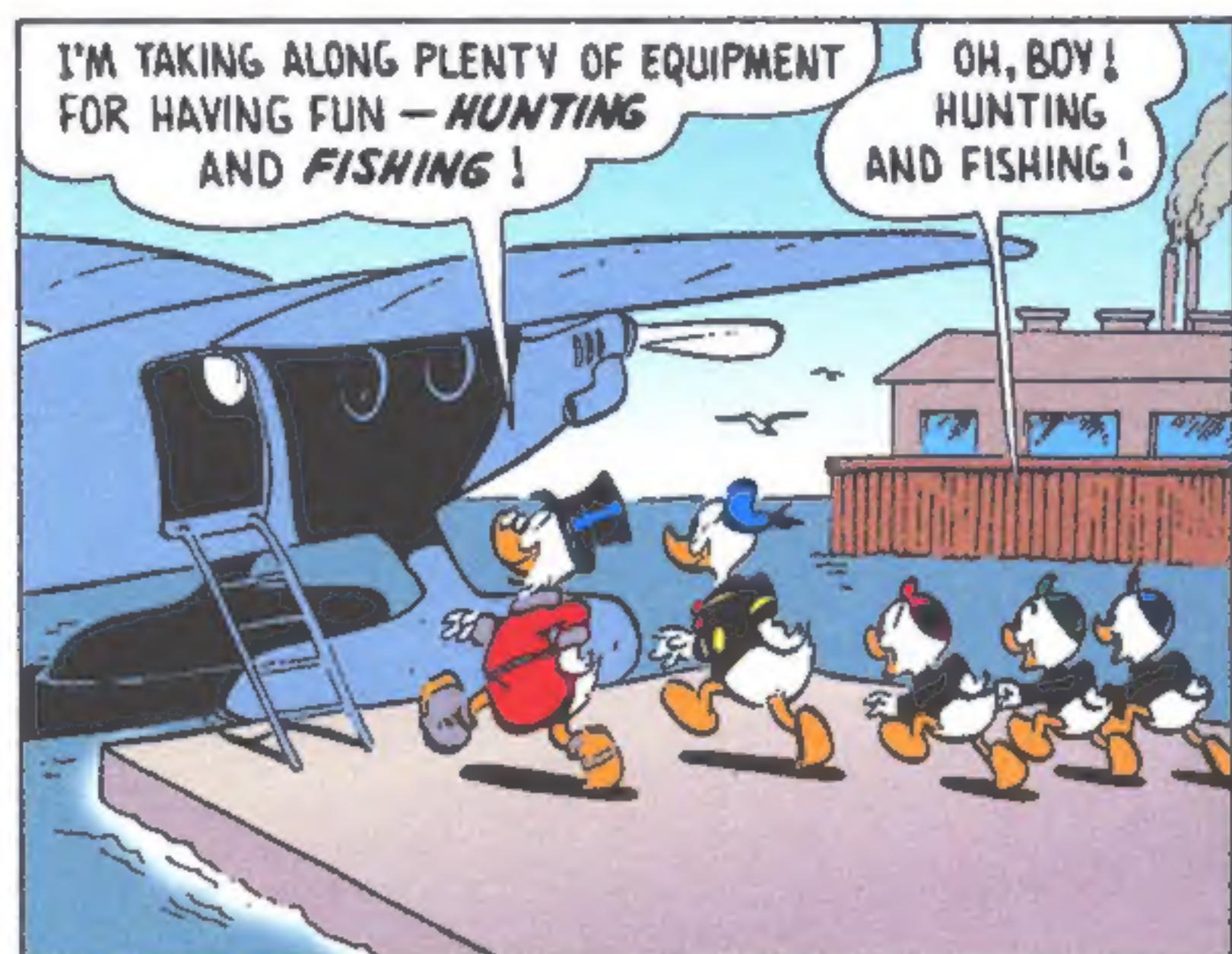
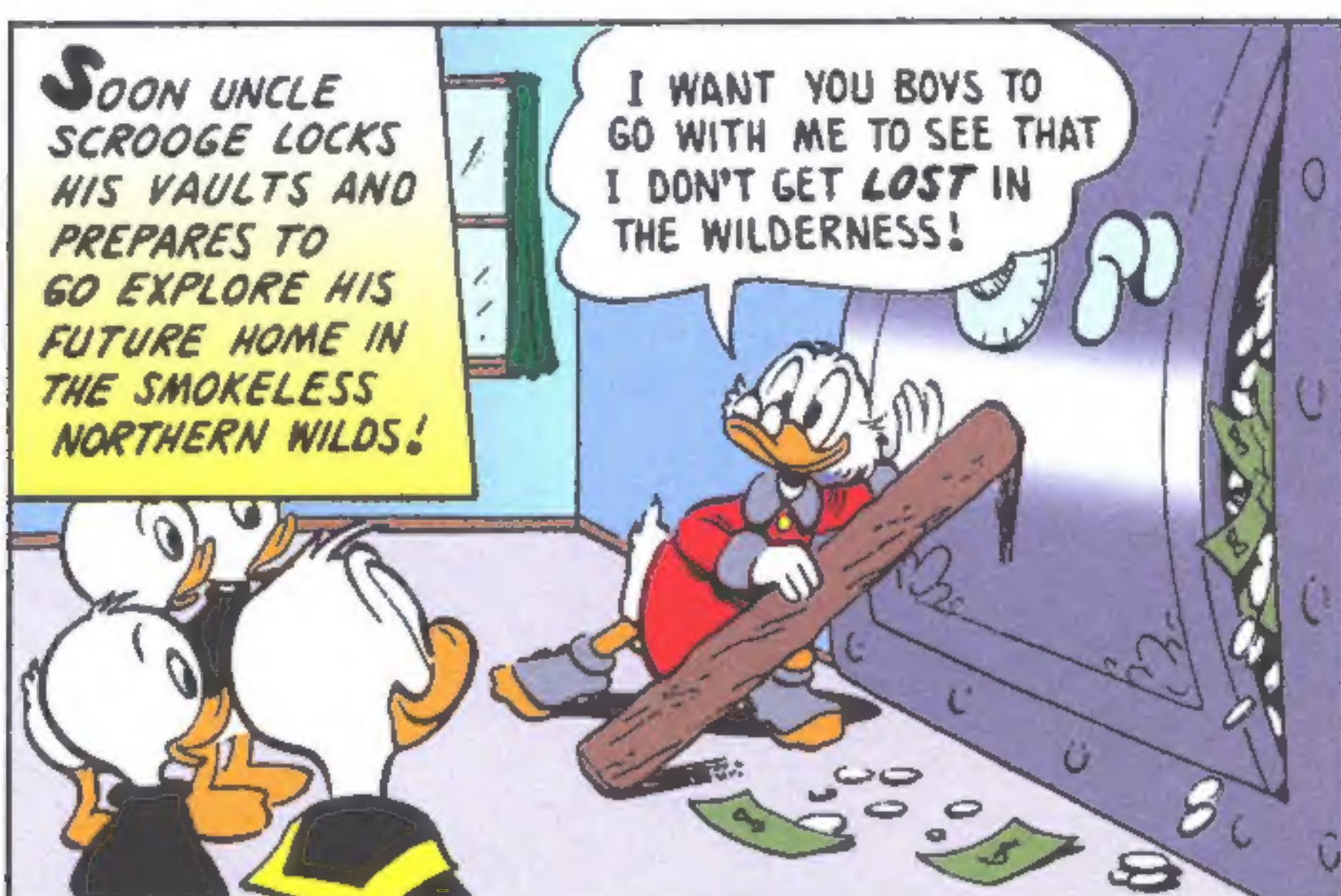
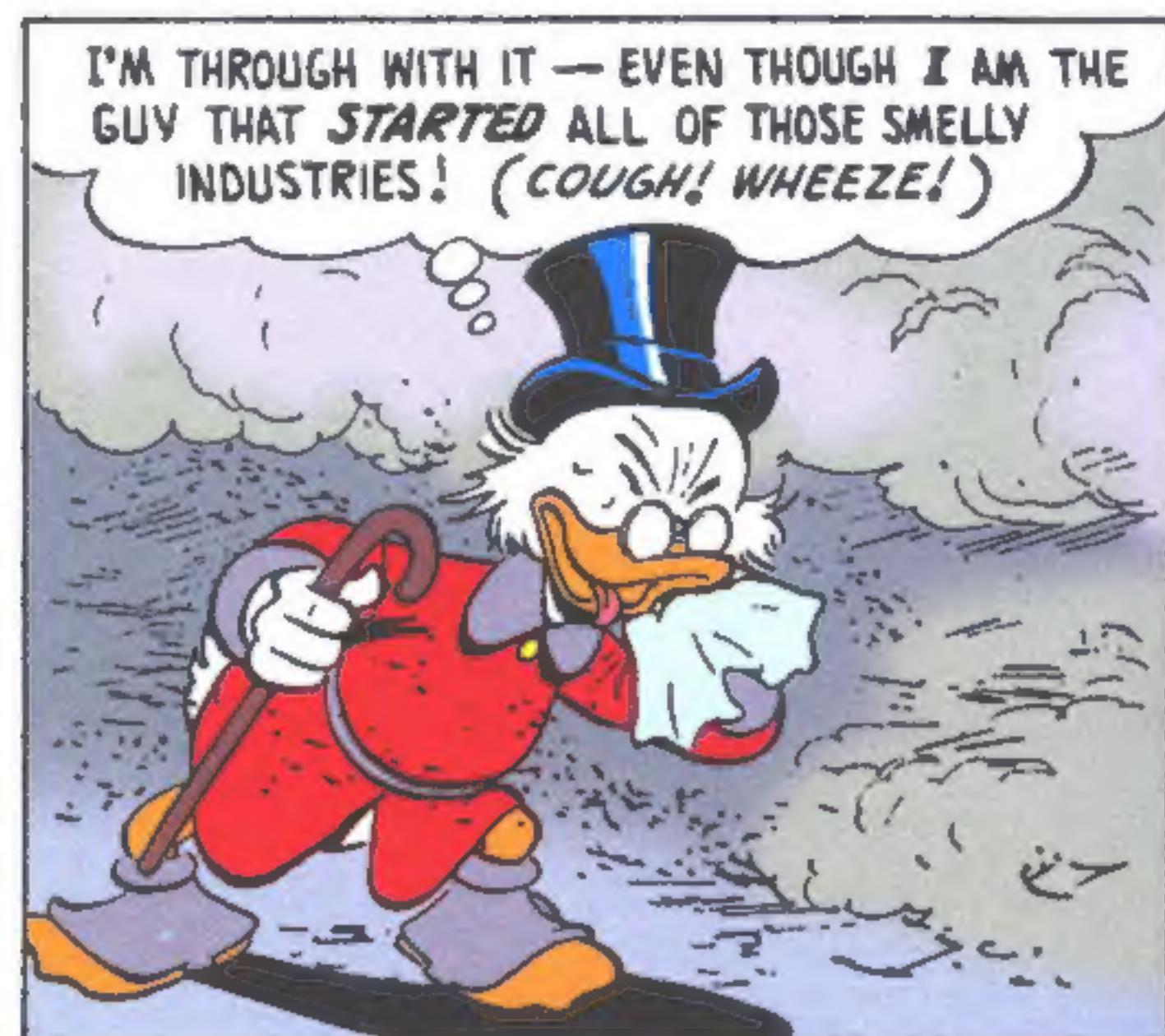
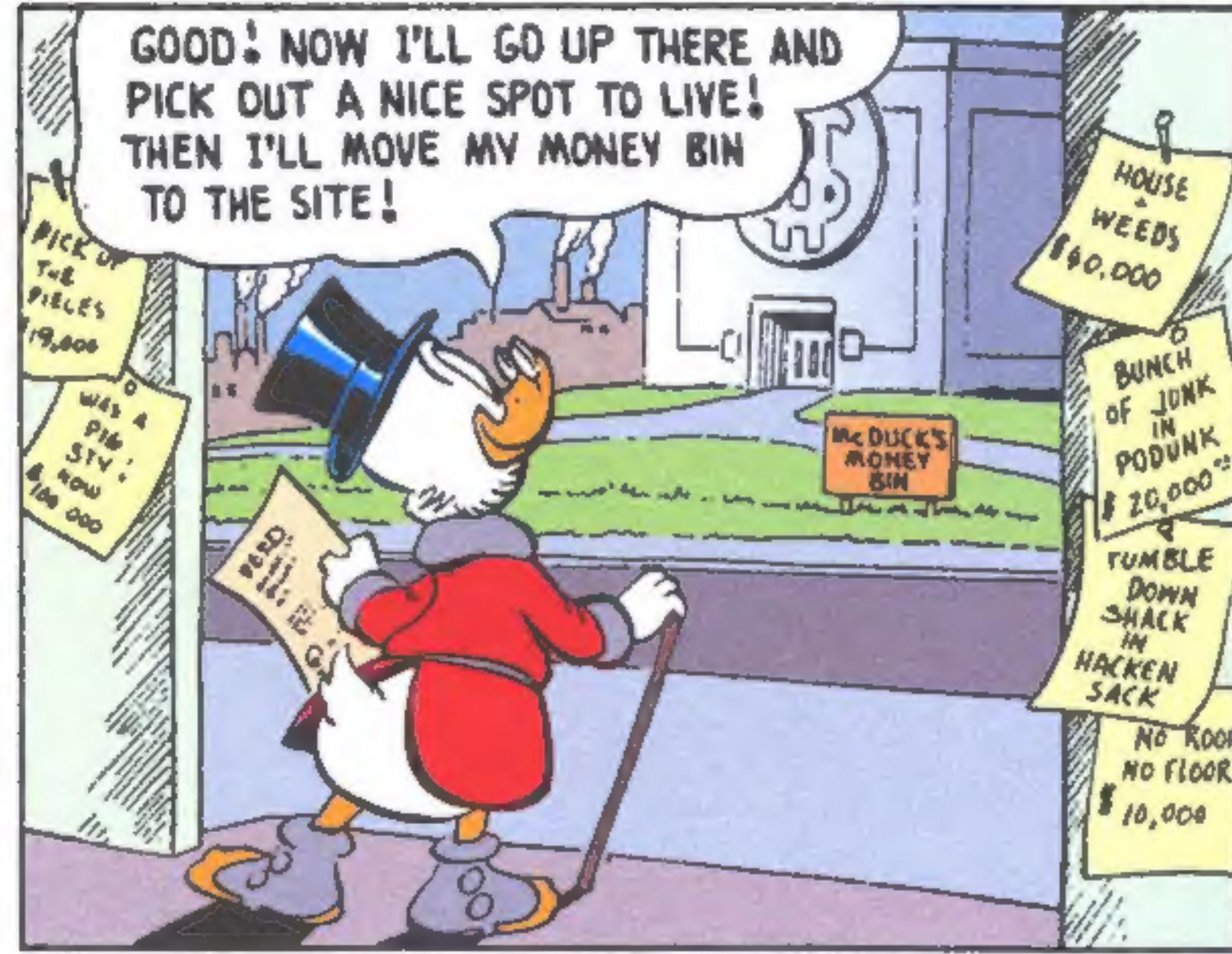
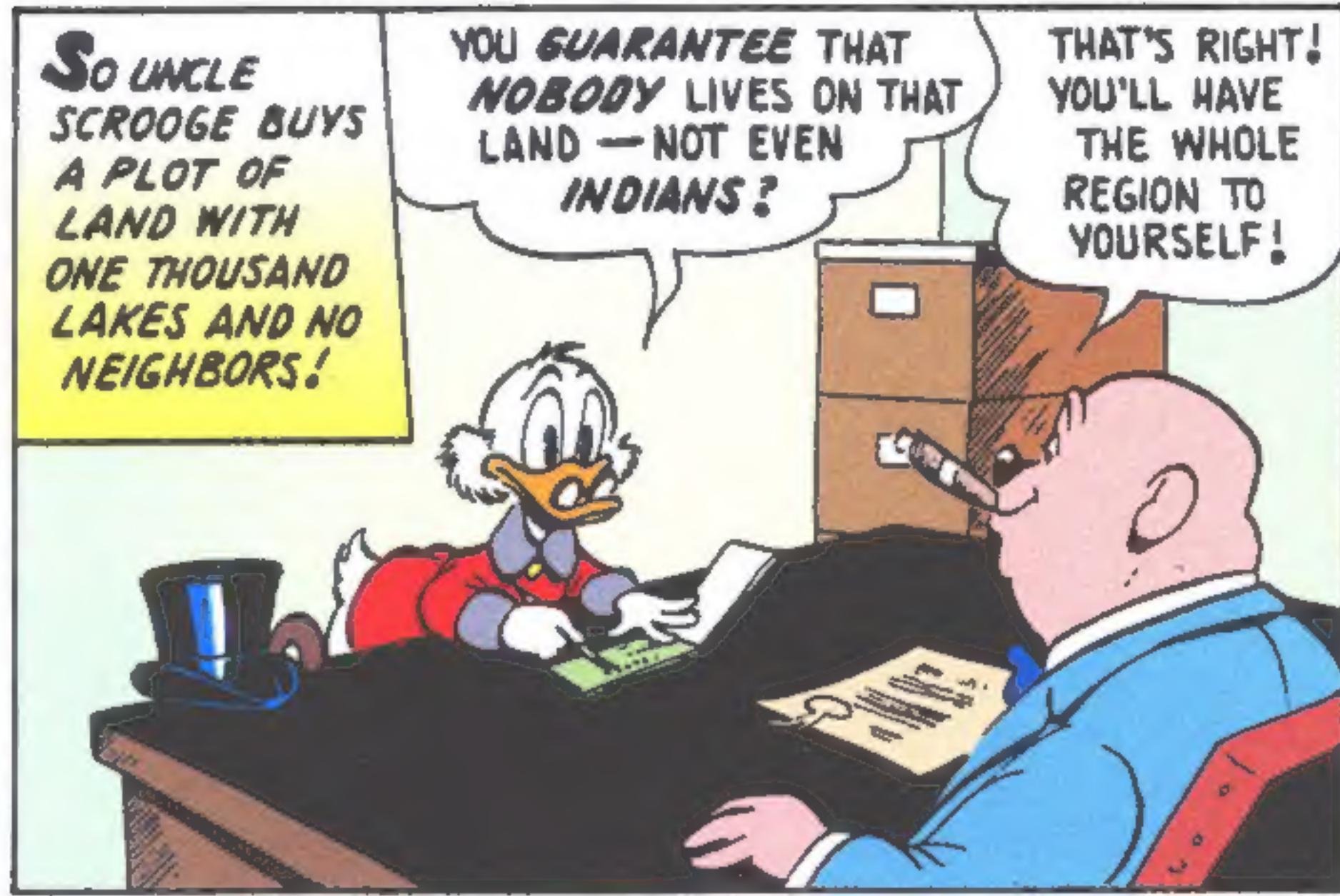
GLORY BE!
I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE BLOCKS WITH A THOUSAND!

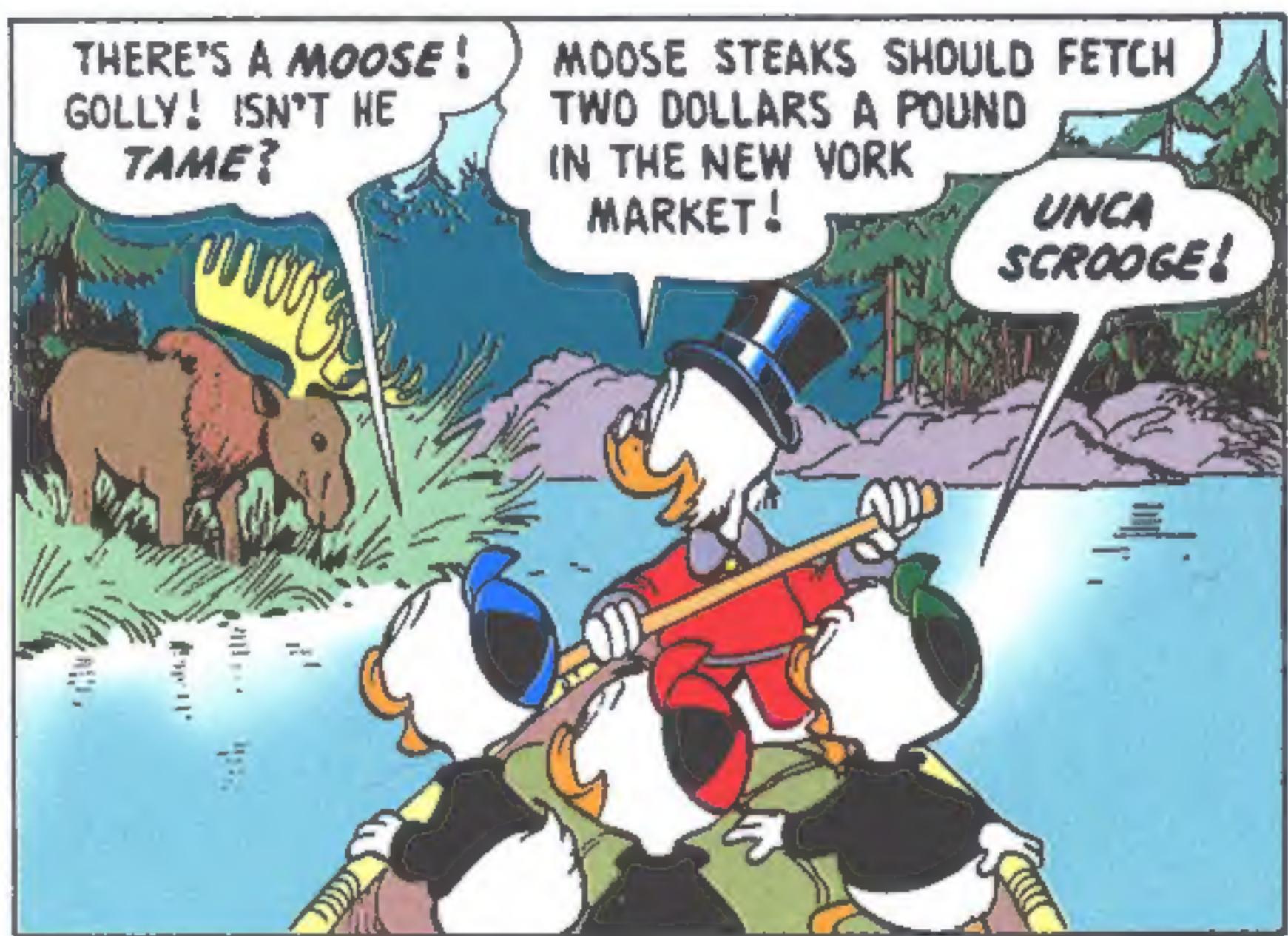
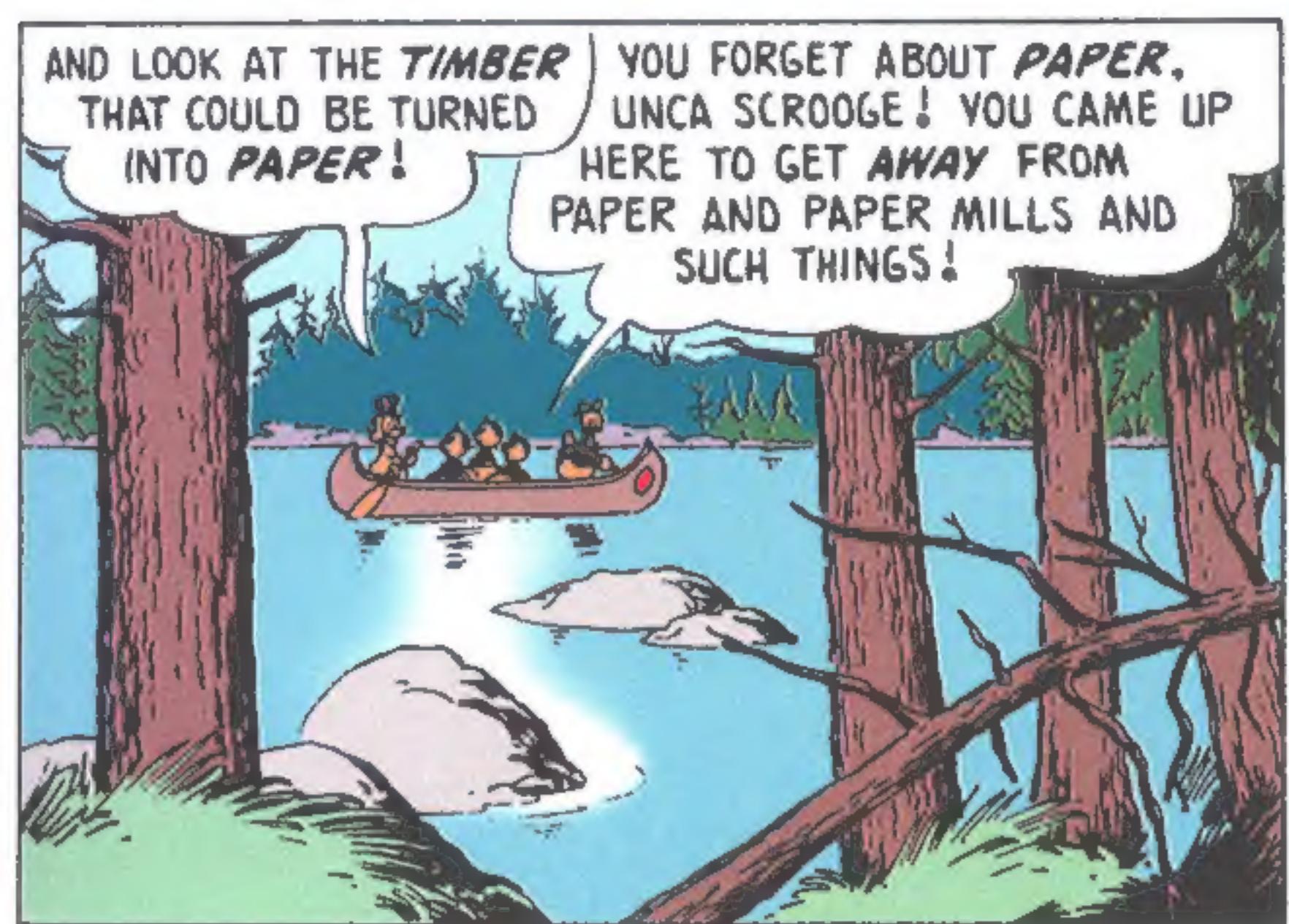
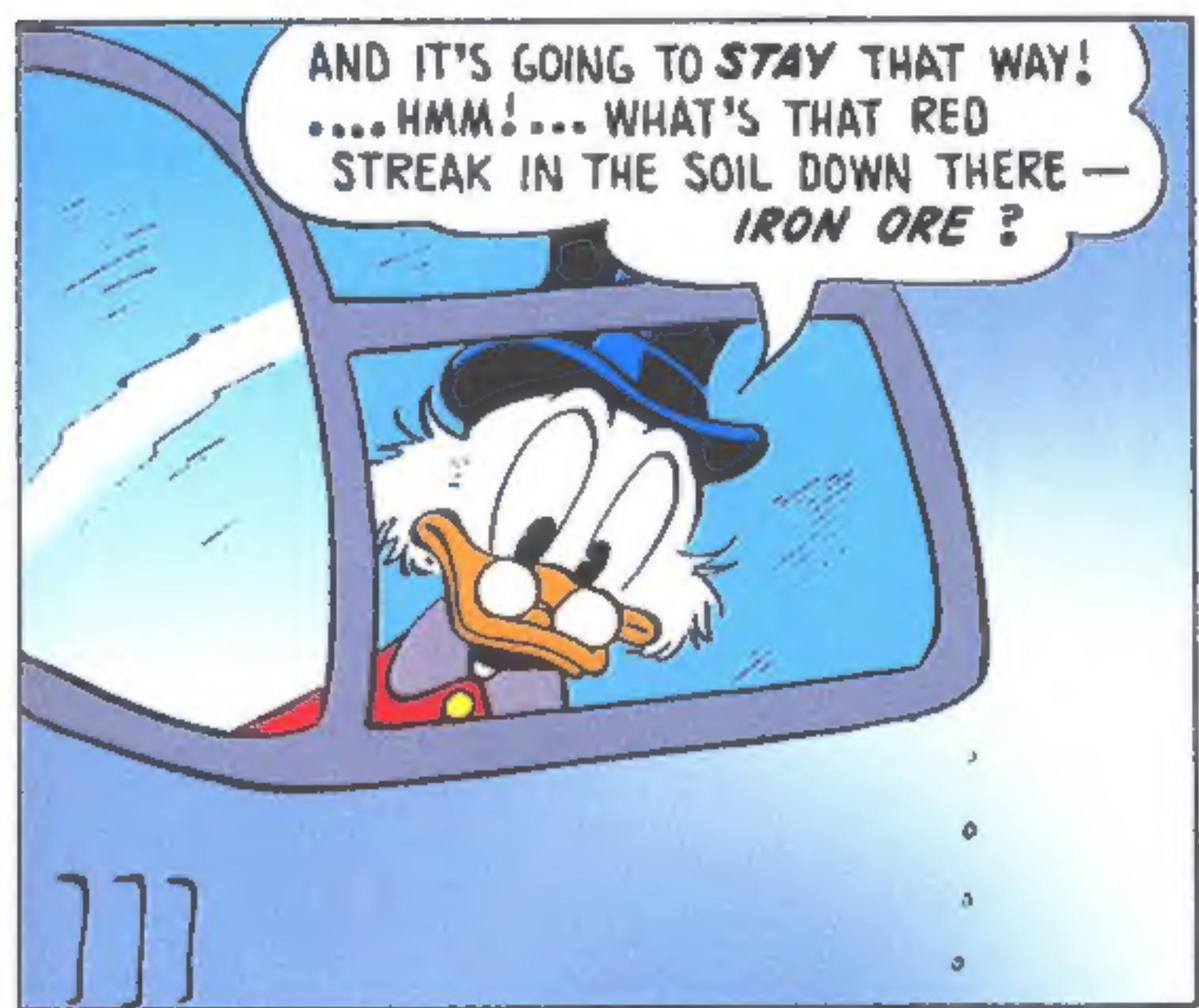
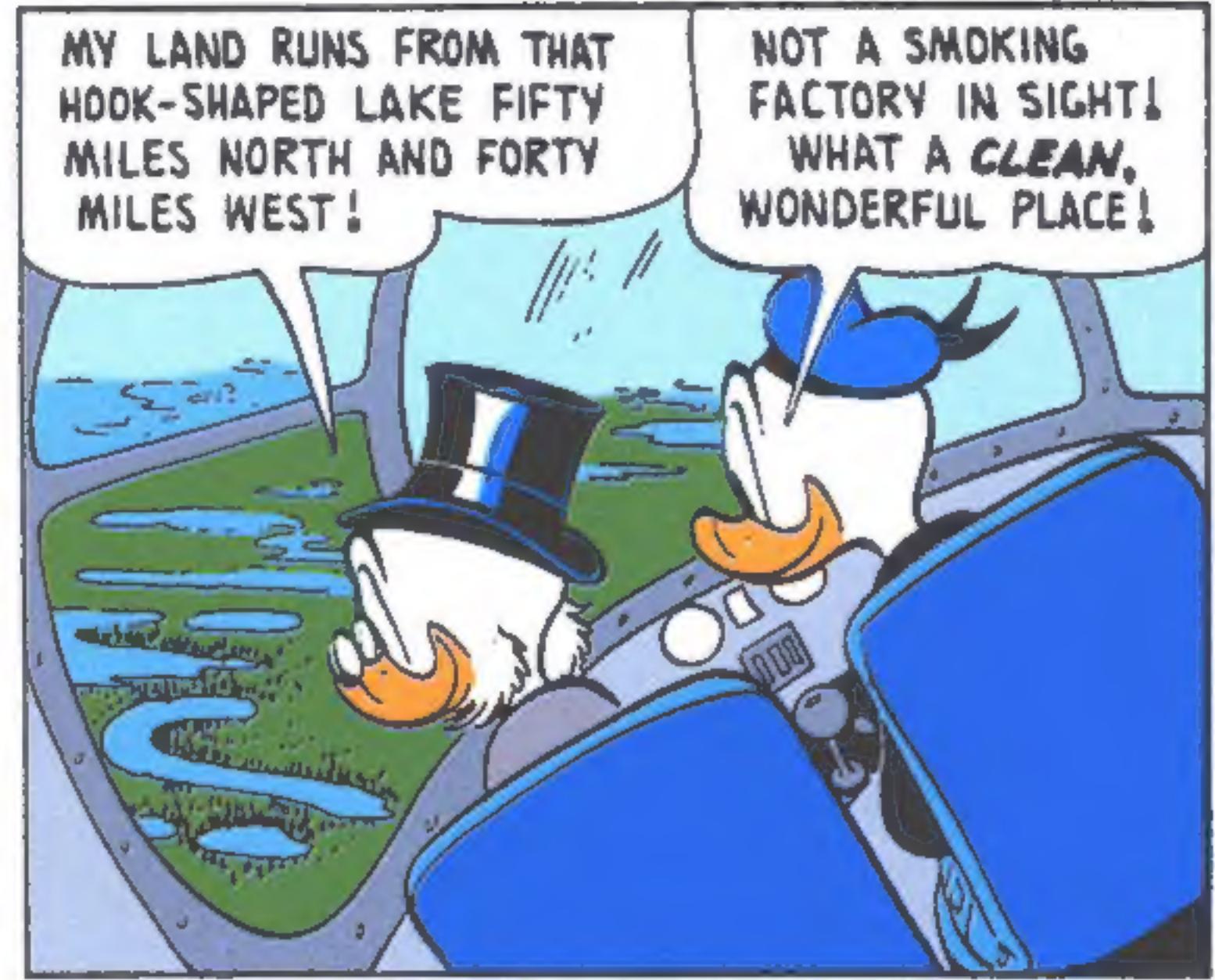


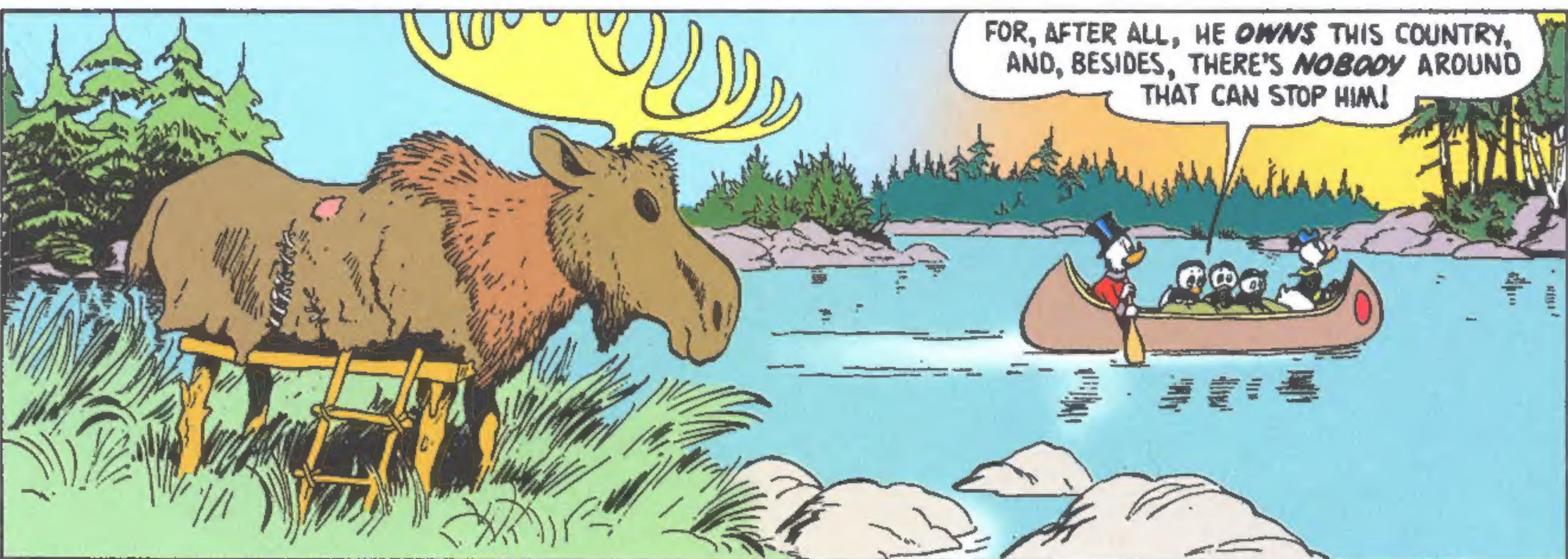
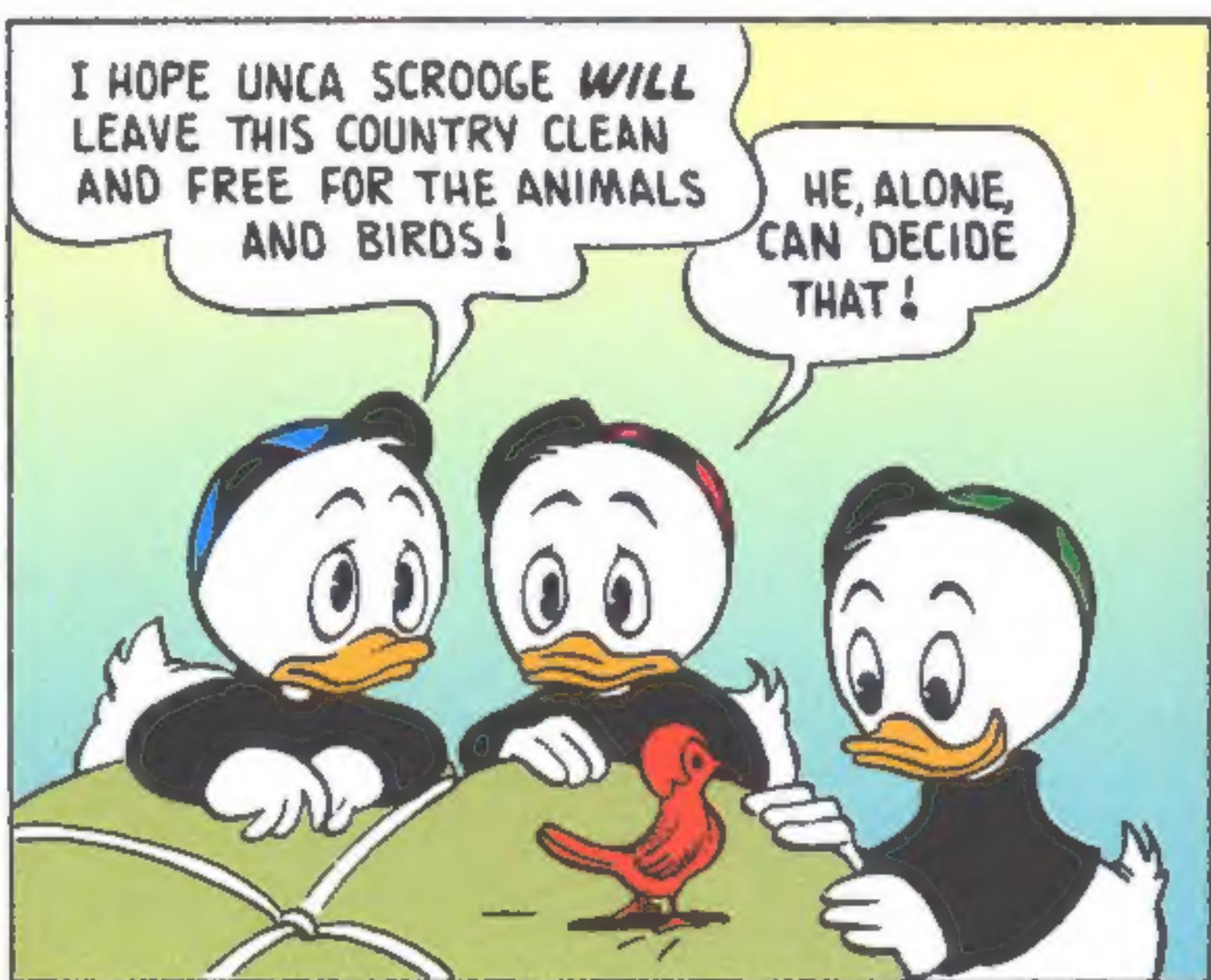
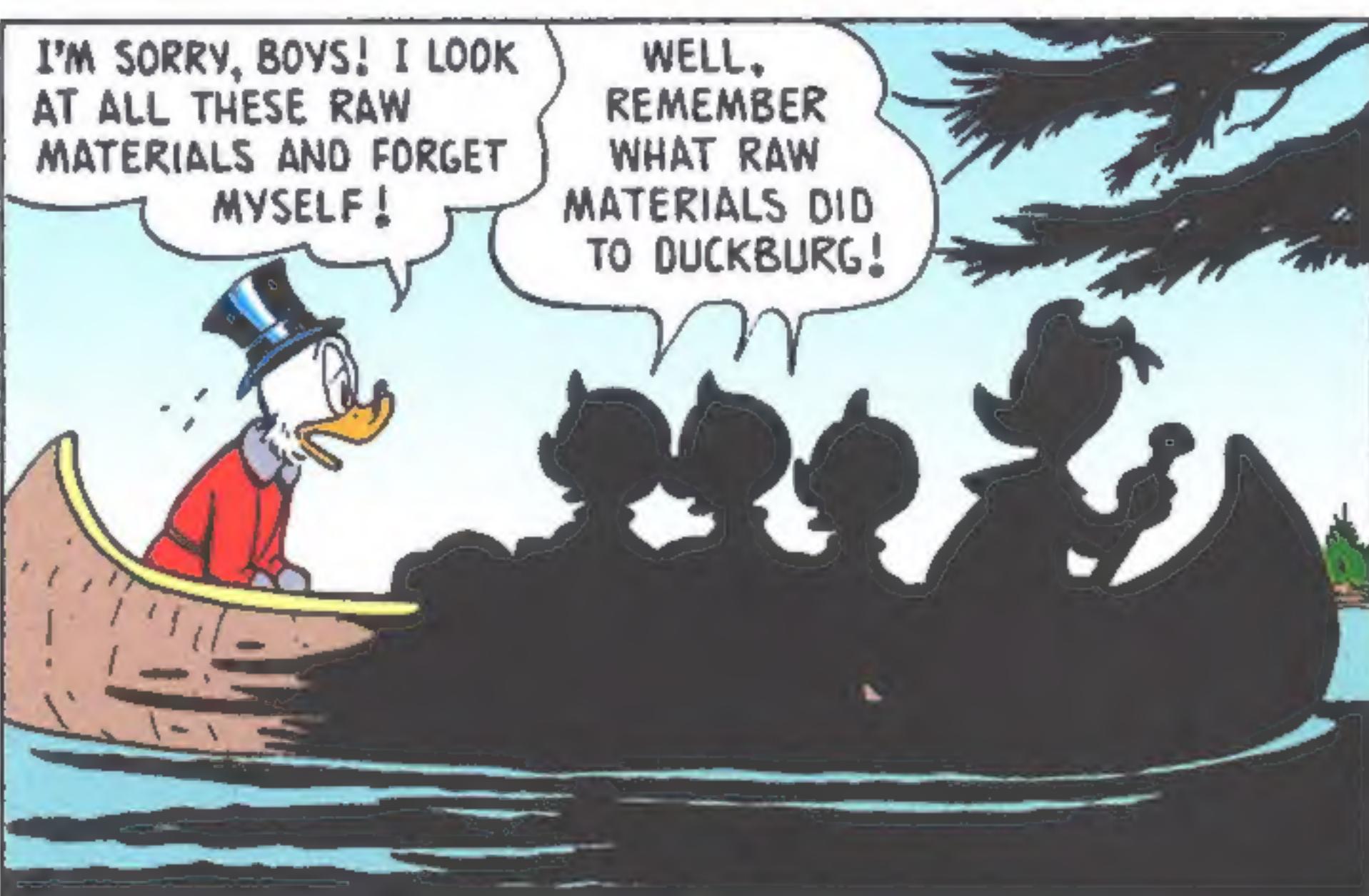
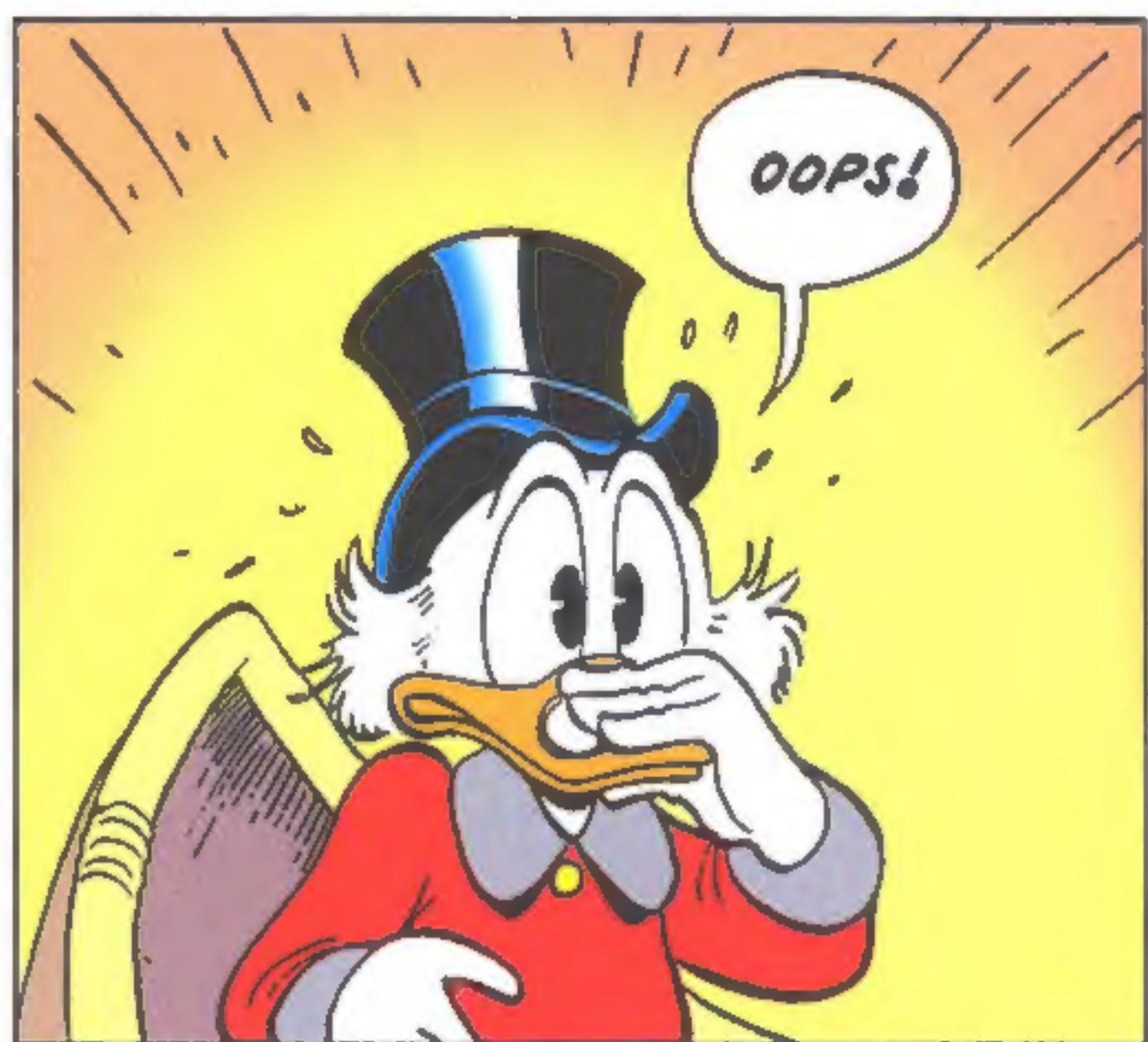
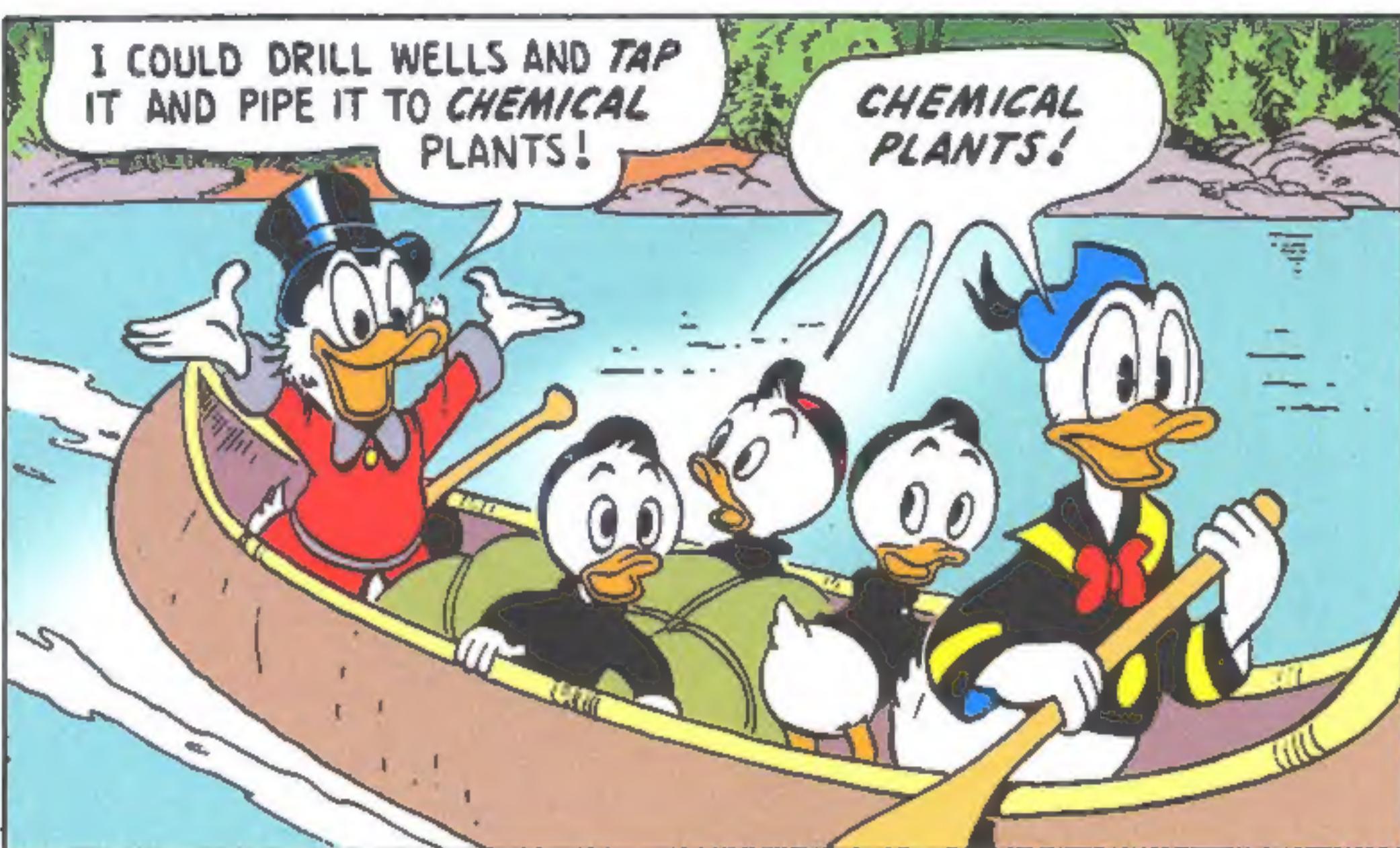
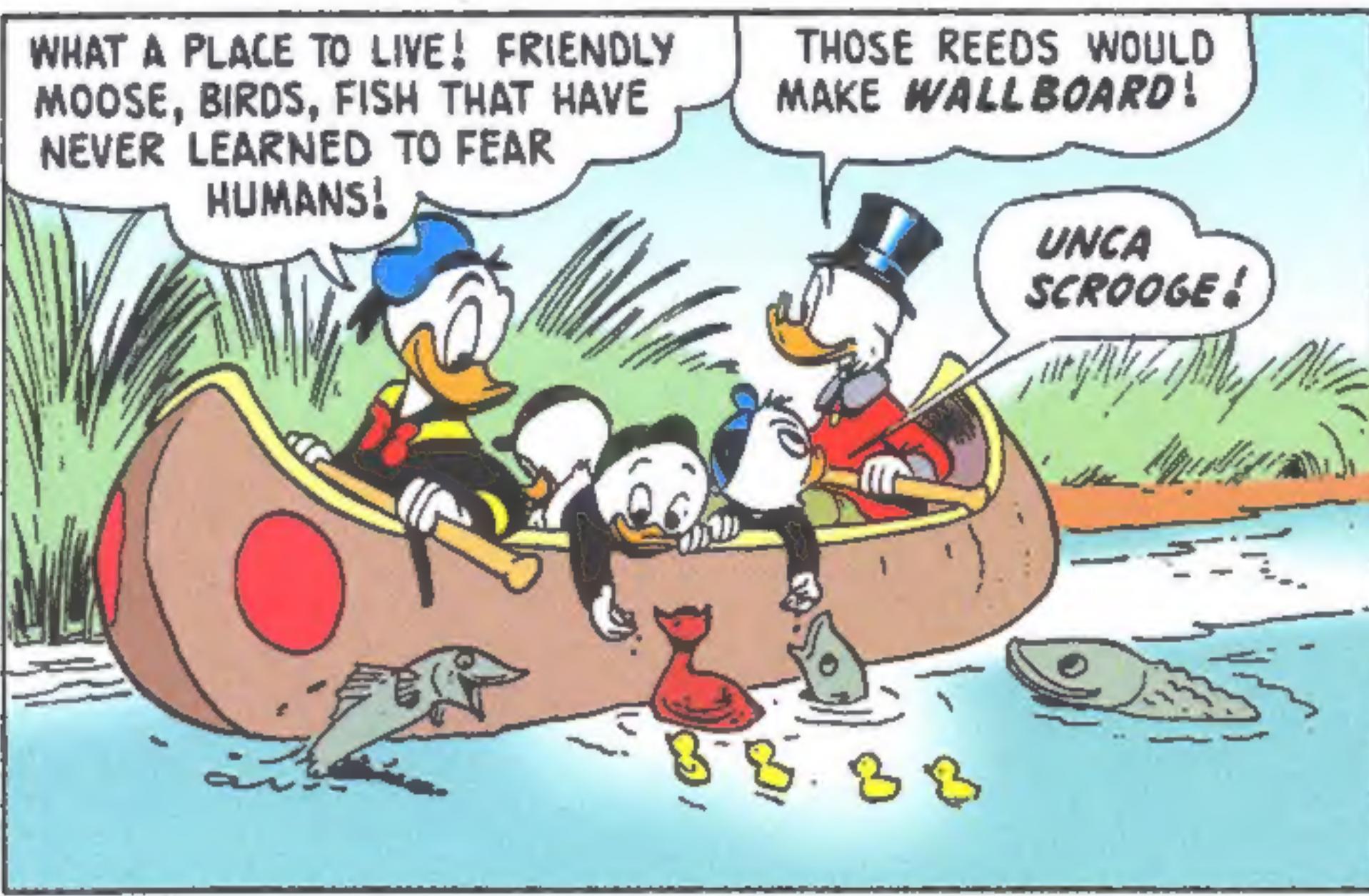
A THOUSAND ACRES!

NO!
A THOUSAND LAKES!









THE DUCKS CAMP THAT NIGHT ON A FRIENDLY SAND BAR!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE THE KIND OF HOMESITE YOU WANTED HERE, UNCLE SCROOGE!

THAT'S RIGHT! IS THAT A CHUNK OF COPPER?

WE WON'T NEED TO GUARD OUR SUPPLIES TONIGHT! IN THIS EMPTY COUNTRY THERE ARE NO PROWLERS! ONLY NATURE AND US!

HIT THE SACK, EVERYBODY! UNCLE SCROOGE, COME ON TO BED!

I'M COMING! DOGGONED IF THERE ISN'T PLATINUM HERE, TOO!

MORNING!

UNCA SCROOGE! UNCA DONALD! OUR CAMP STUFF HAS BEEN DUMPED IN THE LAKE!

EVERYTHING IS RUINED BUT THE CANOE!

AND I PAID TWO DOLLARS AT A FIRE SALE FOR THOSE SUPPLIES! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

HOW COULD THAT HAVE HAPPENED?

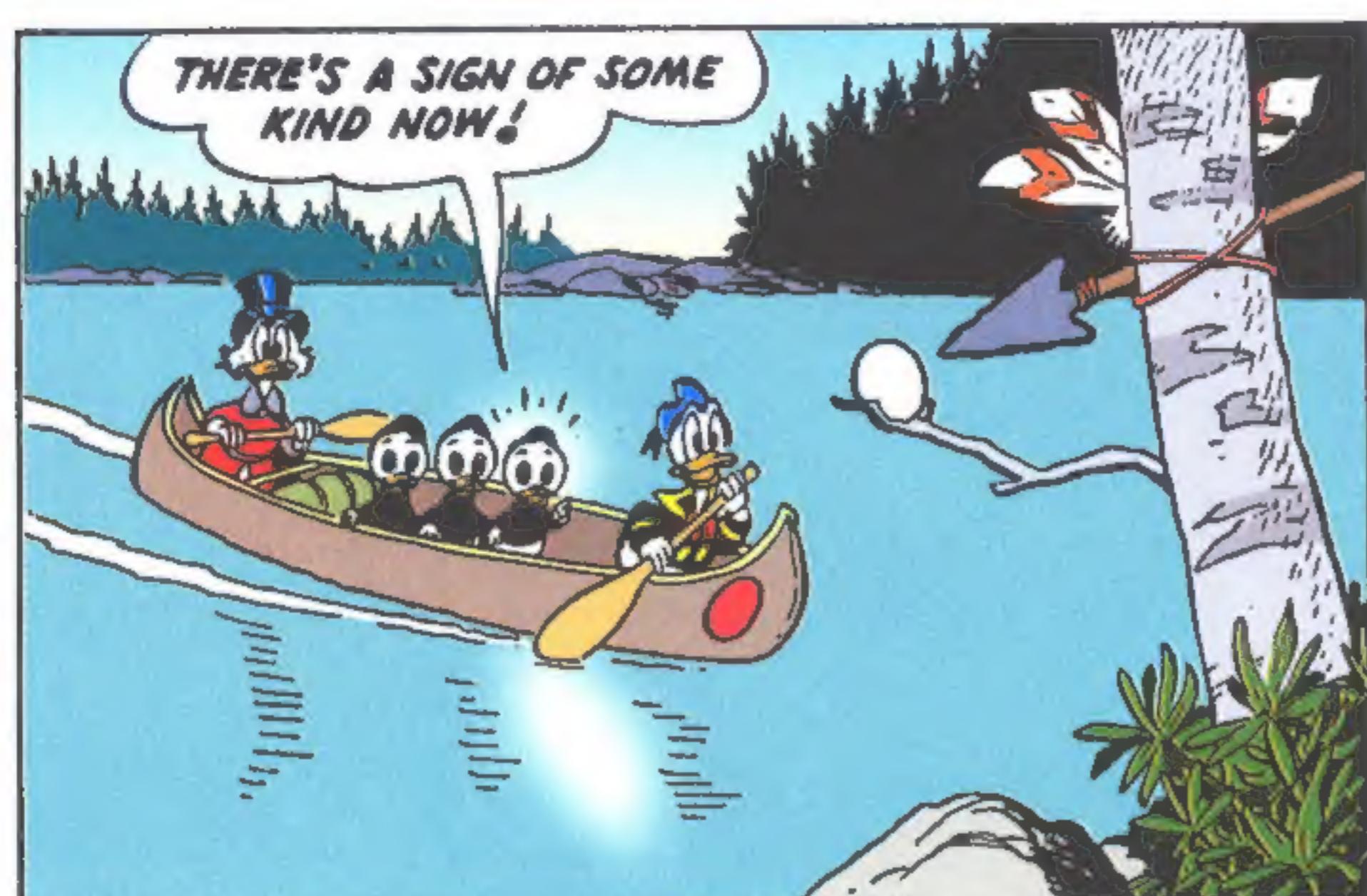
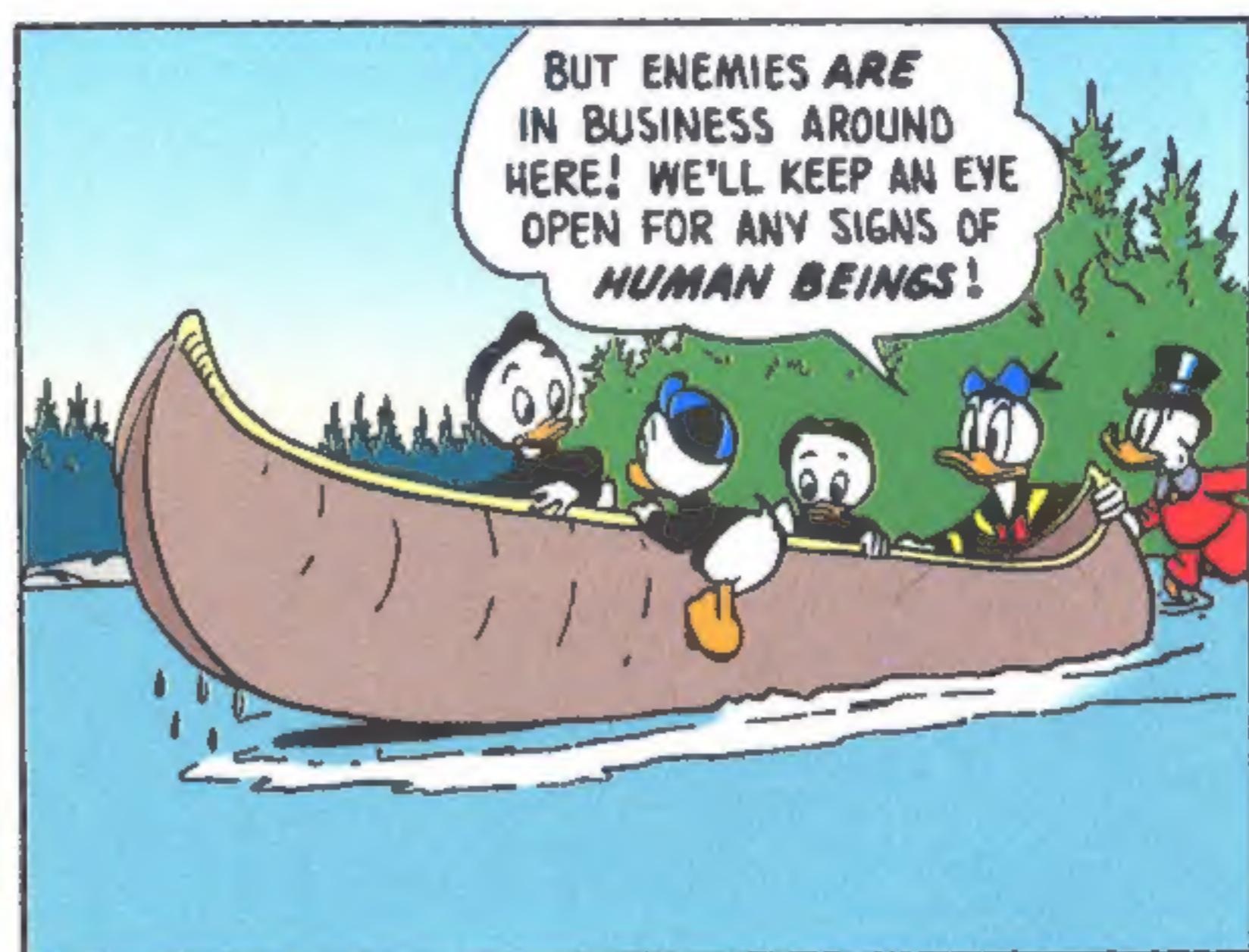
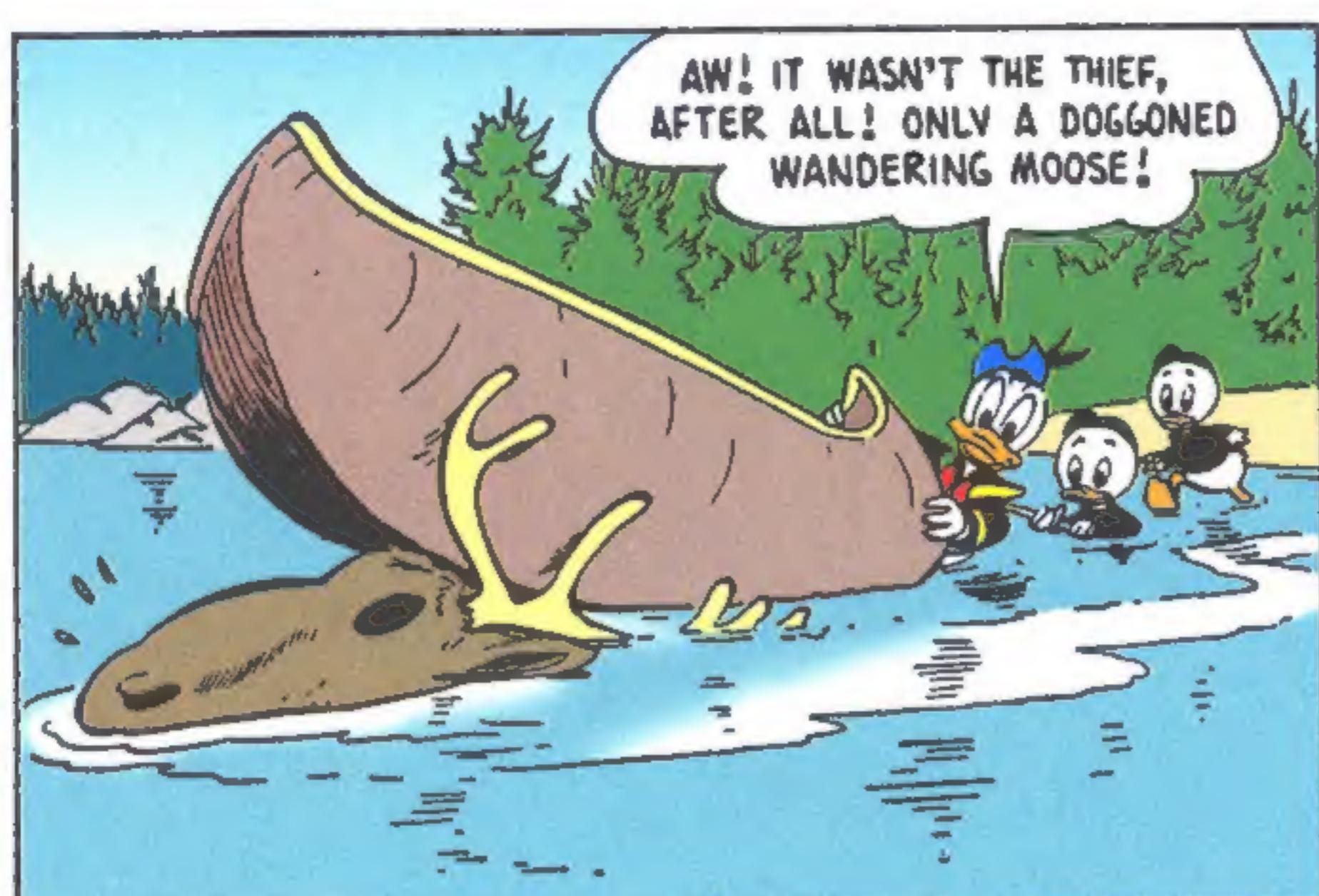
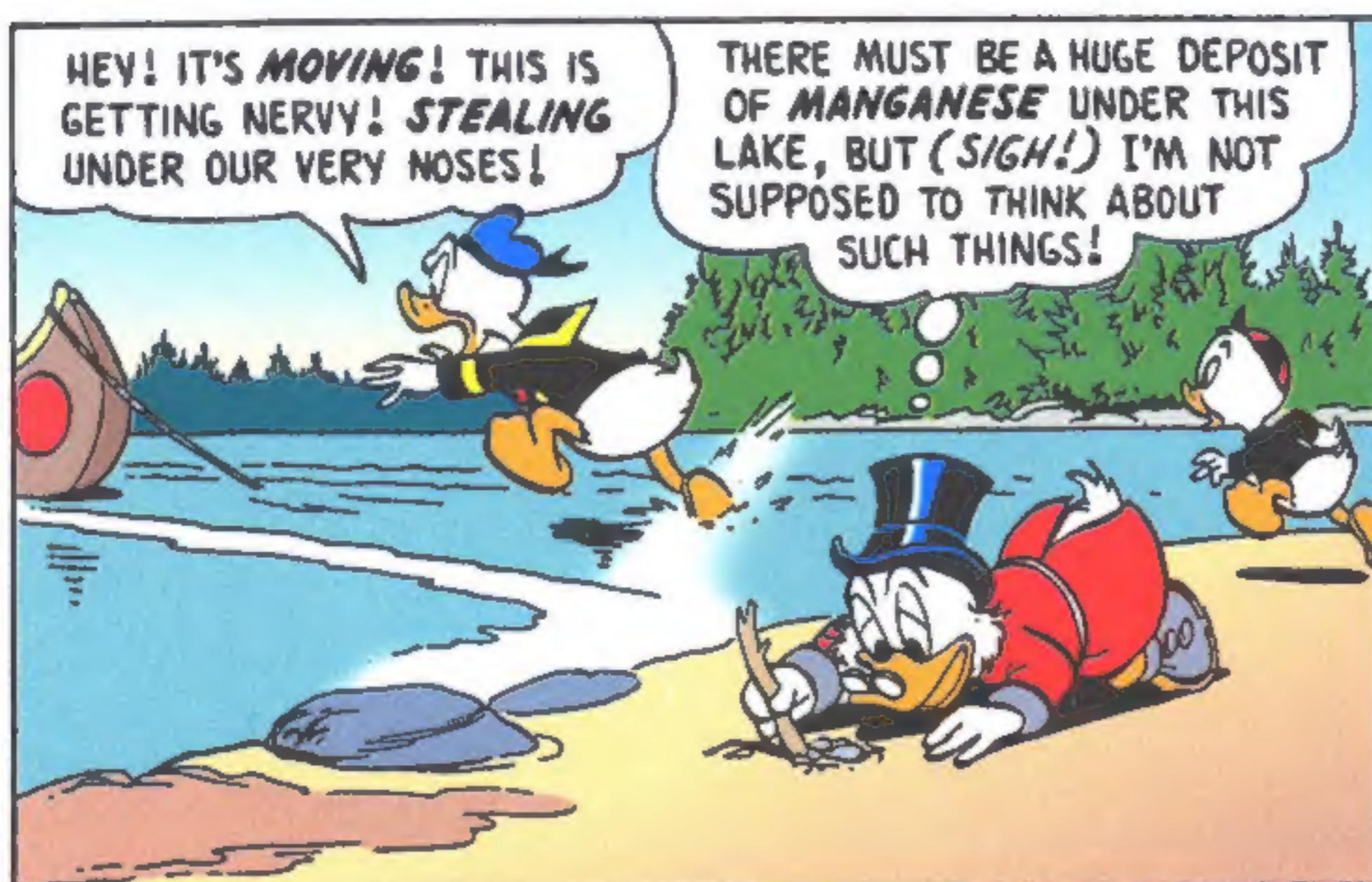
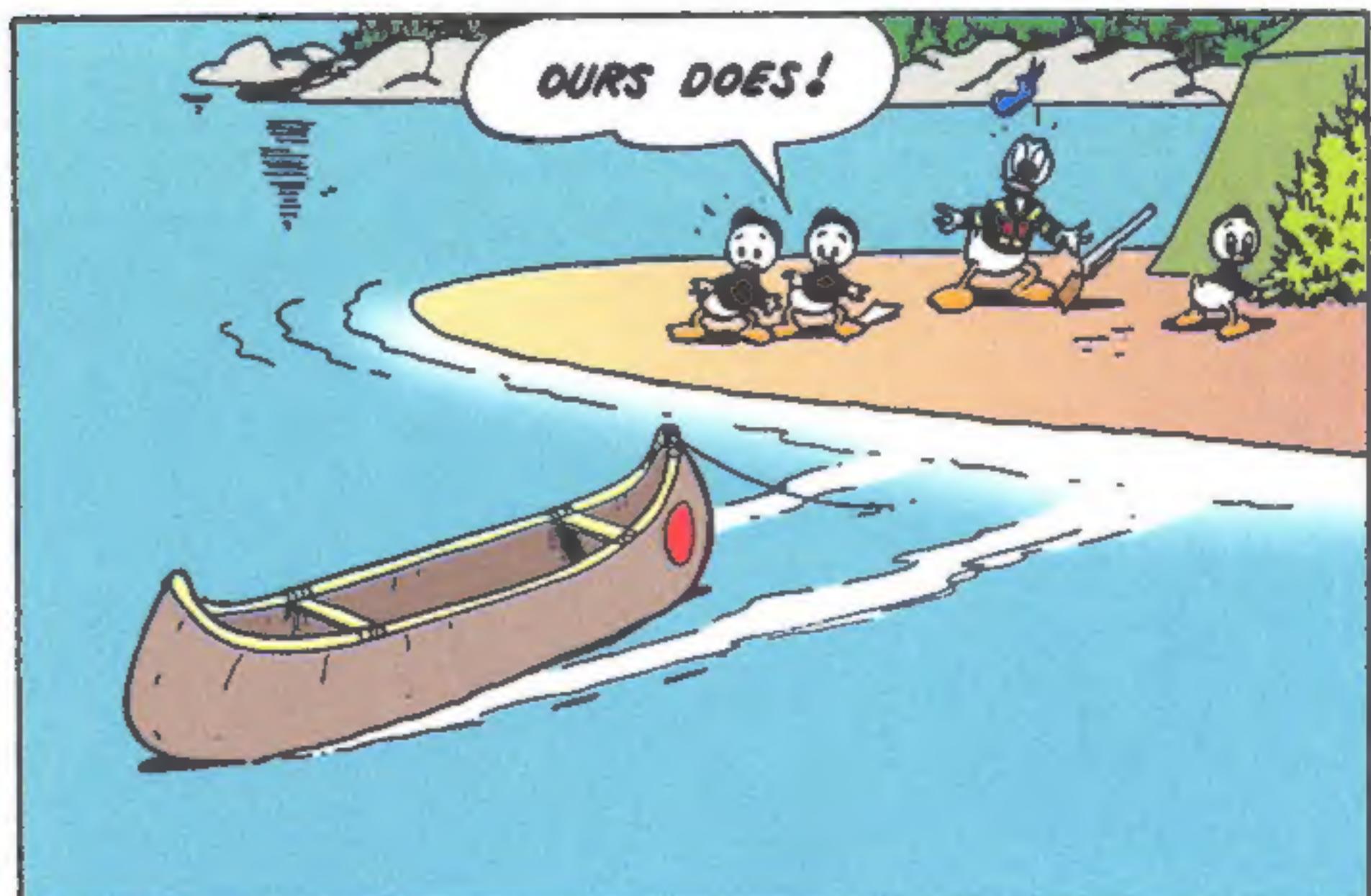
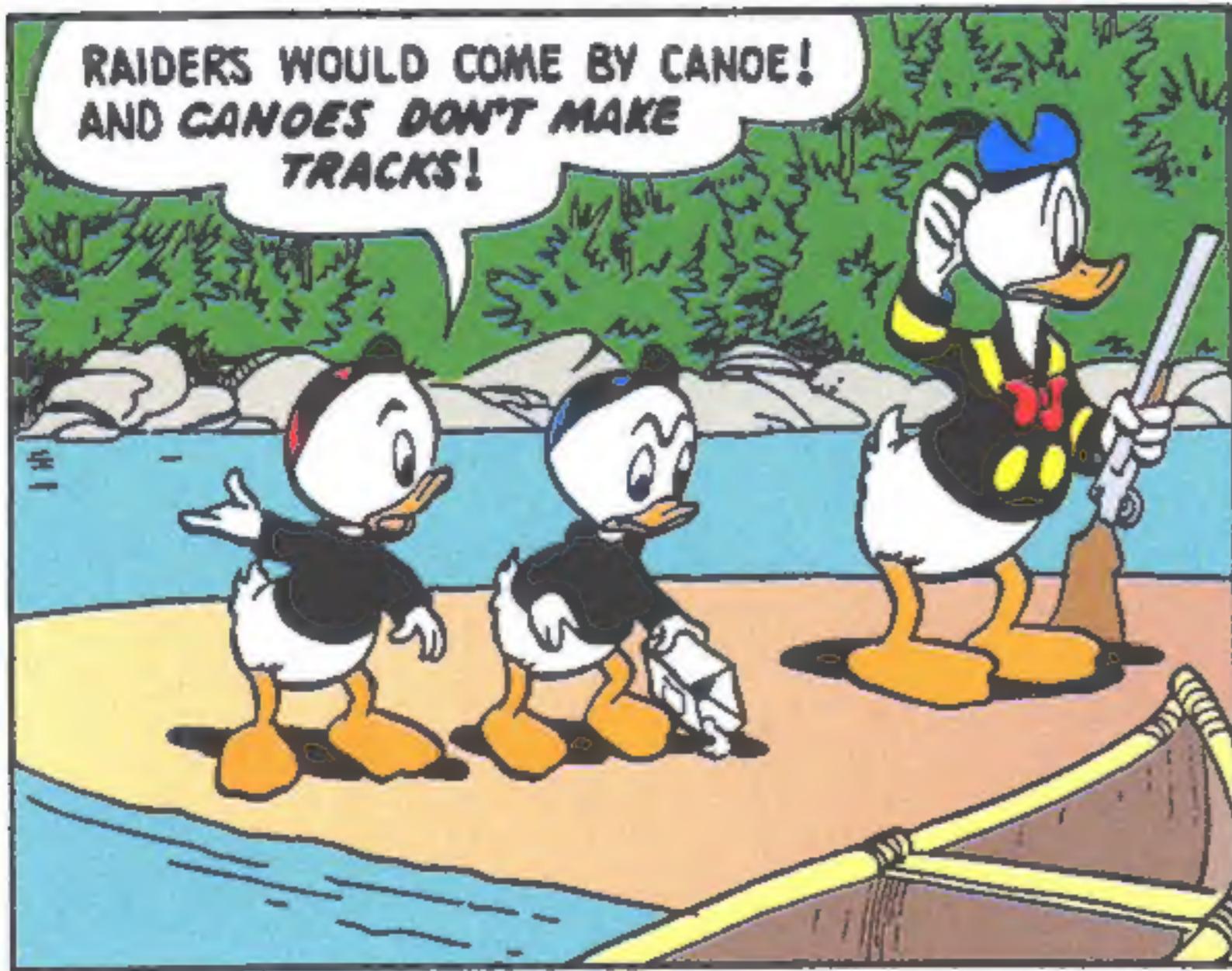
THERE'S NOBODY TO DO THE DEED BUT MOOSE, AND MOOSE WOULDN'T PICK ON STOVES AND TABLES!

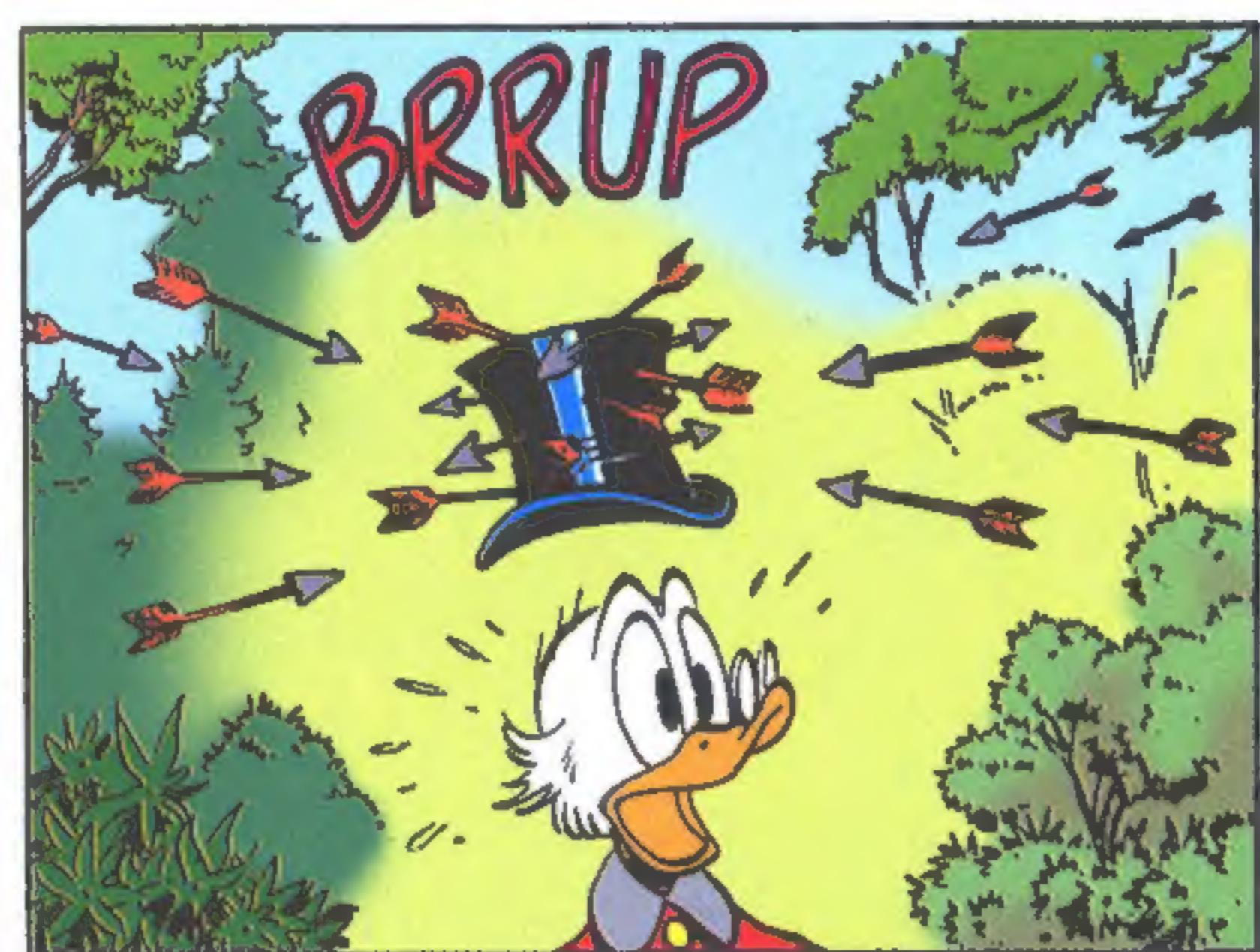
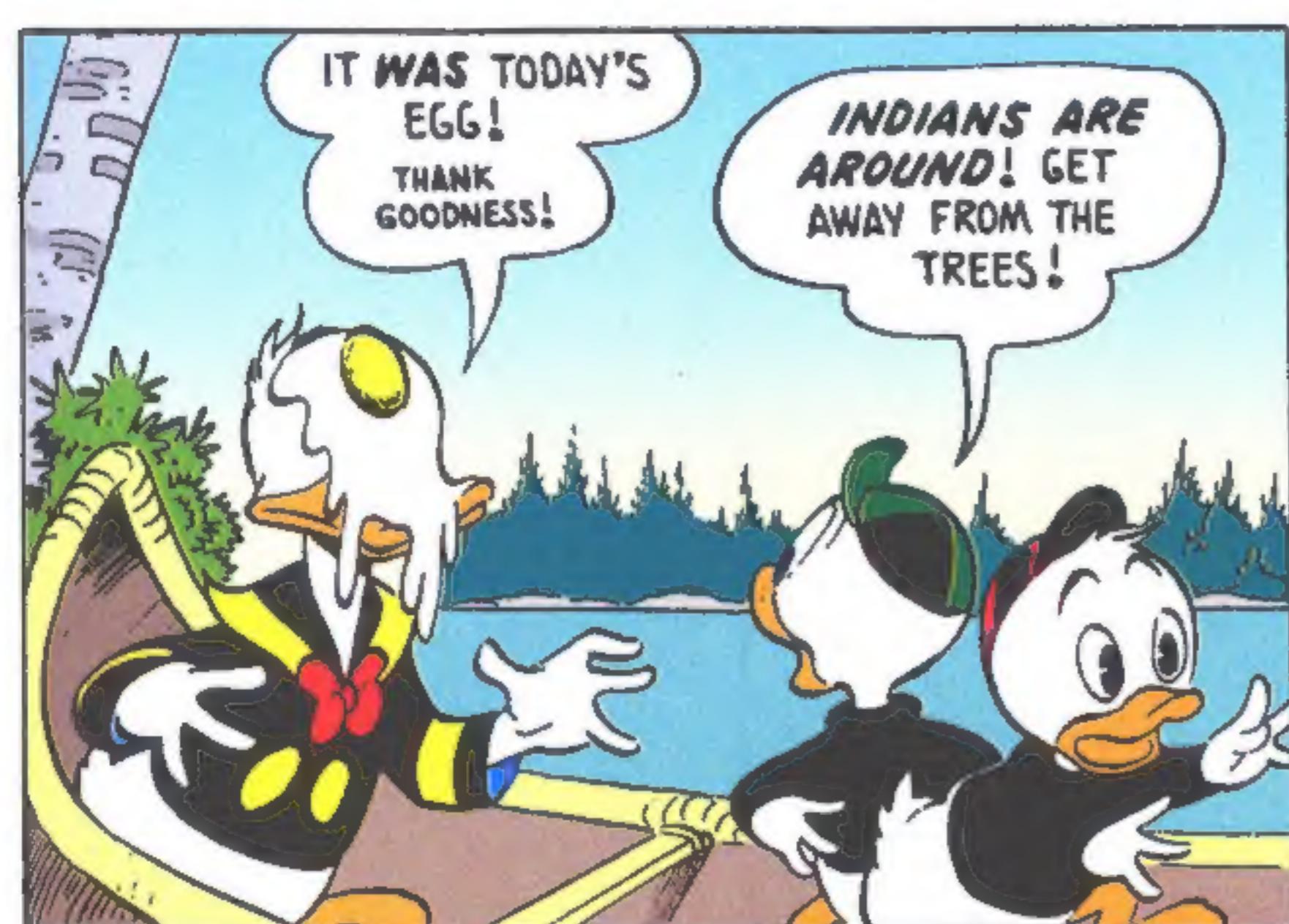
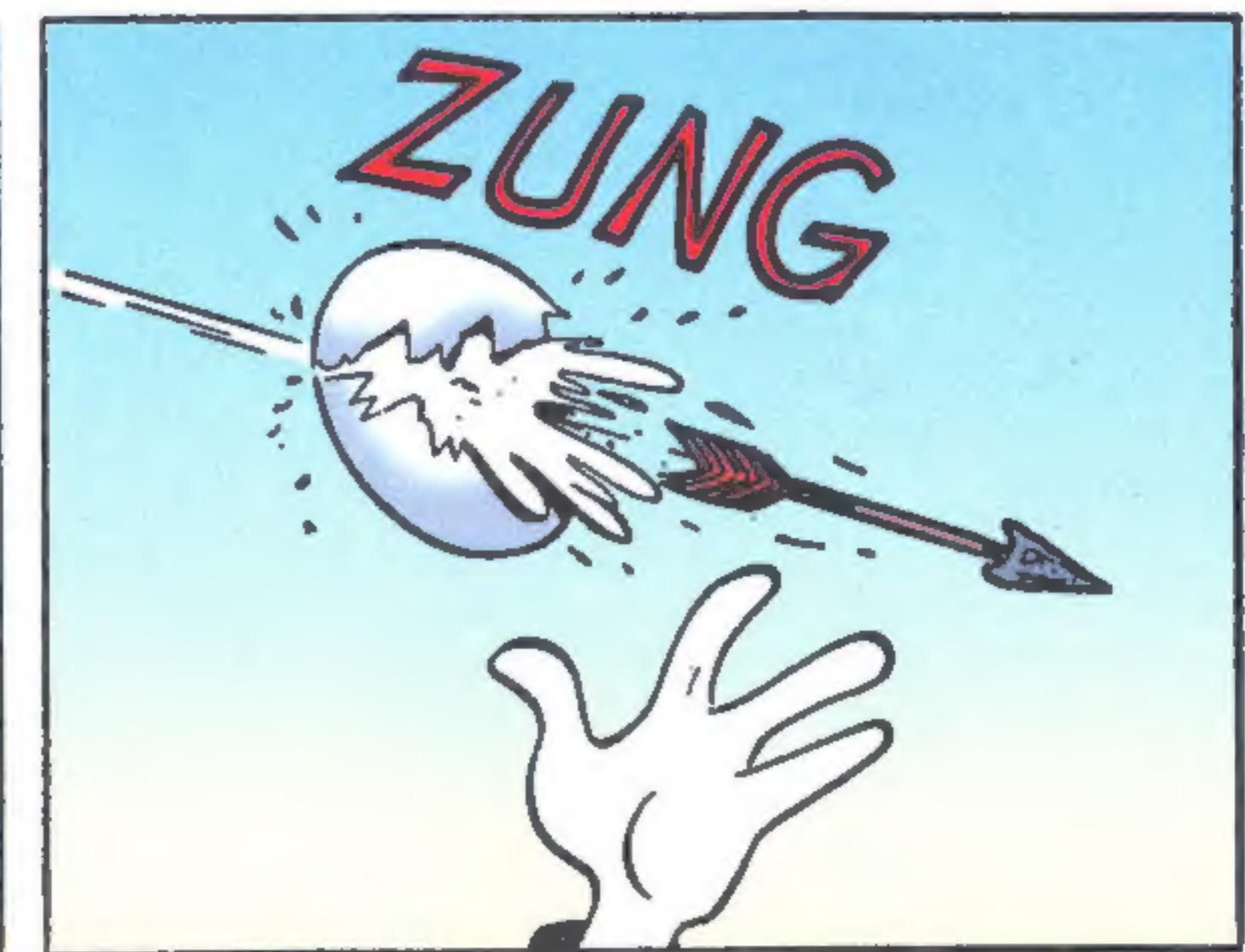
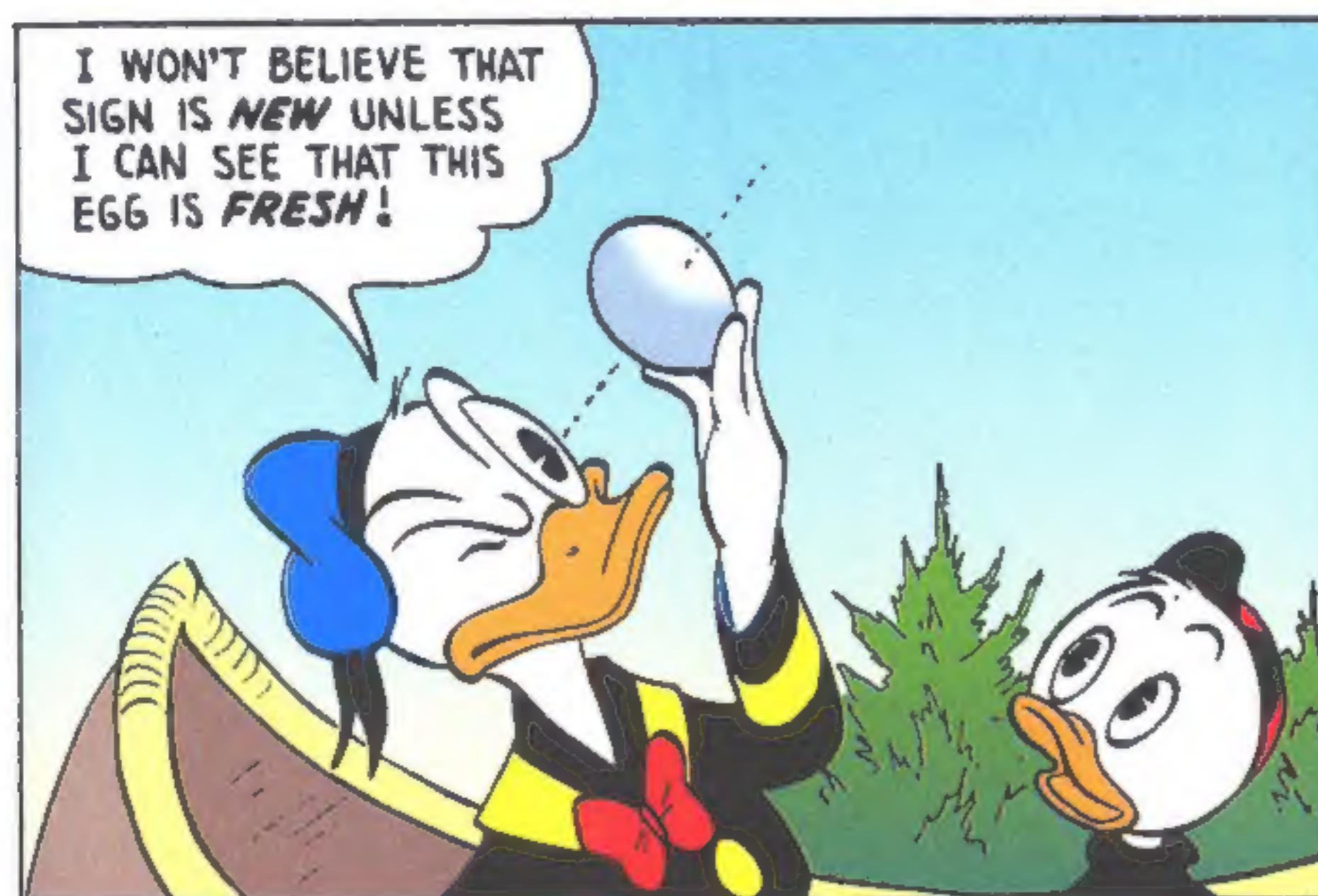
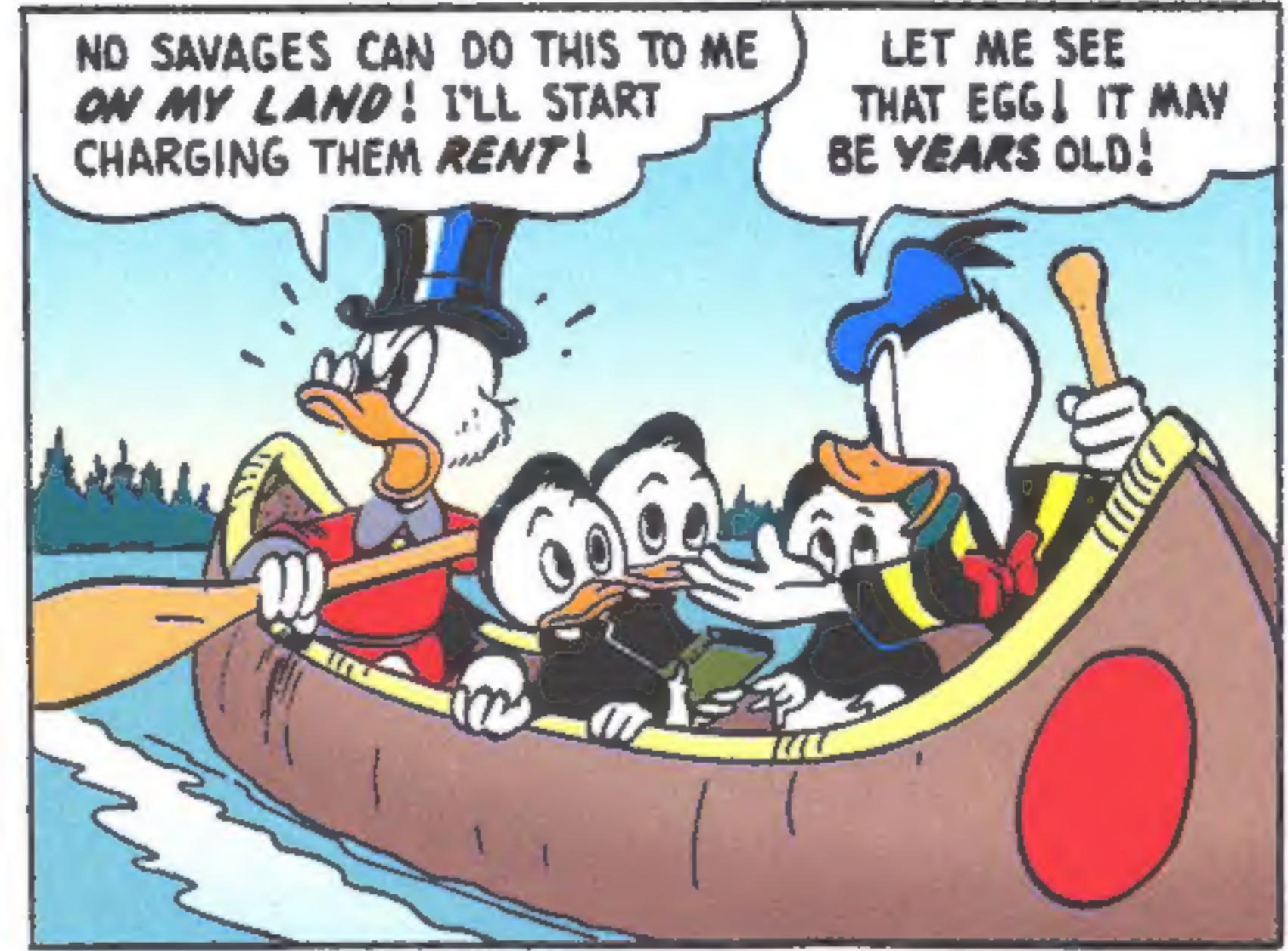
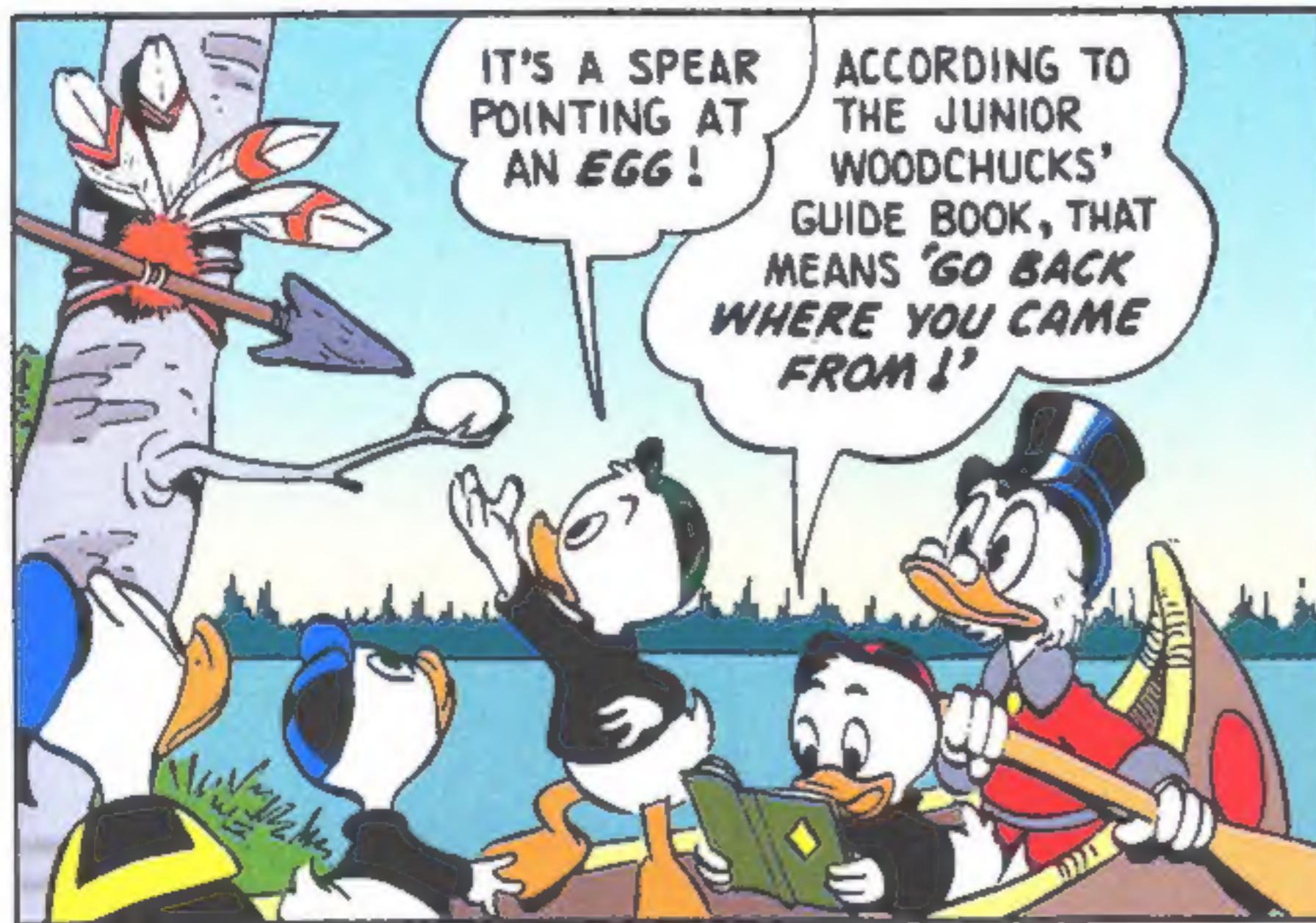
I DON'T SEE EVEN MOOSE TRACKS!

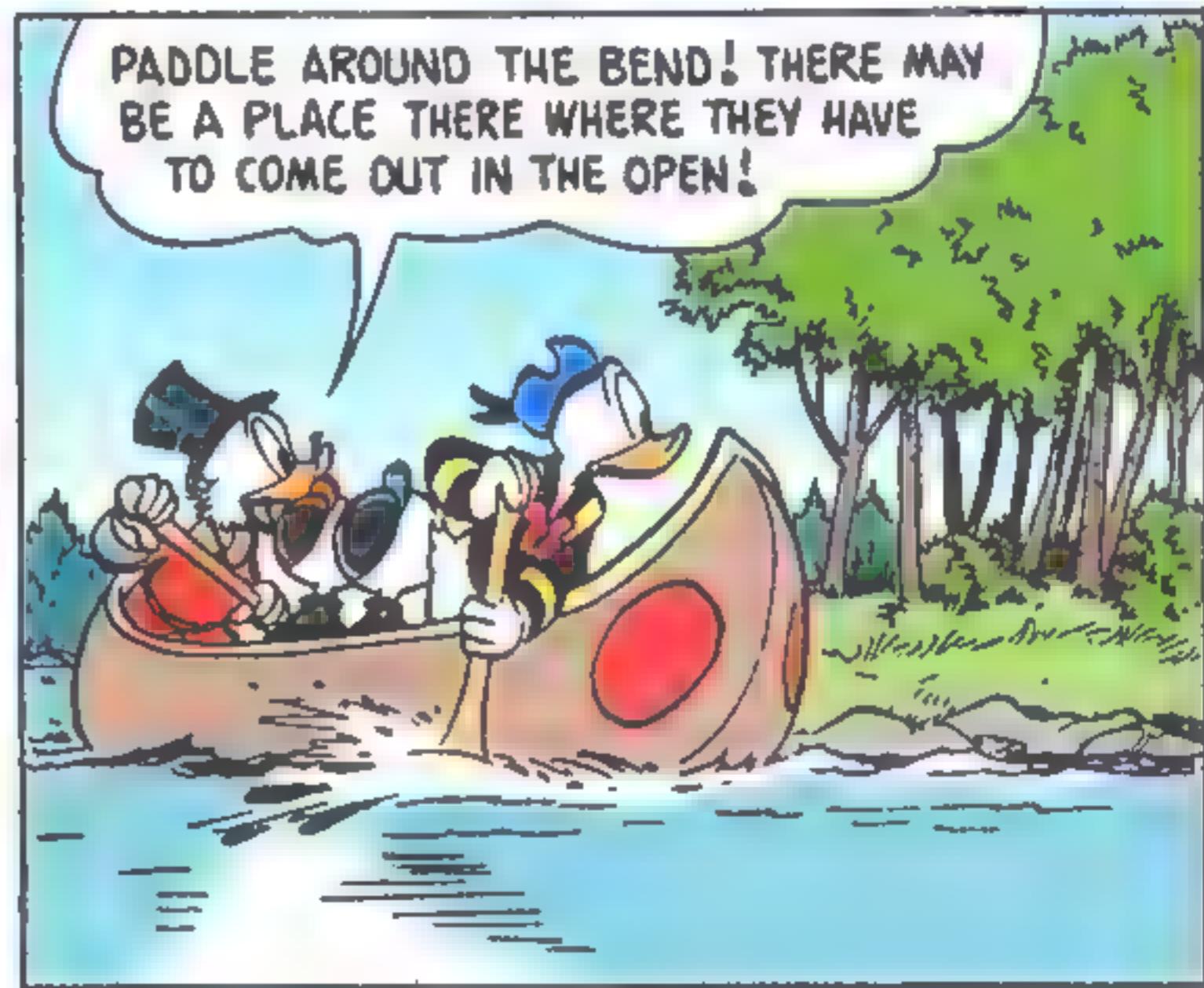
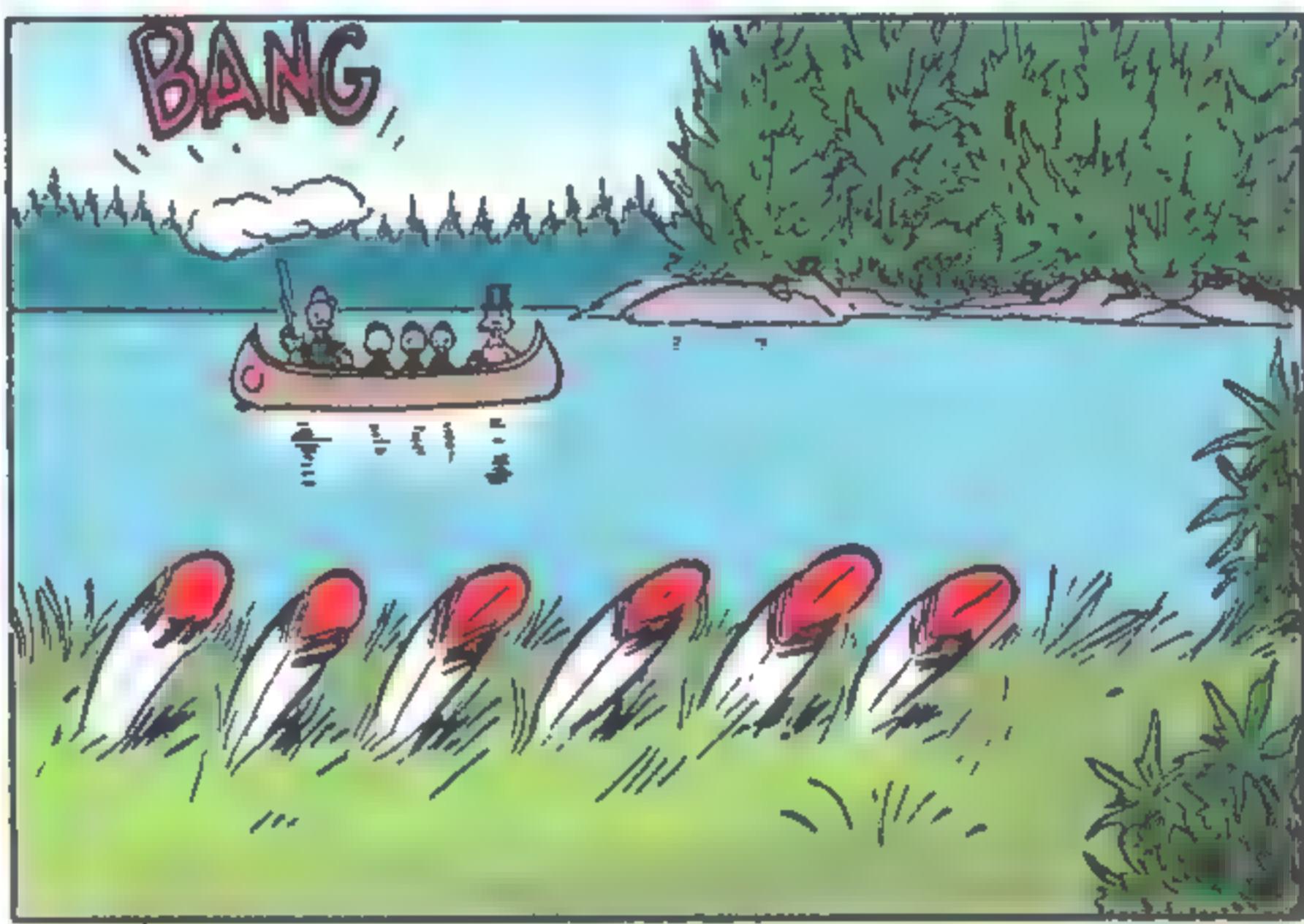
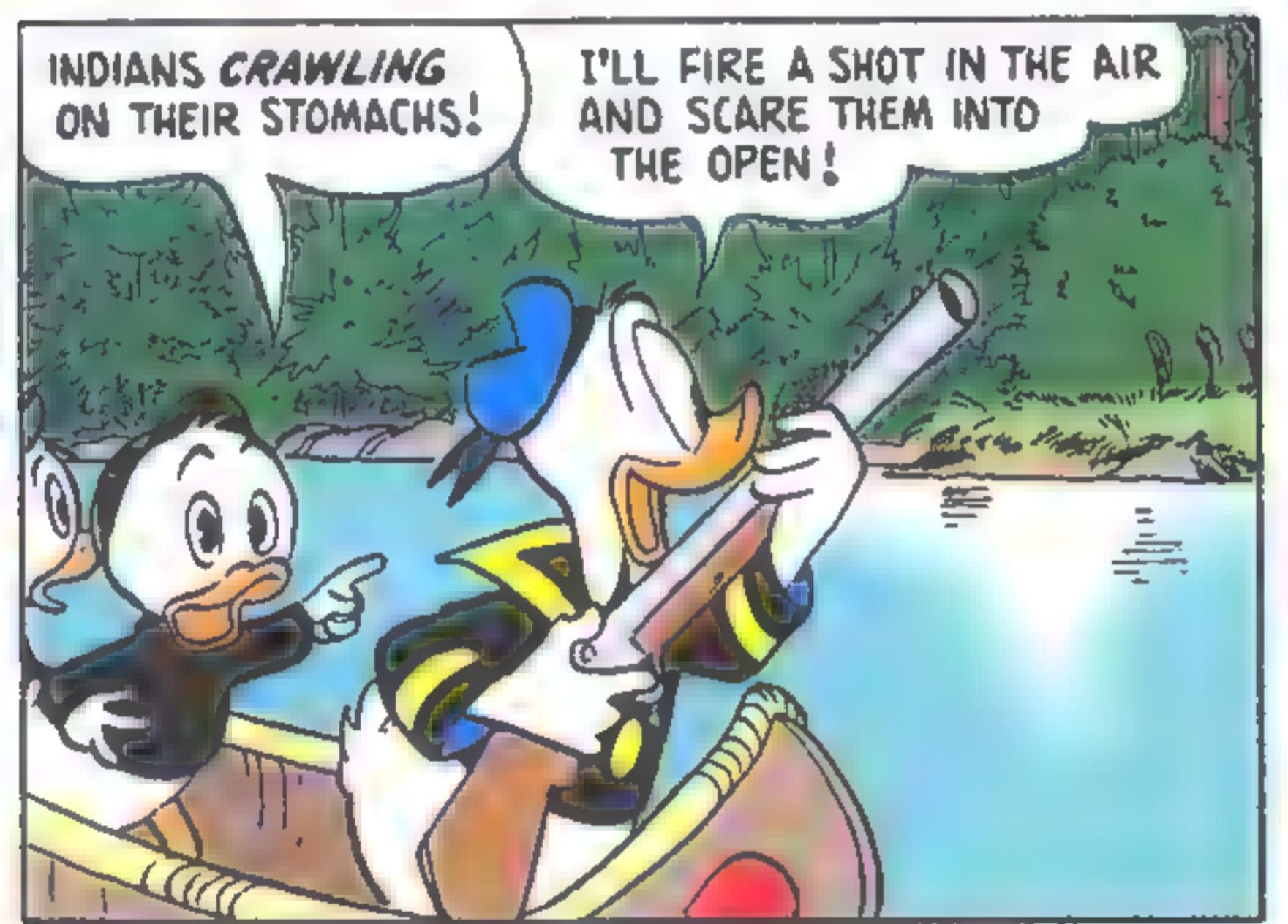
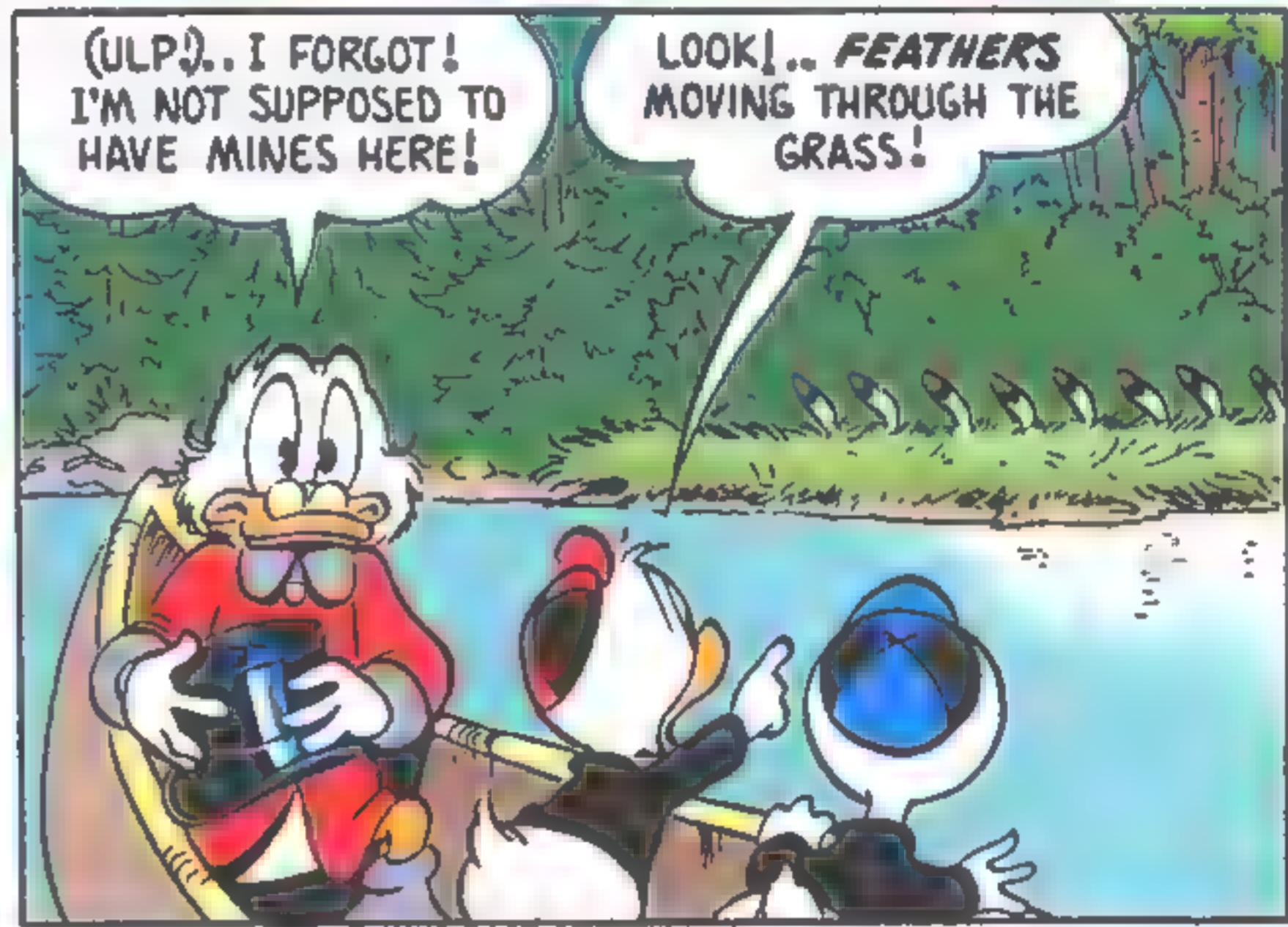
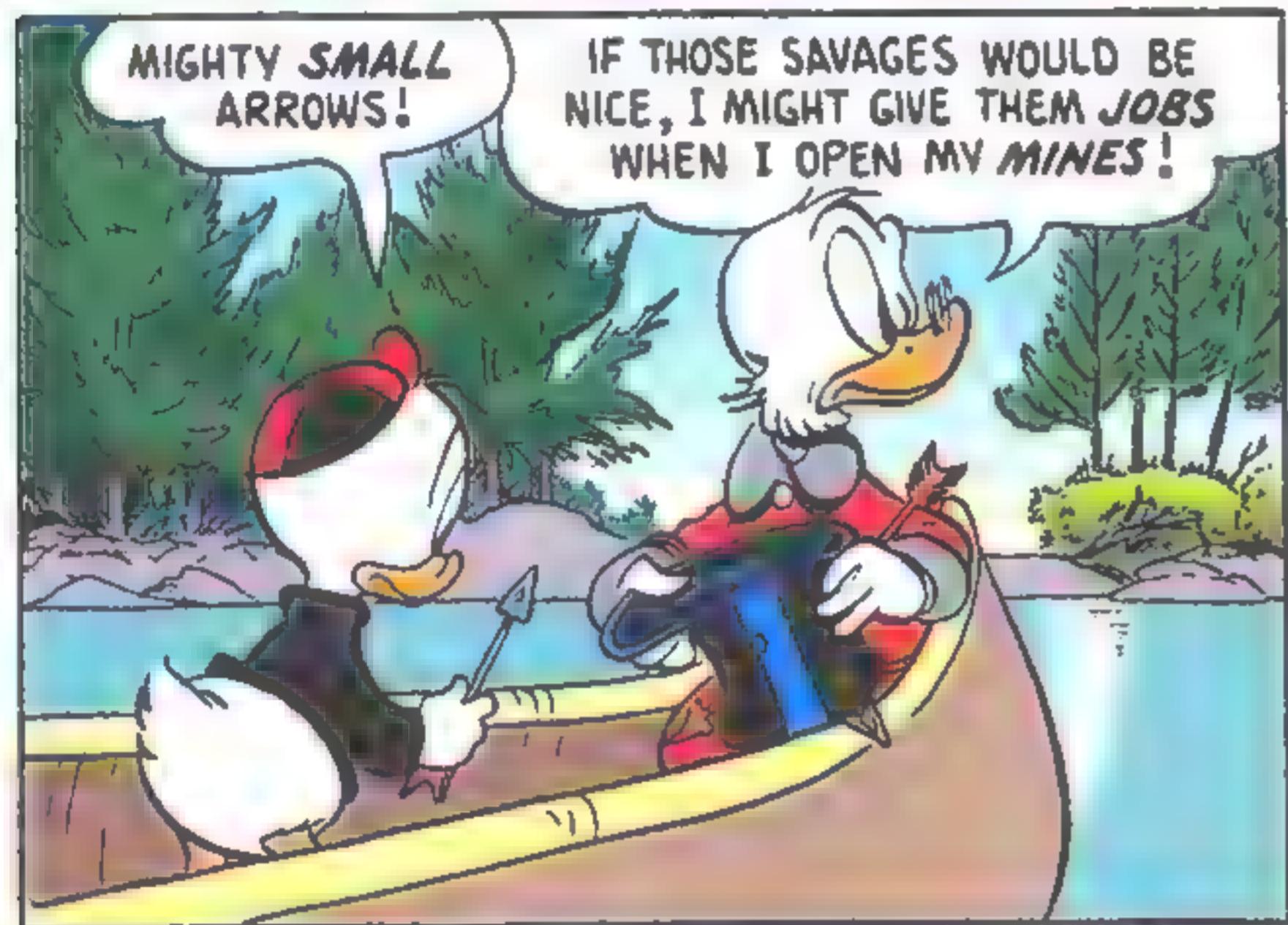
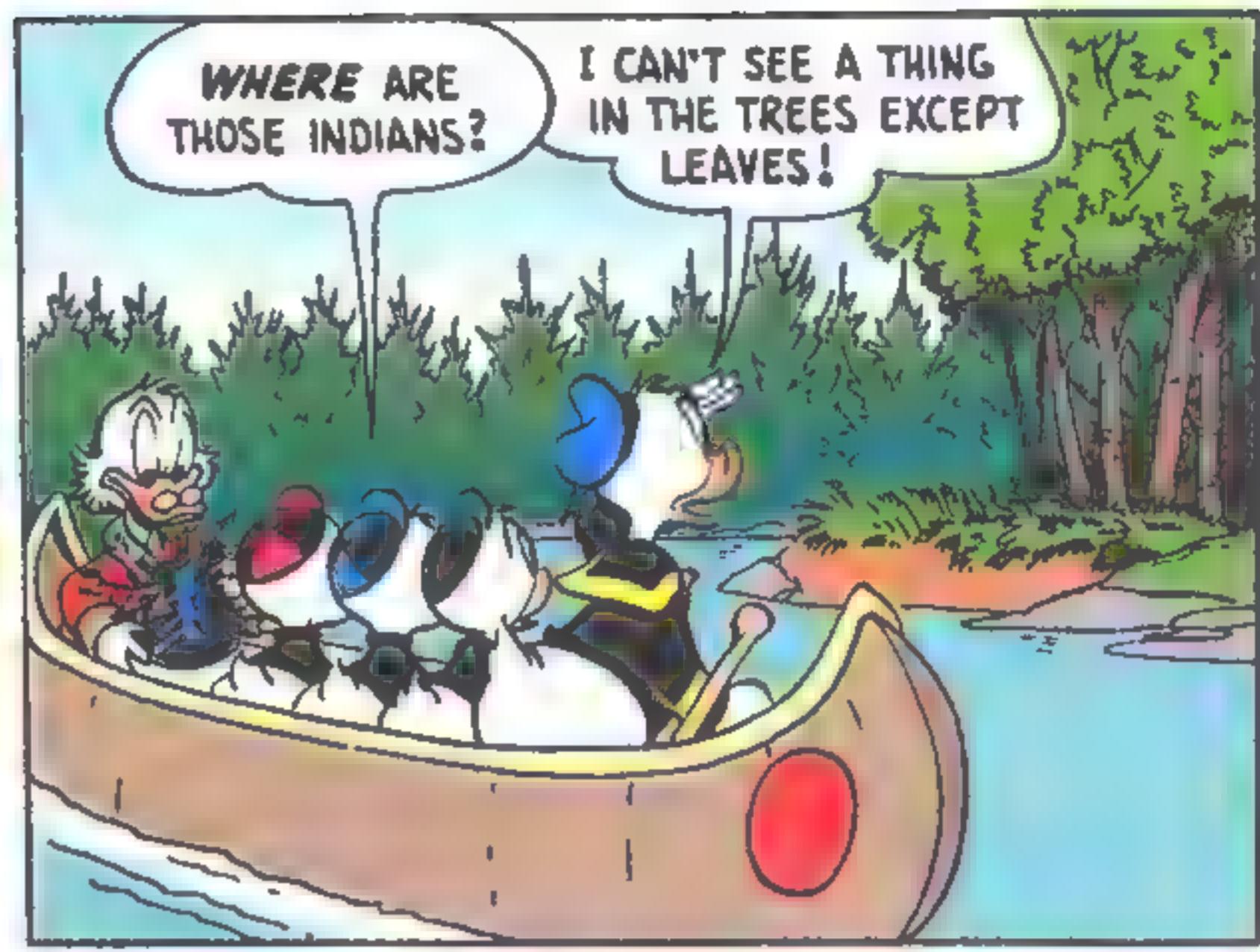
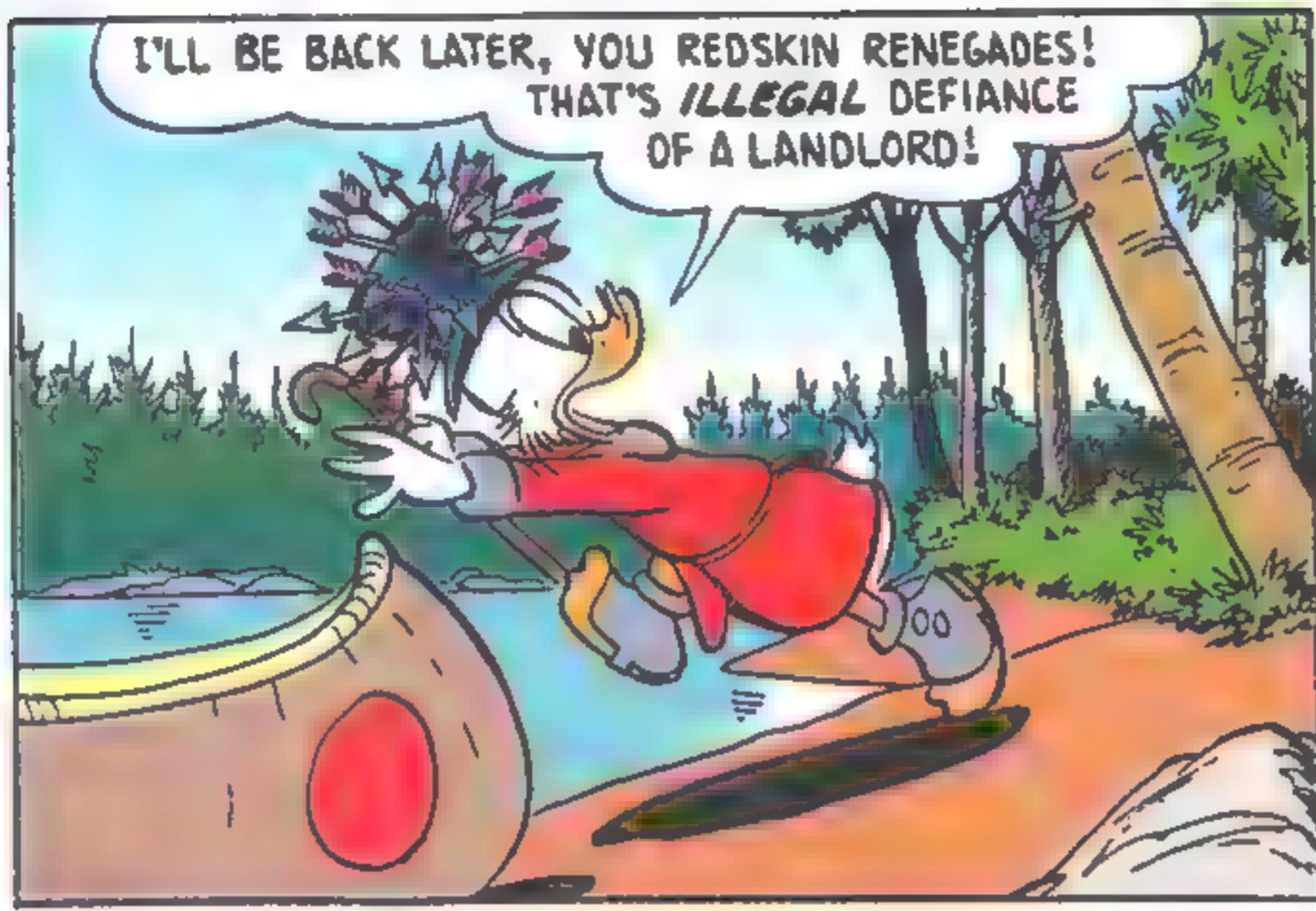
I SEE A STREAK OF NICKEL, OR IS THAT WOLFRAMITE?

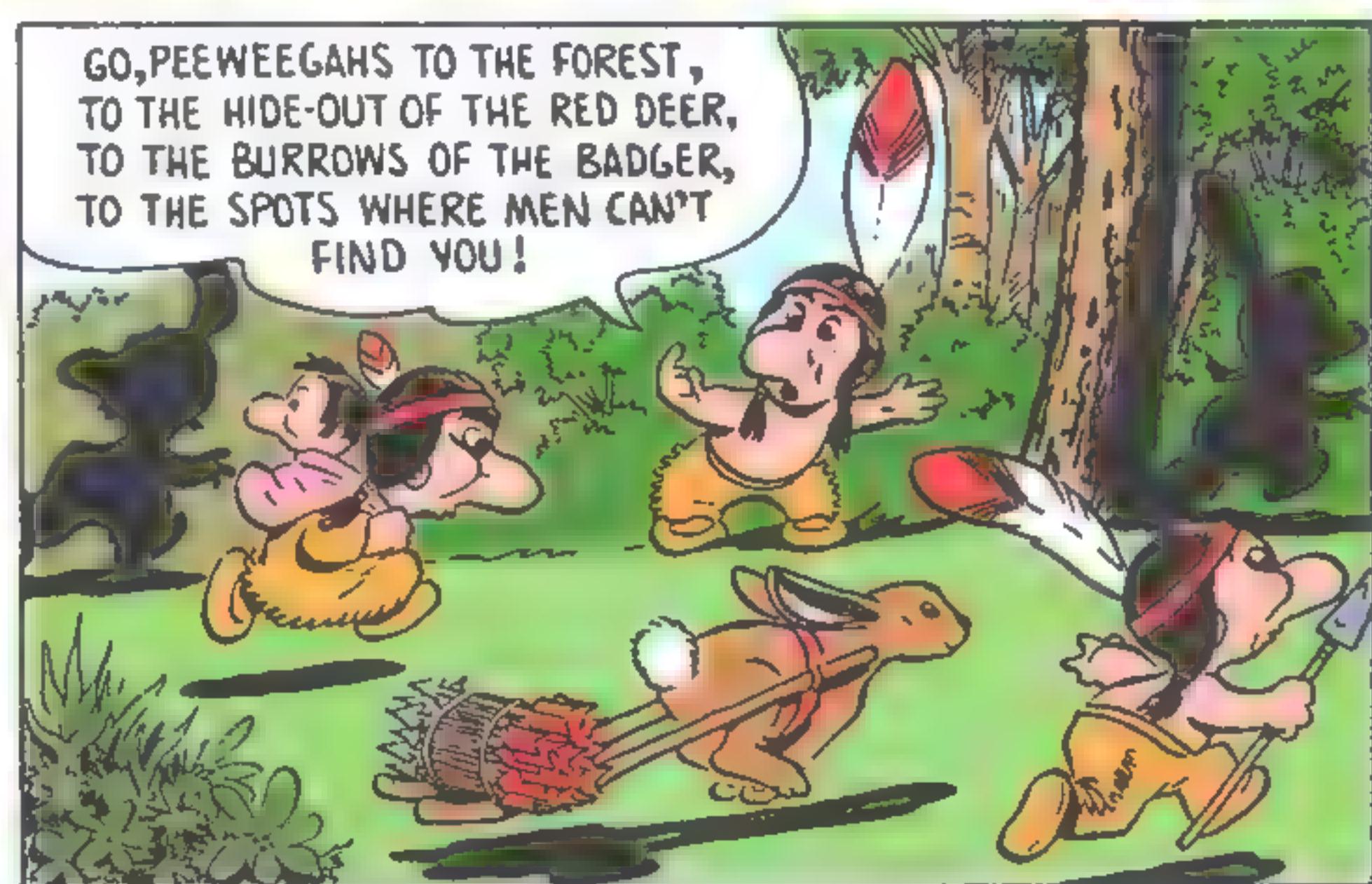
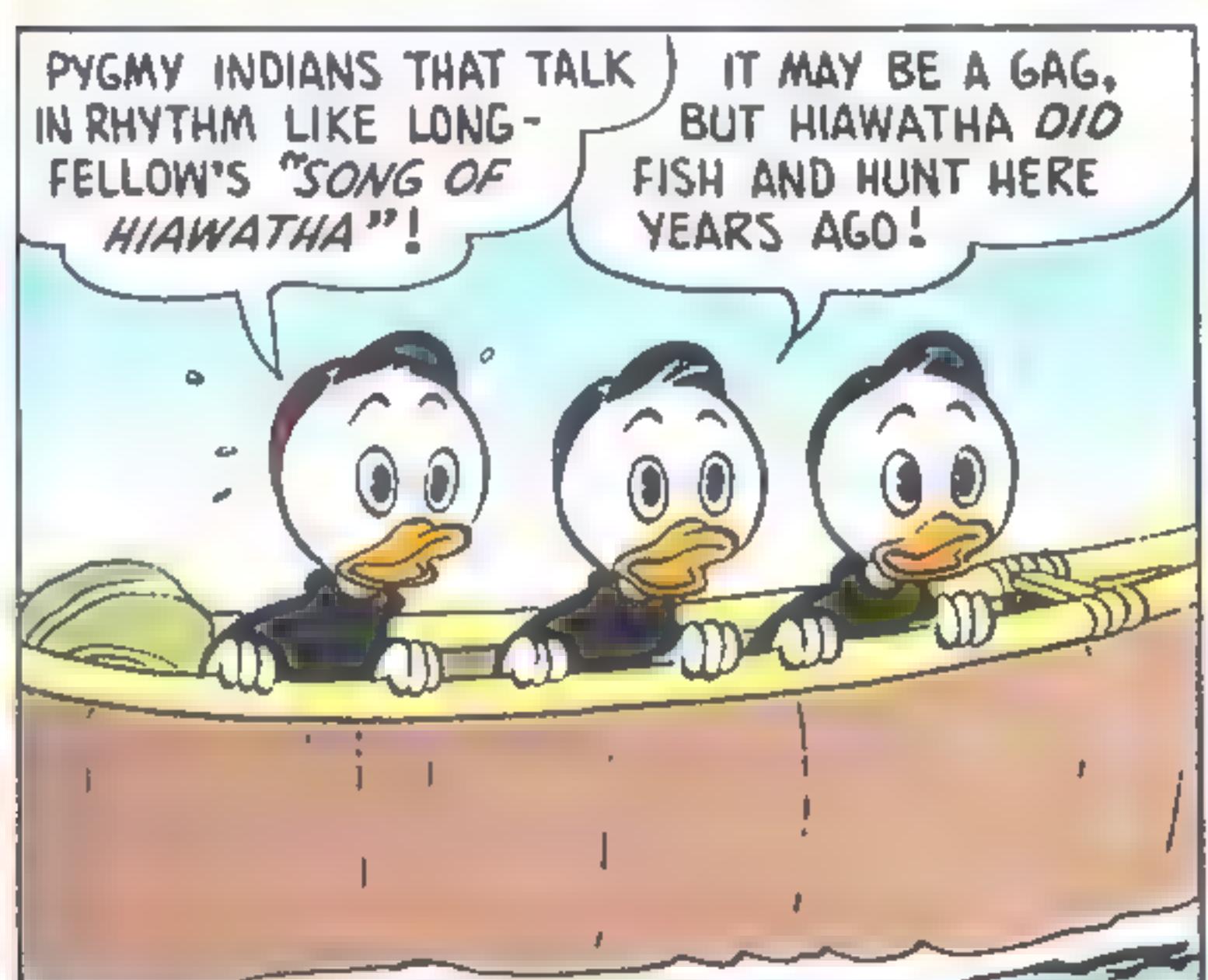
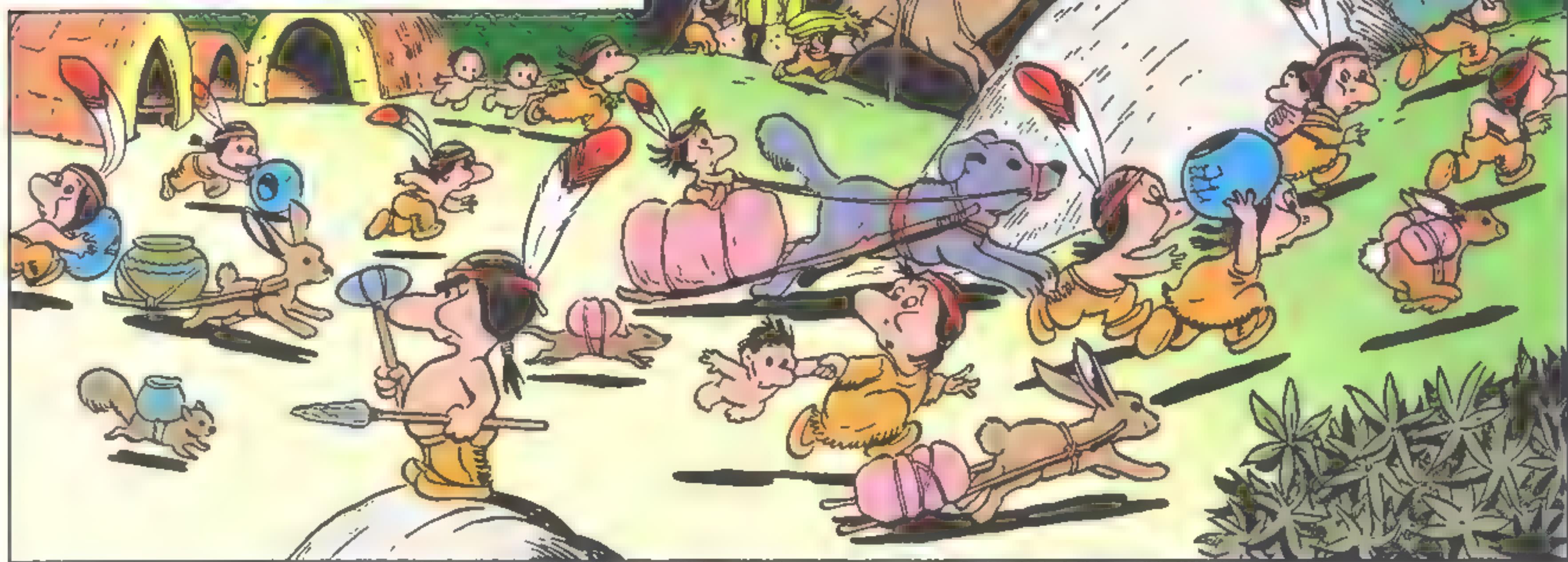
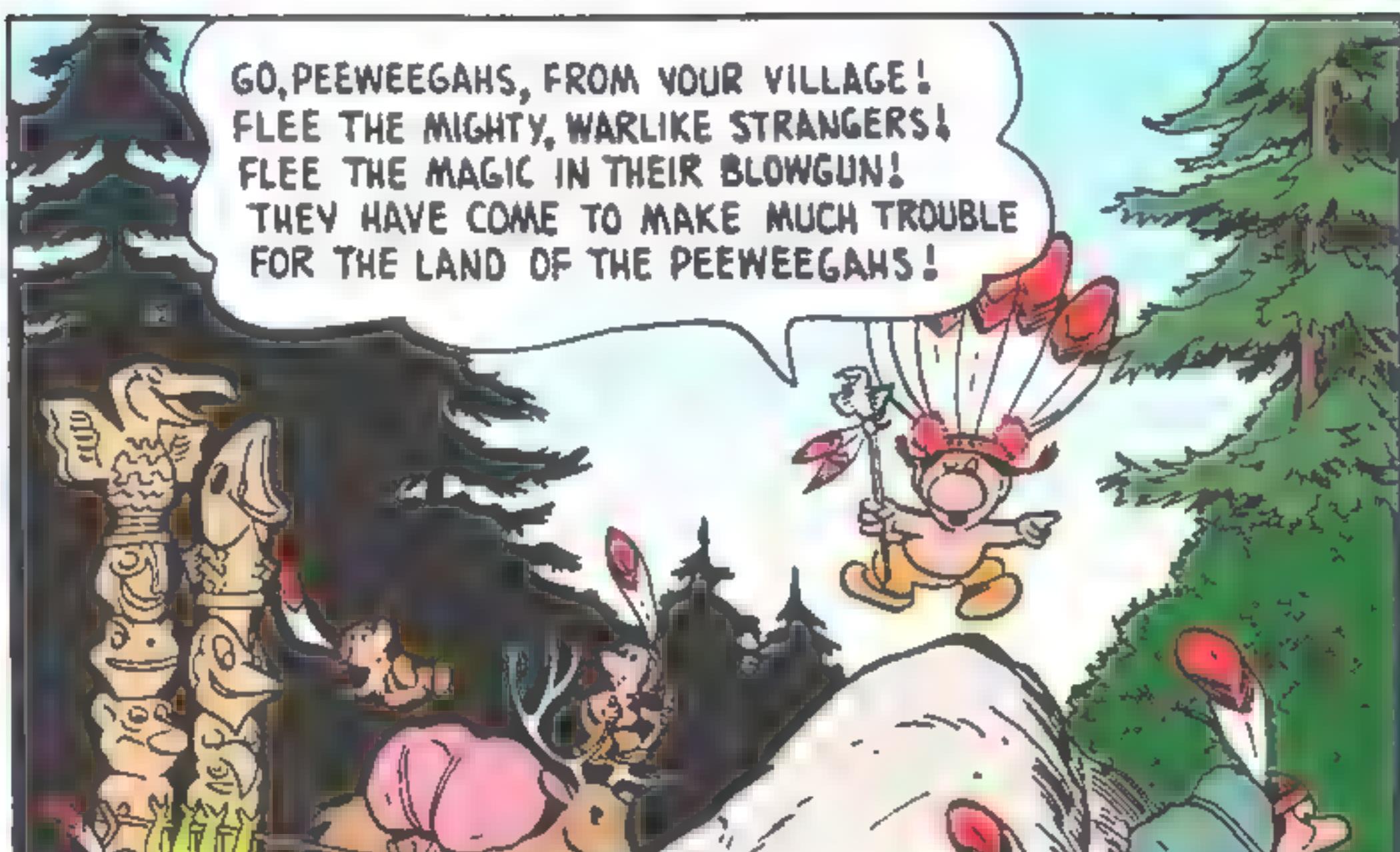
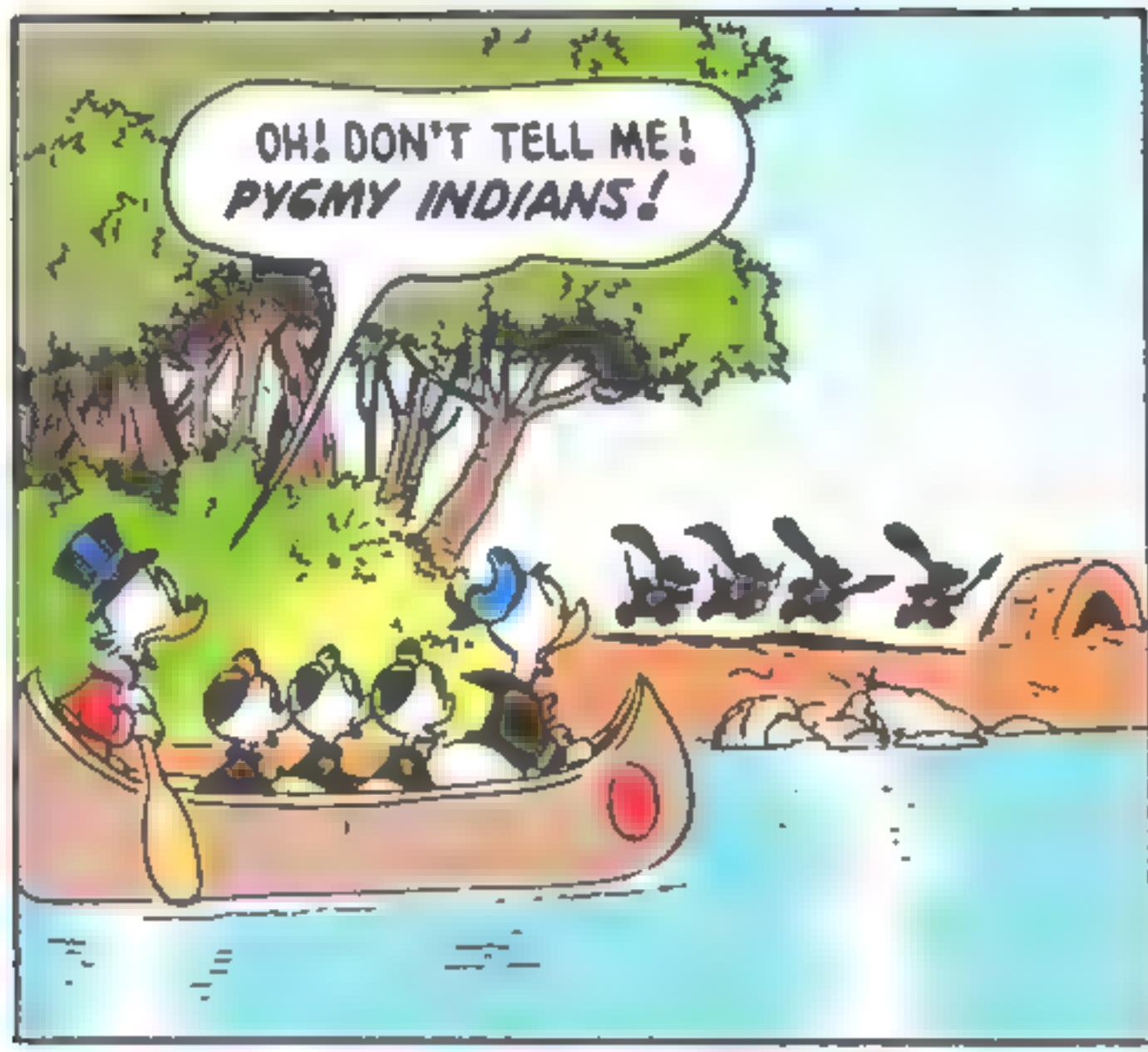
WHOEVER OR WHATEVER DID THIS RESENTS OUR BEING HERE! THIS RAID IS A WARNING TO US TO LEAVE!

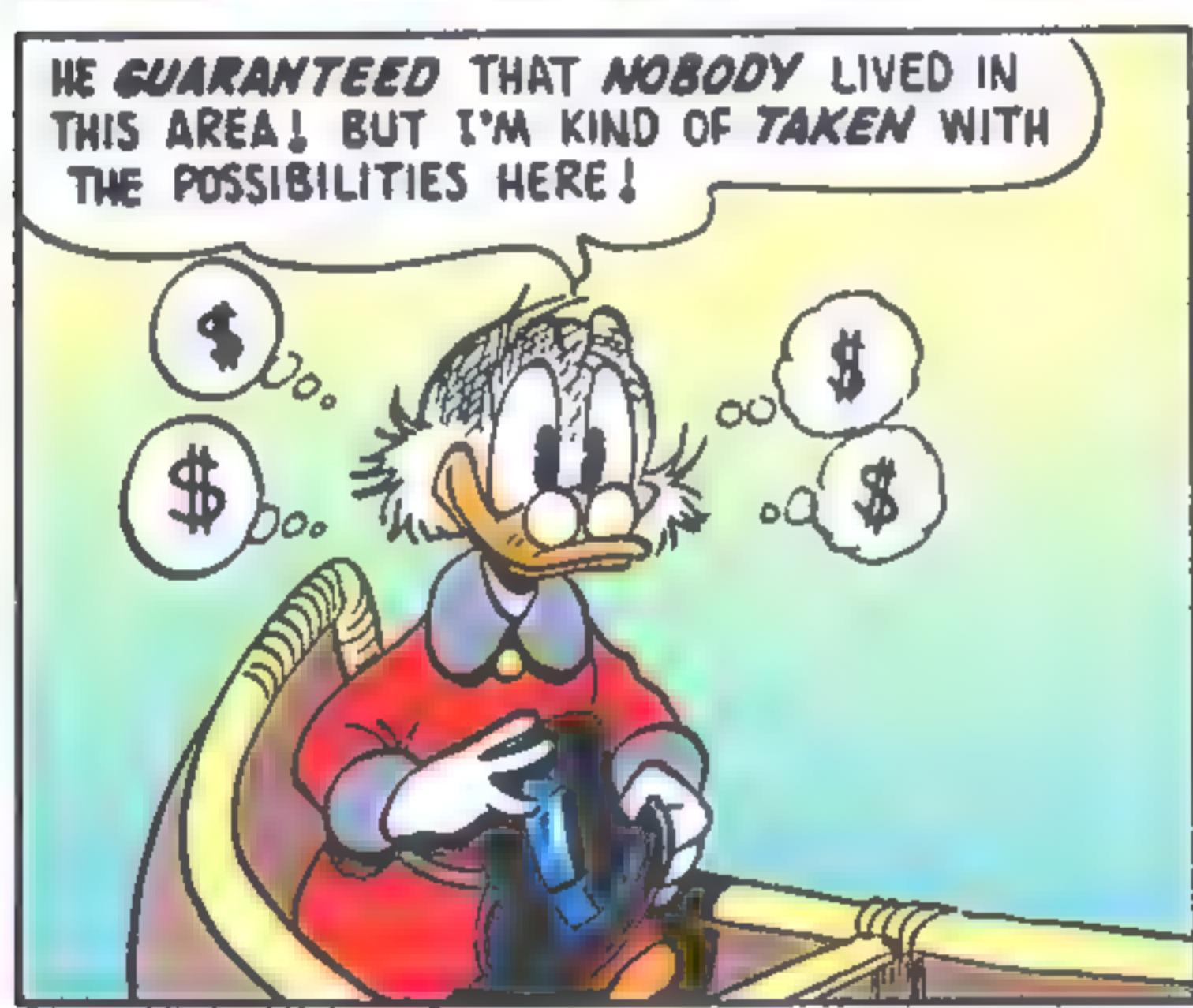
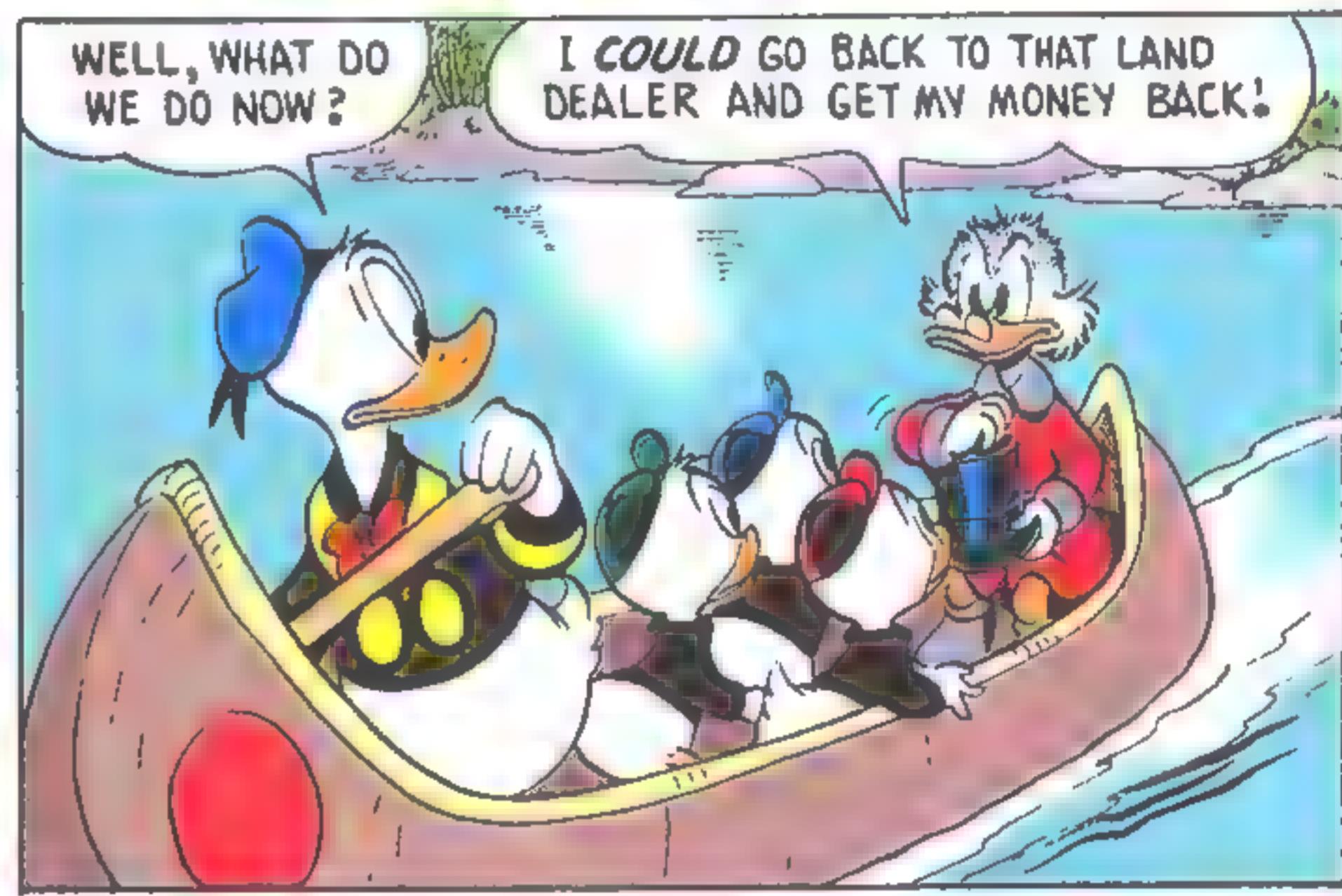
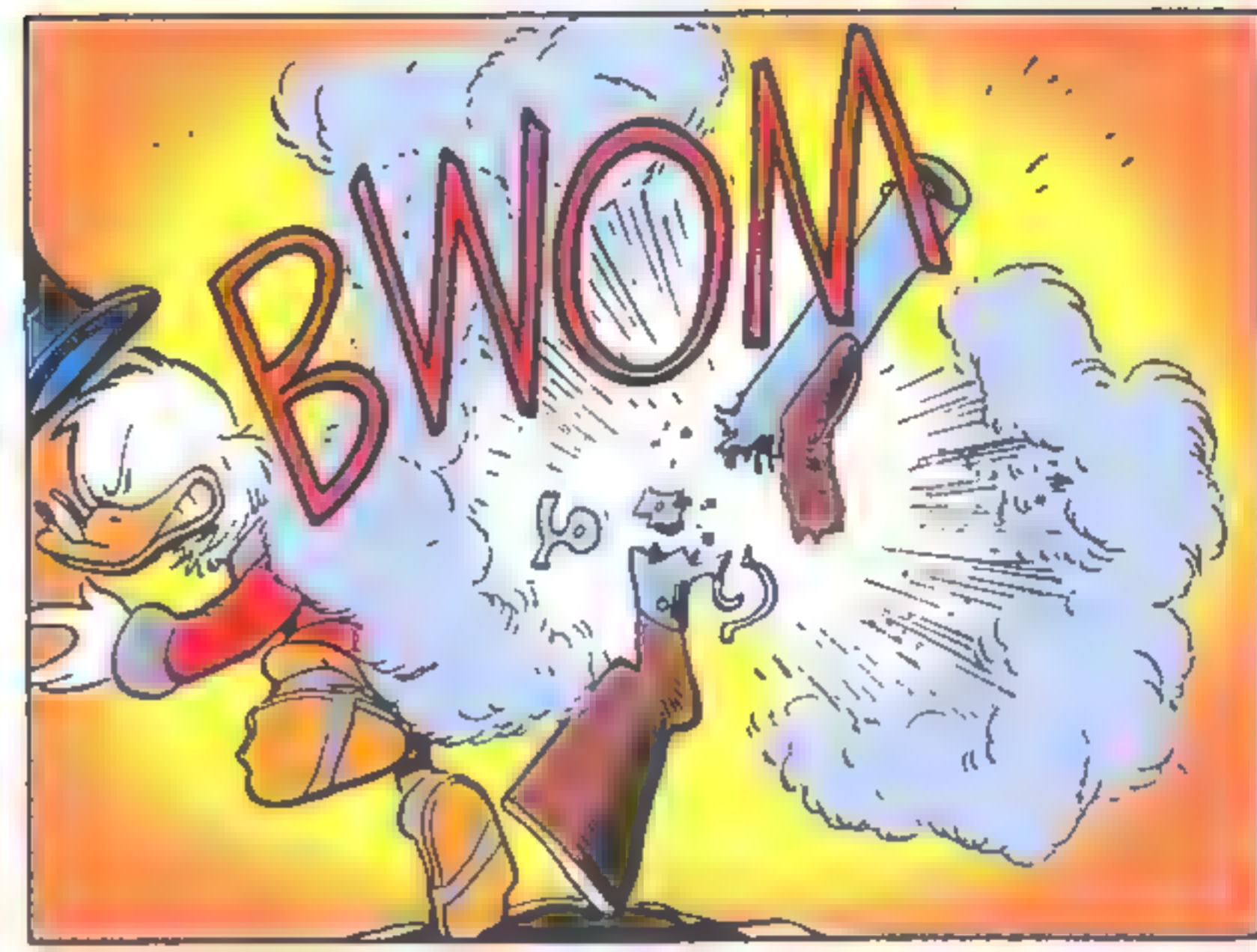
BUT HOW DID THE SOREHEADS GET HERE WITHOUT LEAVING TRACKS?











WELL, THAT'S OUR PROGRAM! WE'LL VANISH TILL NIGHTFALL, THEN FIND A LITTLE SAVAGE AND LATCH ONTO HIM!

YES! RIGHT NOW, PRETEND WE'RE LEAVING!



LOOK-UM LIKE THE PALEDUCK'S MAGIC FROM THEIR BLOWGUN HAS DEPARTED!

WE PEEWEEGAHS WITH OUR ARROWS STILLED THE THUNDER IN ITS GOOZLE!



NOW THE PALEDUCKS ARE NO LONGER FIERCE AND FULL OF WARLIKE BRAVERY!

WE SHALL TELL OUR CHIEF THEY LEAVE-UM — GO FROM LAND OF THE PEEWEEGAHS!

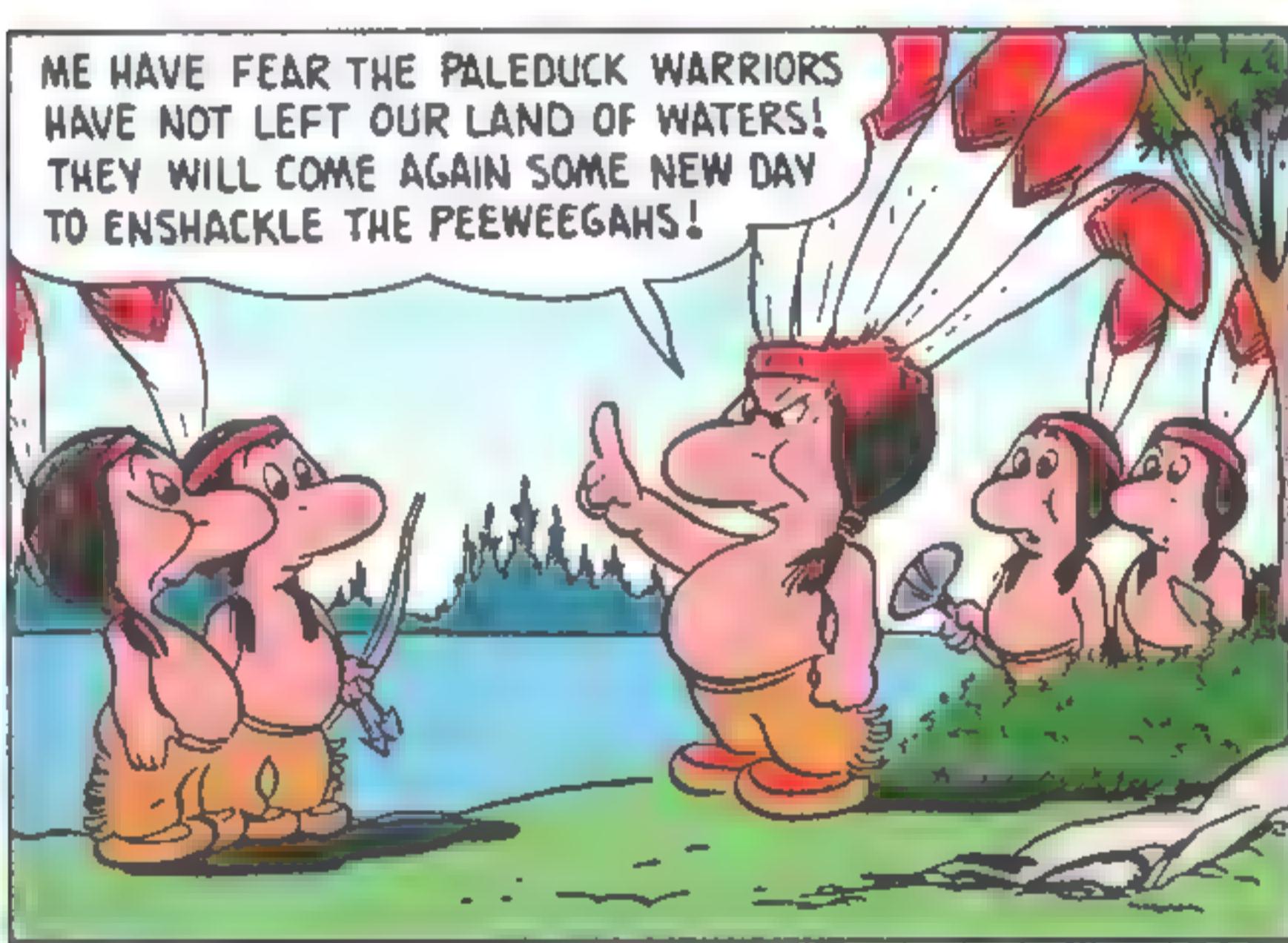


SING AND DANCE, OH, MIGHTY WARRIORS! WE AGAIN SHALL LIVE IN FREEDOM!

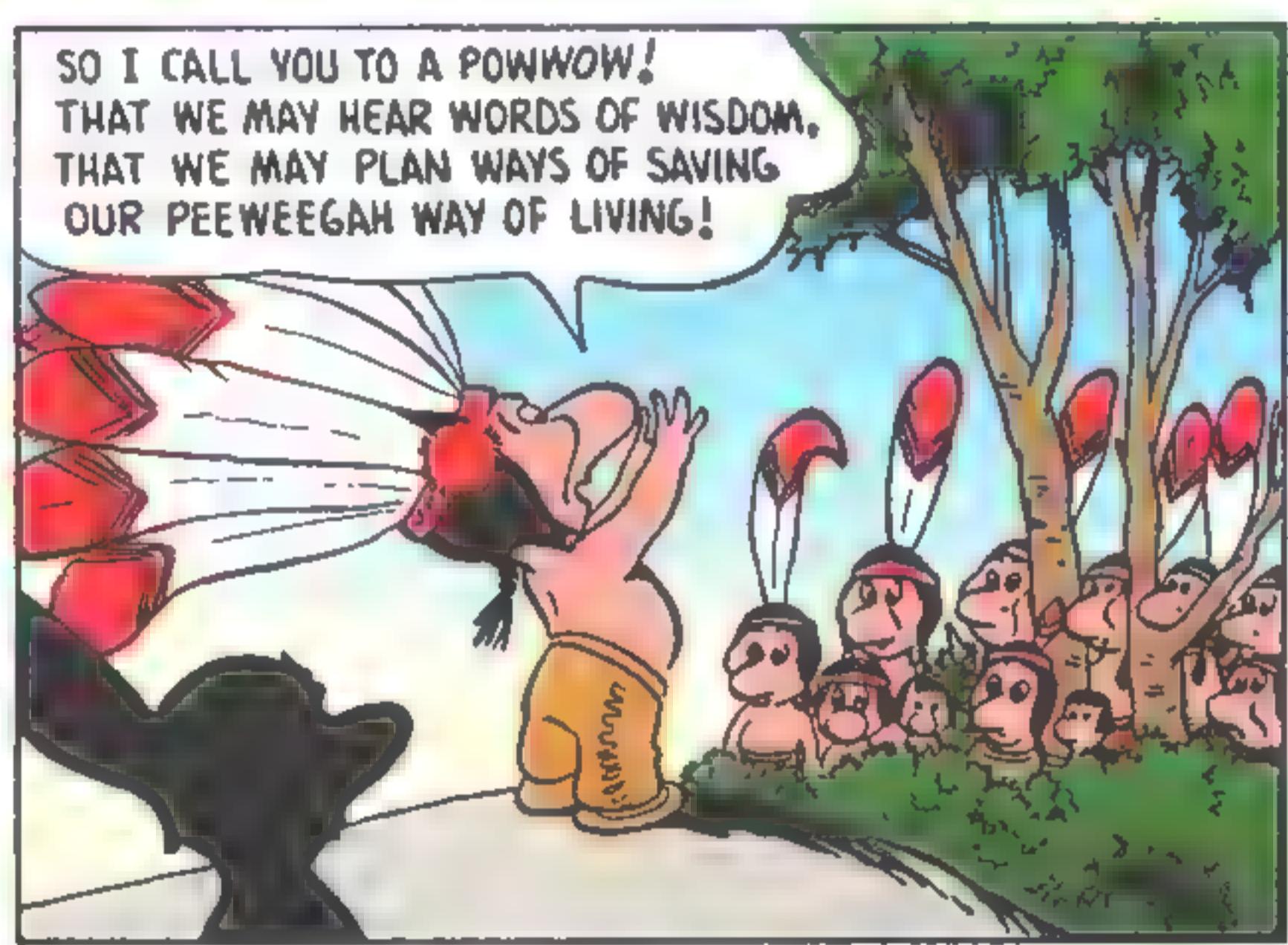
SING AND DANCE, FOR WE PEEWEEGAHS STILL ARE MASTERS OF OUR FORESTS!



ME HAVE FEAR THE PALEDUCK WARRIORS HAVE NOT LEFT OUR LAND OF WATERS! THEY WILL COME AGAIN SOME NEW DAY TO ENSHACKLE THE PEEWEEGAHS!



SO I CALL YOU TO A POWWOW! THAT WE MAY HEAR WORDS OF WISDOM. THAT WE MAY PLAN WAYS OF SAVING OUR PEEWEEGAH WAY OF LIVING!

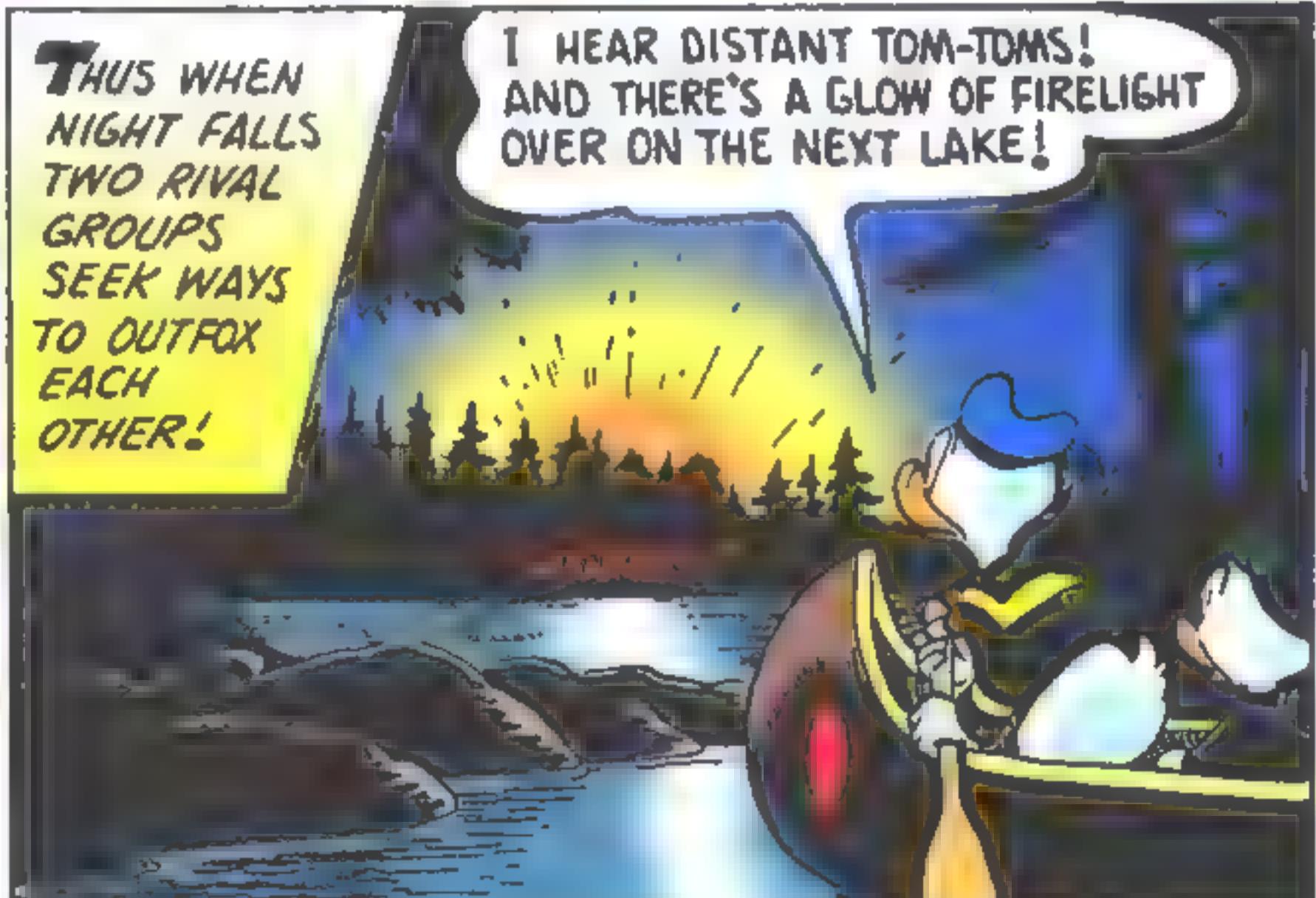


GO AND MEET TONIGHT AT DARKNESS BY THE SHORES OF DANCING WATERS AT THE TOTEMS OF OUR FATHERS AT THE HOME OF THE KING STURGEON!



THUS WHEN NIGHT FALLS TWO RIVAL GROUPS SEEK WAYS TO OUTFOX EACH OTHER!

I HEAR DISTANT TOM-TOMS! AND THERE'S A GLOW OF FIRELIGHT OVER ON THE NEXT LAKE!



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY OUR CANOE ACROSS THIS NECK OF LAND AND SEE WHAT'S DOING OVER THERE!

IT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT! LOOKS LIKE THEIR MAIN VILLAGE IS BEYOND THOSE TREES!

IT'LL BE BEST TO PADDLE FAR DOWN THE LAKE, THEN SNEAK UP ON THEM THROUGH THE TREES!

SOON!

NOW IF WE CAN FIND ONE OF THE PEWEEGAHS ROVING AROUND BY HIMSELF!

I'LL BRING A ROPE AND A MUFFLER TO HOG-TIE THE LITTLE SAVAGE!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE! ARE YOUR SCALPS ON TIGHT?

QUIET! THOSE REDSKINS' EARS MAY BE AS BIG AS THEIR NOSES!

WE MUST TRICK THE PALE DUCK WARRIORS! WE MUST BRING THEM TO OUR COUNCIL THERE TO TEST THEIR GOOD INTENTIONS AND TO ASK WHAT THEY ARE PLANNING!

MAKE THEM FISH FOR THE KING STURGEON! THAT WILL PROVE IF THEY BE WORTHY!

SHOULD THEY LAND THE GREAT KING STURGEON, THEN WE SMOKE-UM INDIAN STYLE!

DO THEY MEAN TO SMOKE US OR THE STURGEON?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LOAN THEM ANY MATCHES!

THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING UNPLEASANT PLANNED FOR US IF THEY CATCH US!

ALL THE MORE REASON WE MUST CAPTURE ONE OF THEM AND PERSUADE HIM TO BE OUR AMBASSADOR!

AT THIS MOMENT!

ME SUSPECT THE PALEDUCK WARRIORS, WITH THEIR WISDOM AND THEIR CUNNING, MAY BE LURKING IN THOSE PINE TREES! IF THEY ARE, ME GIVE A WARNING!

YES! IF YOU SPY THEM, GIVE A WARNING!

ME HEAR NAUGHT BUT WHISPERING PINE TREES, HEAR THE LAPING OF THE WATERS, HEAR THE CRICKET MAKING SQUEEKIE, AND THE HOO HOO OF THE OWLET!

GLOW

DON'T BE SCARED, LITTLE GUY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE TREATED LIKE A GUEST OF HONOR!

WE'RE ONLY BORROWING YOU FOR A WHILE! SO RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING BEFORE THIS GUY IS MISSED!

YES! I AM OUT OF HERE!

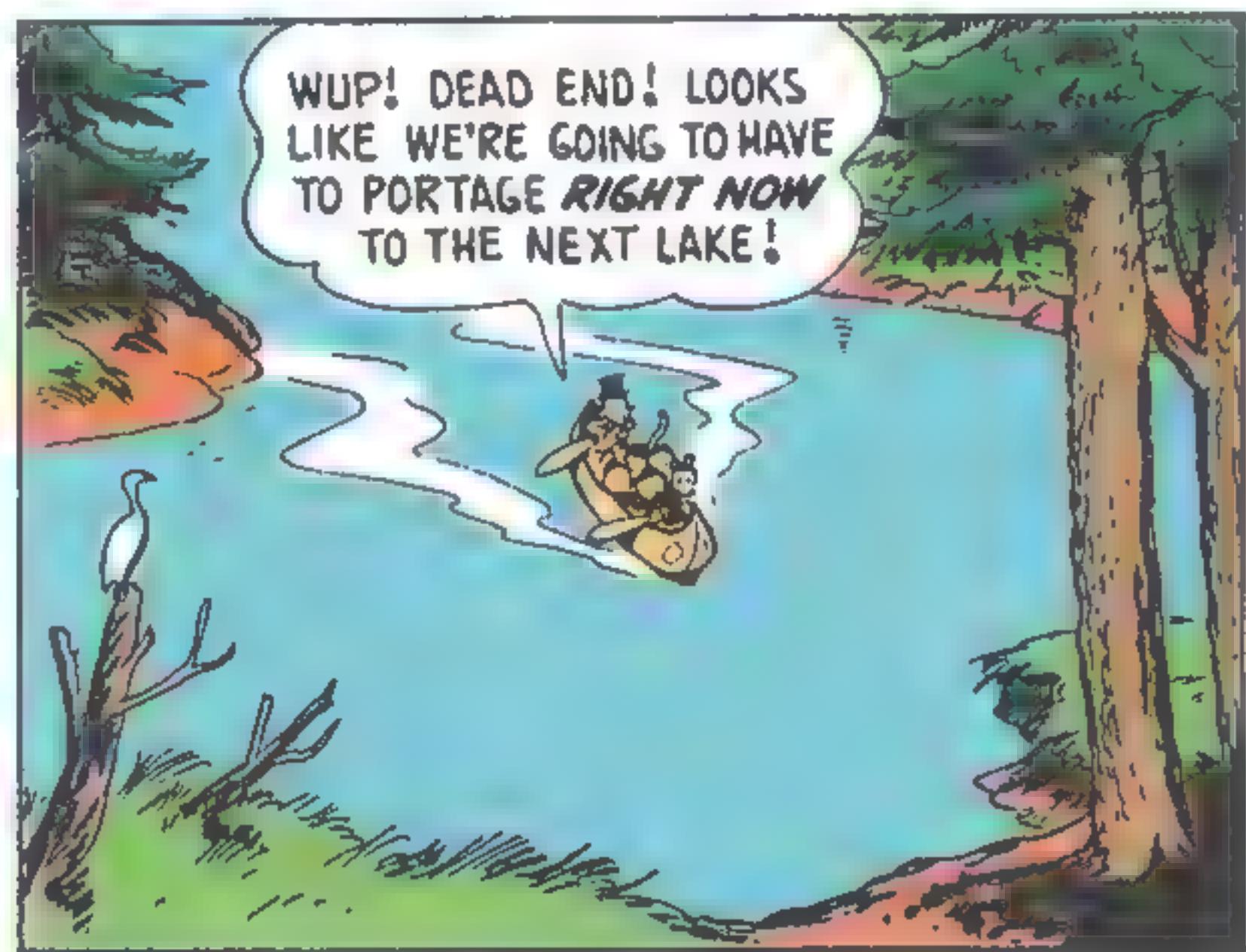
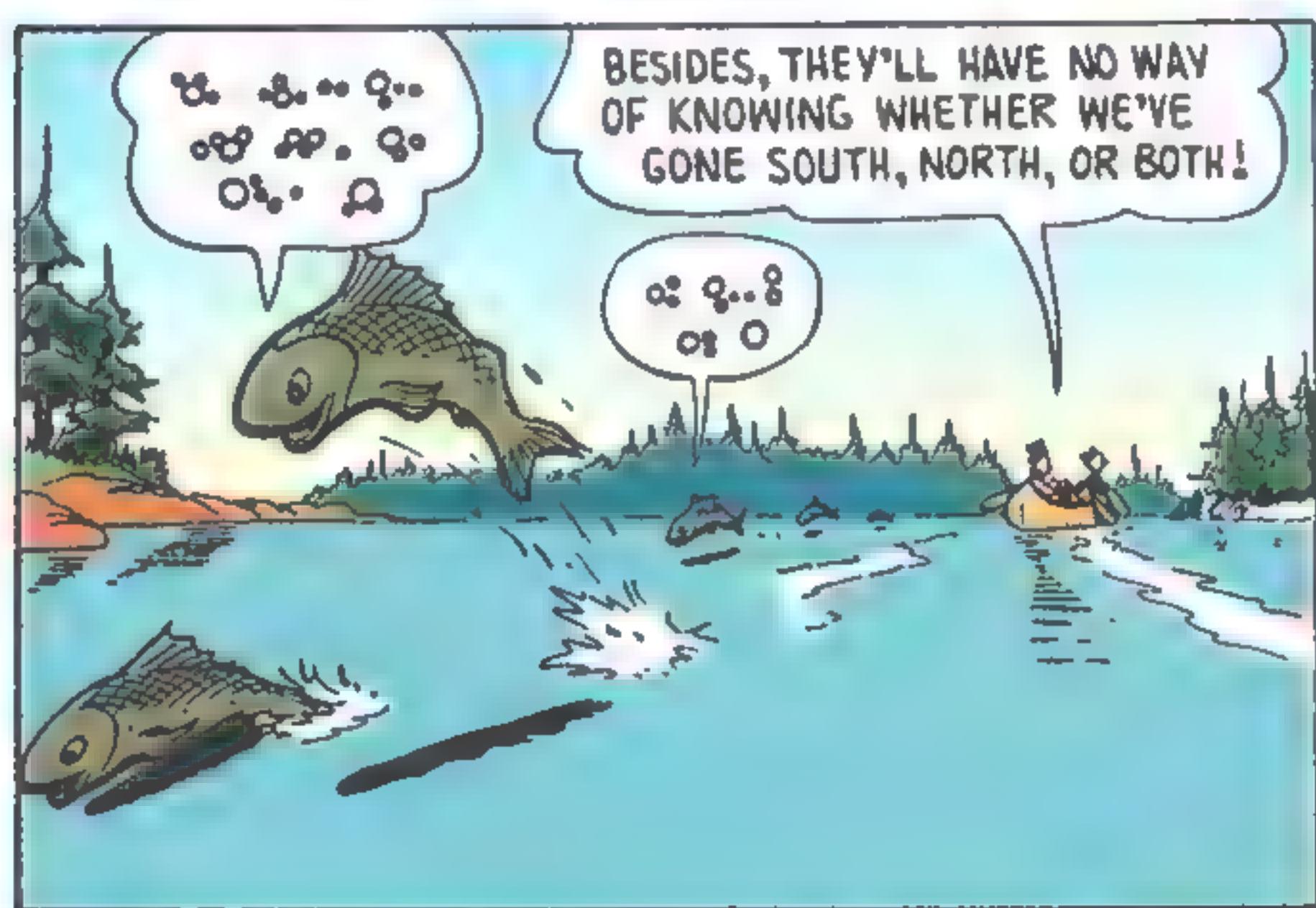
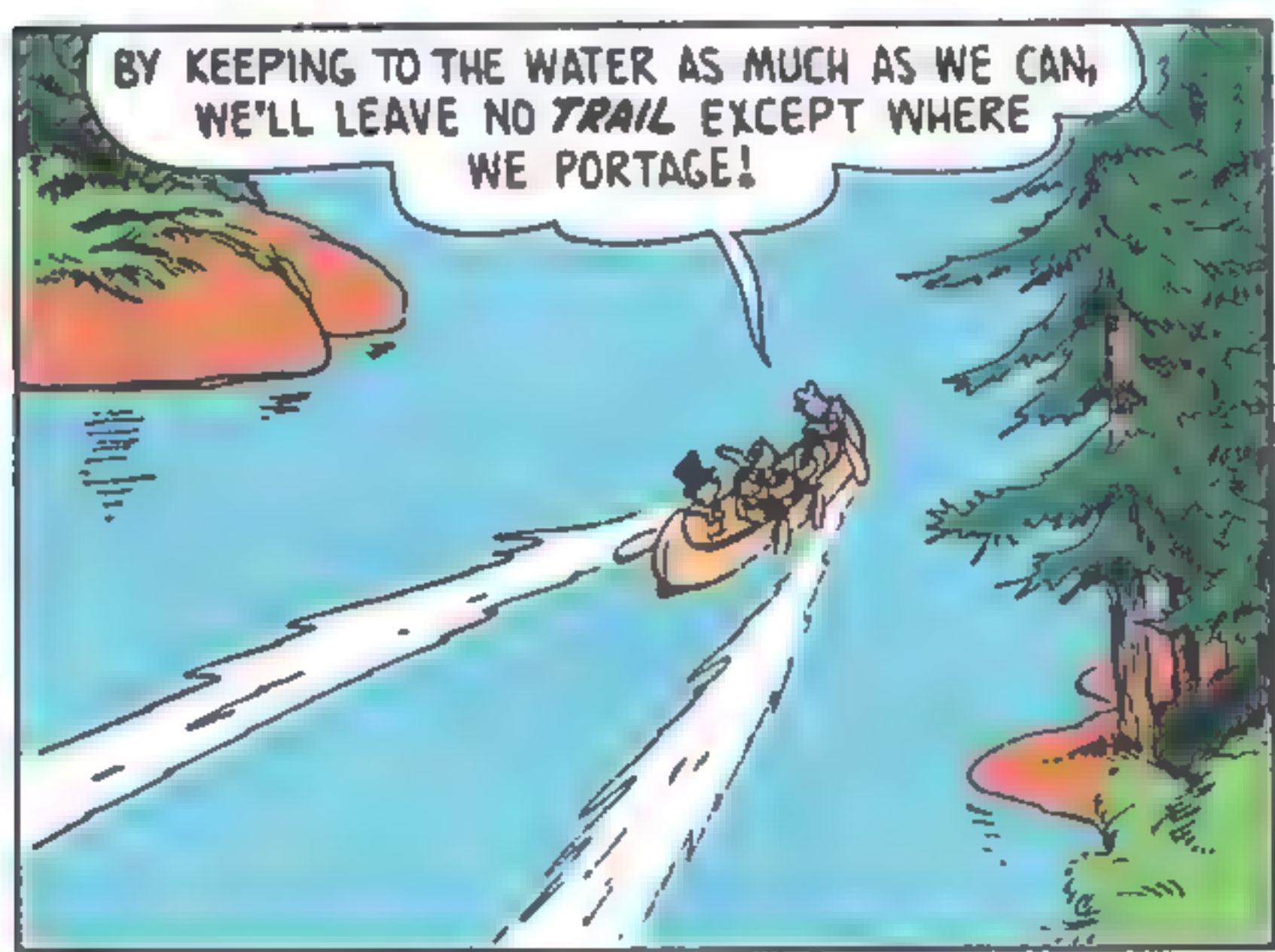
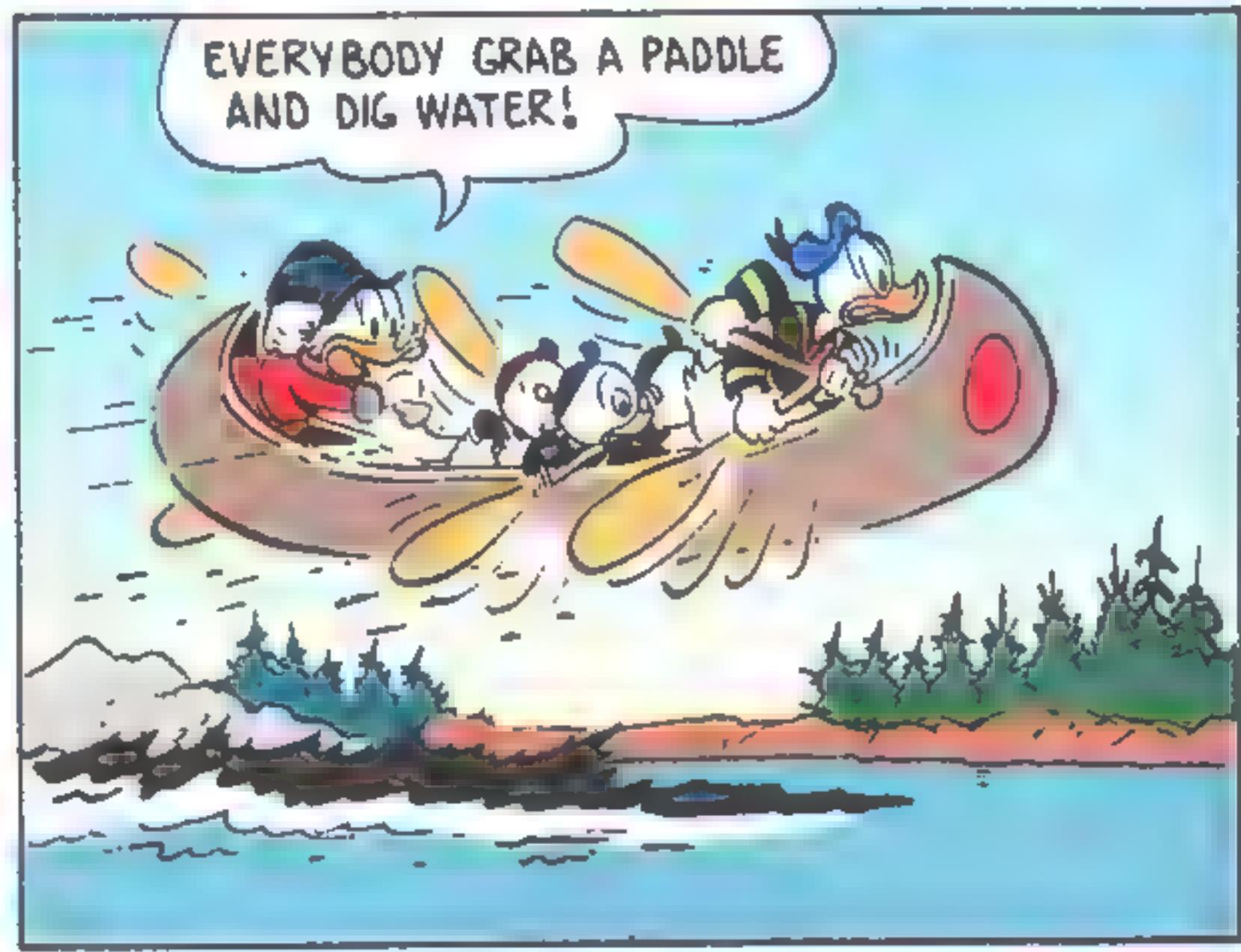
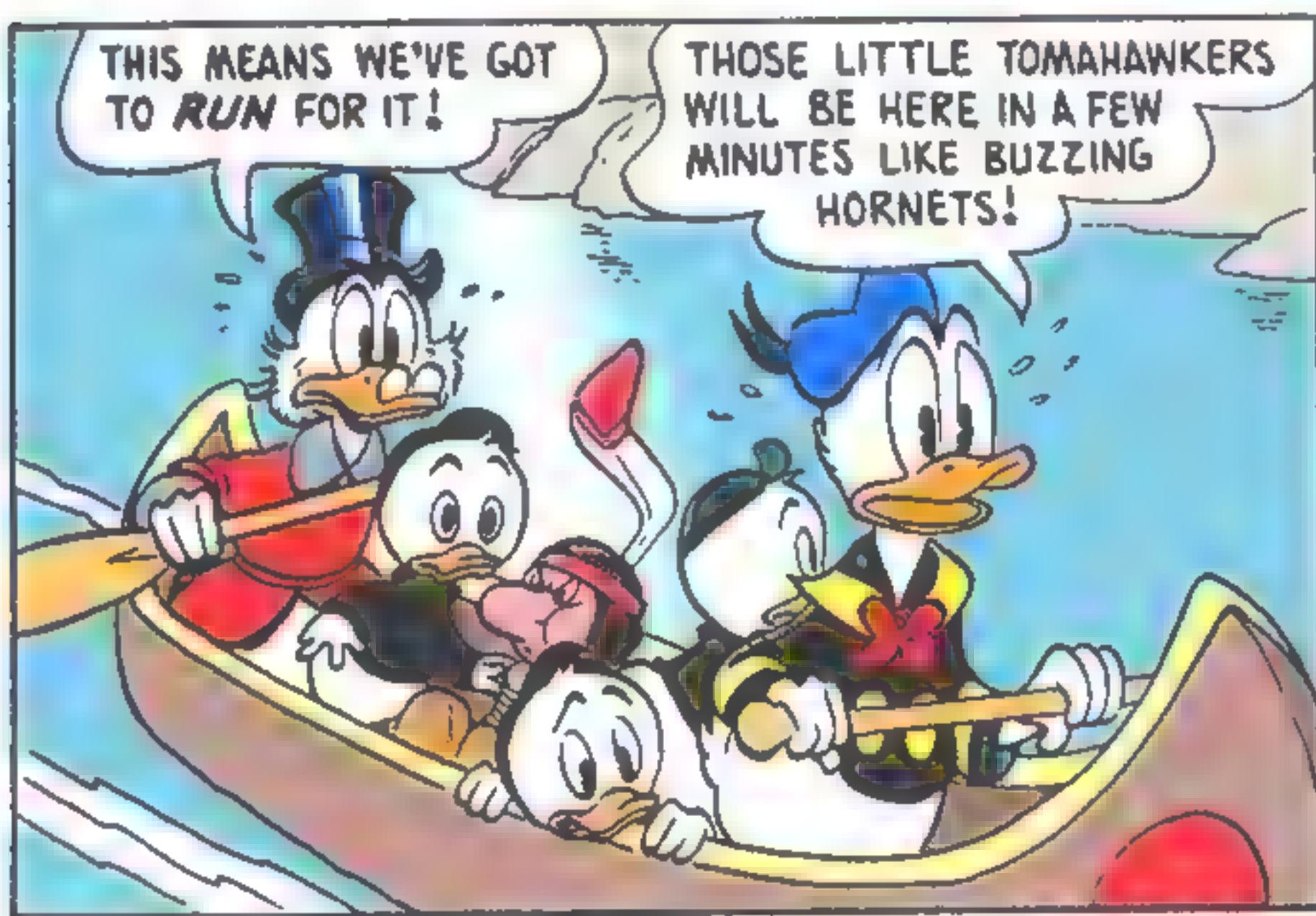
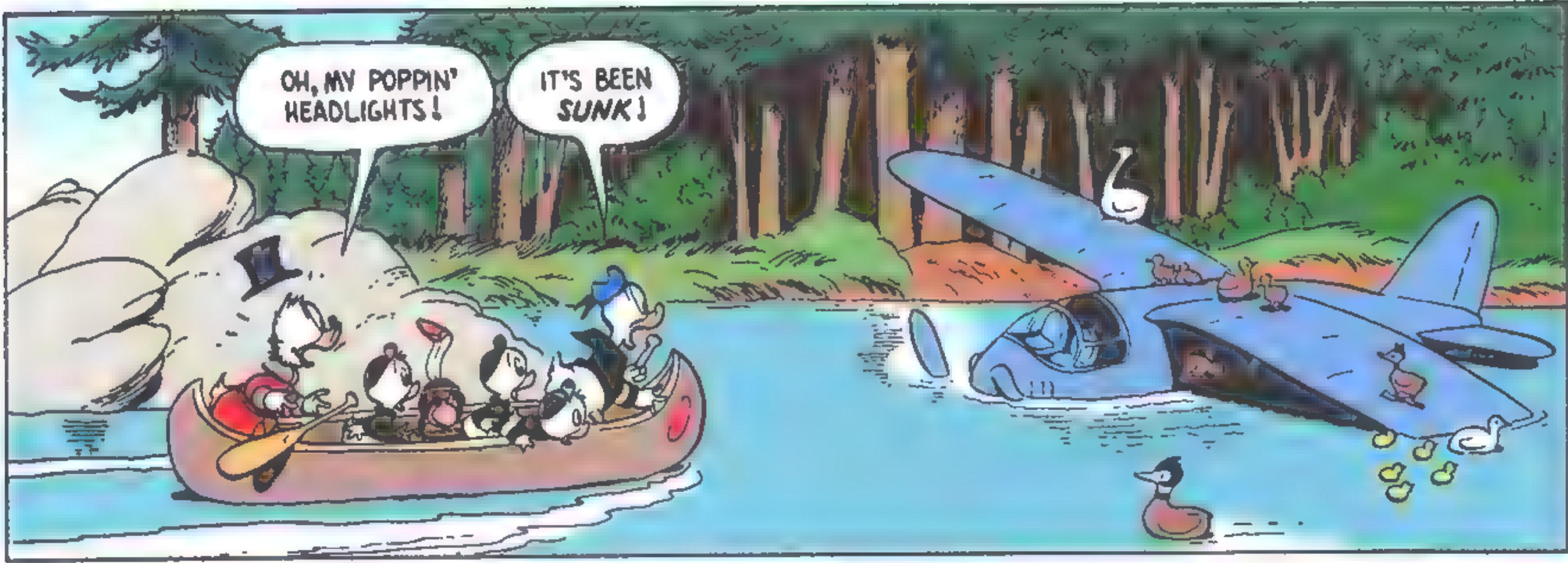
LUCKY FOR US, THE TRIBE IS MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE TO HEAR US!

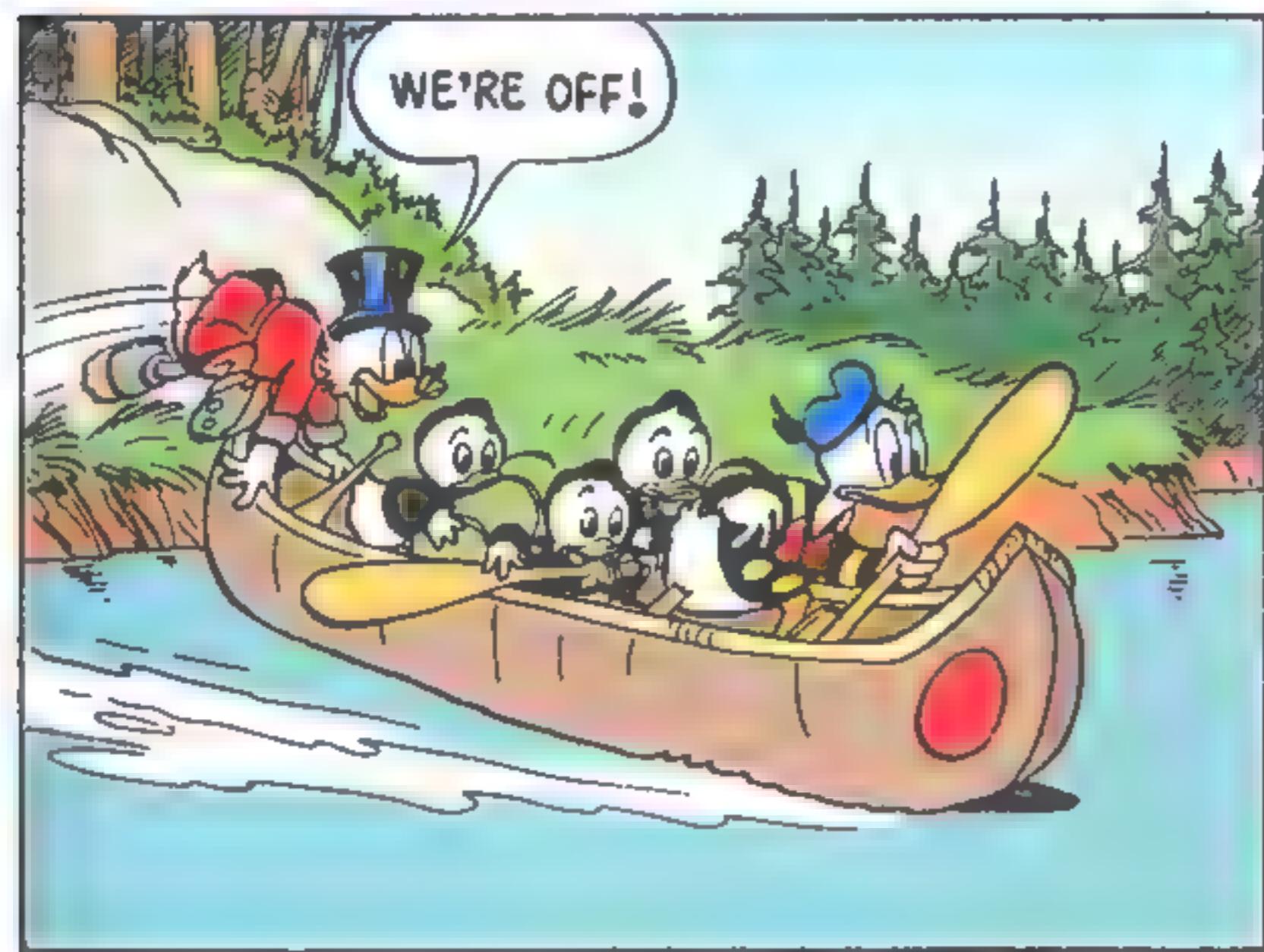
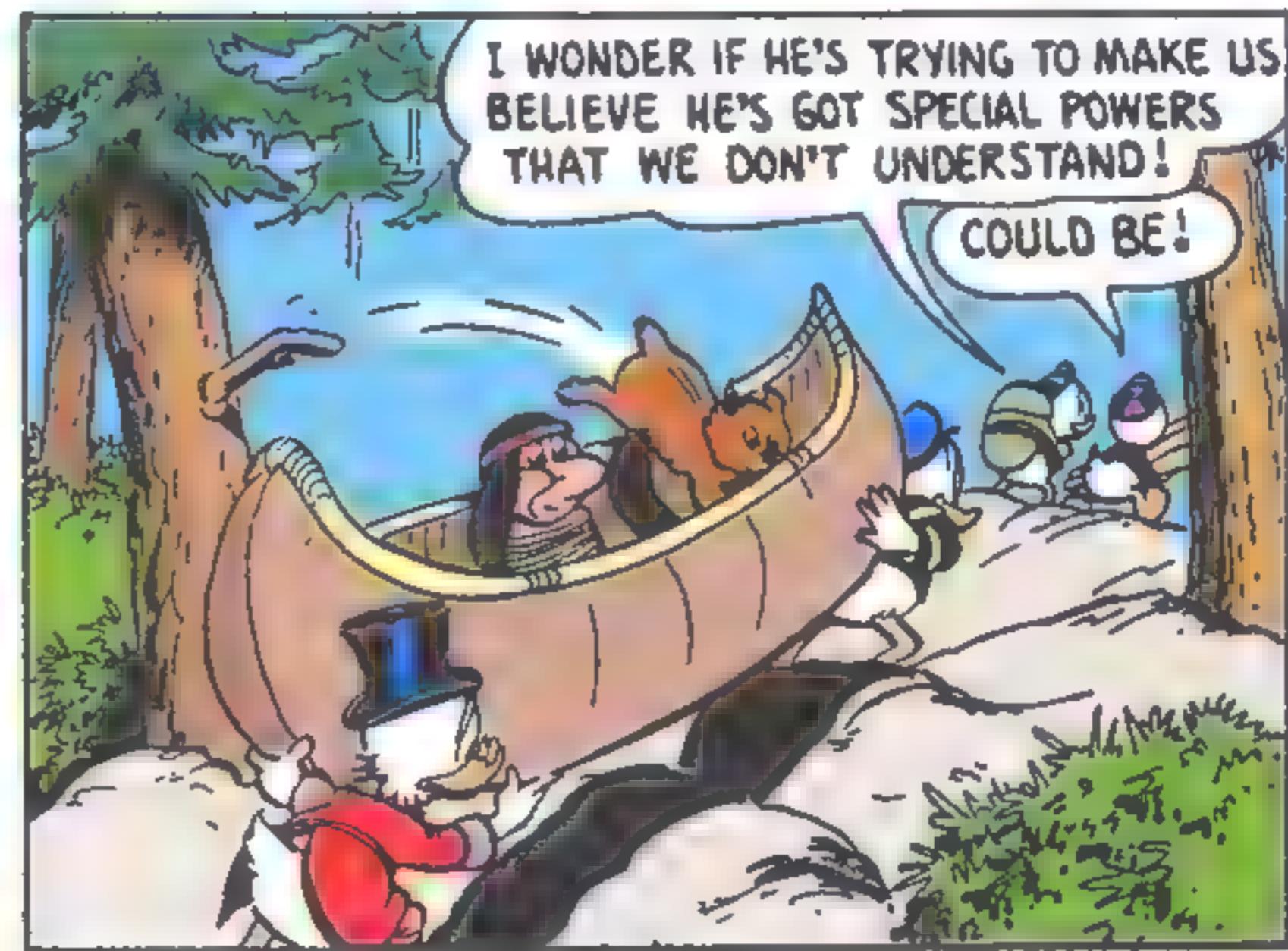
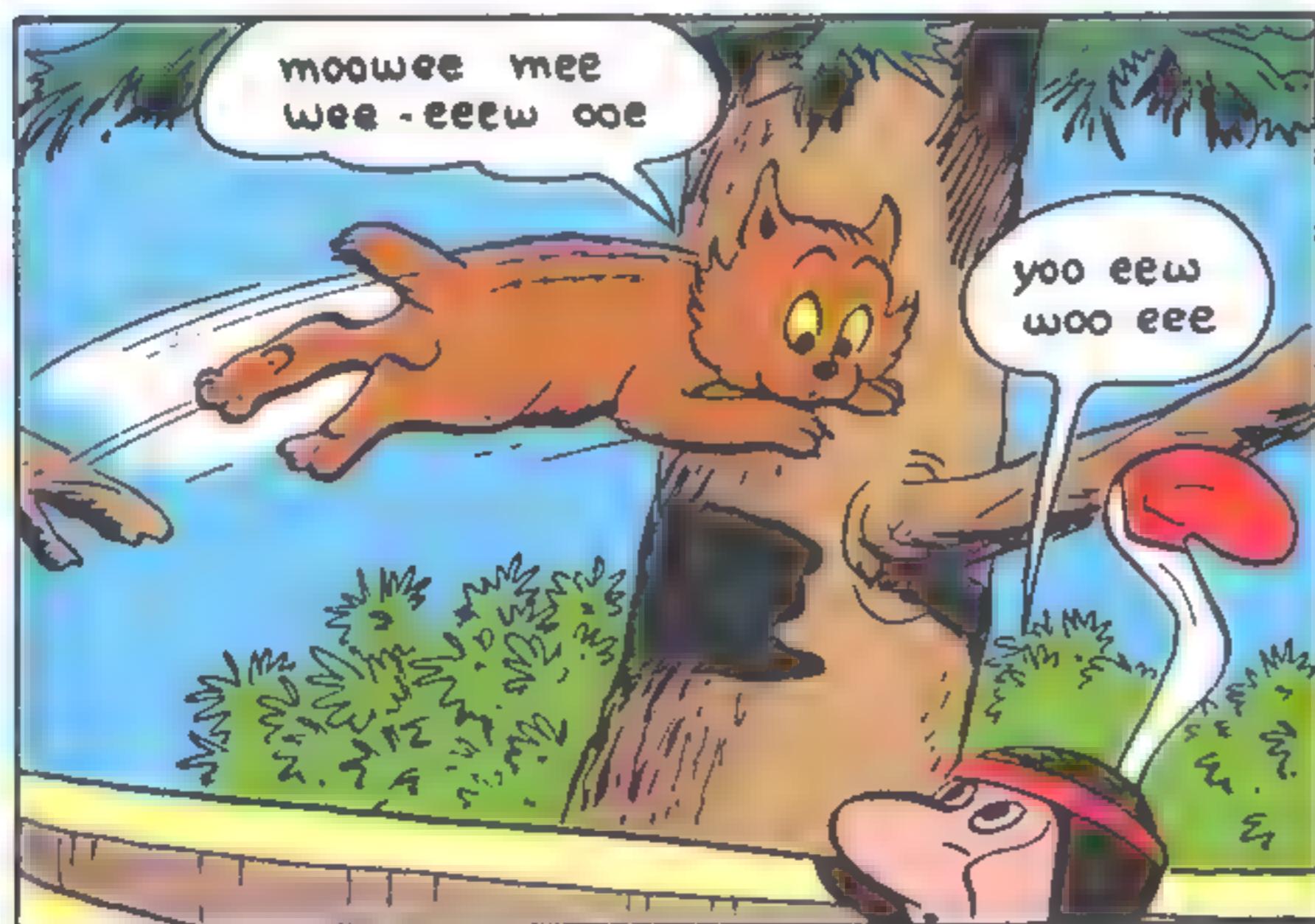
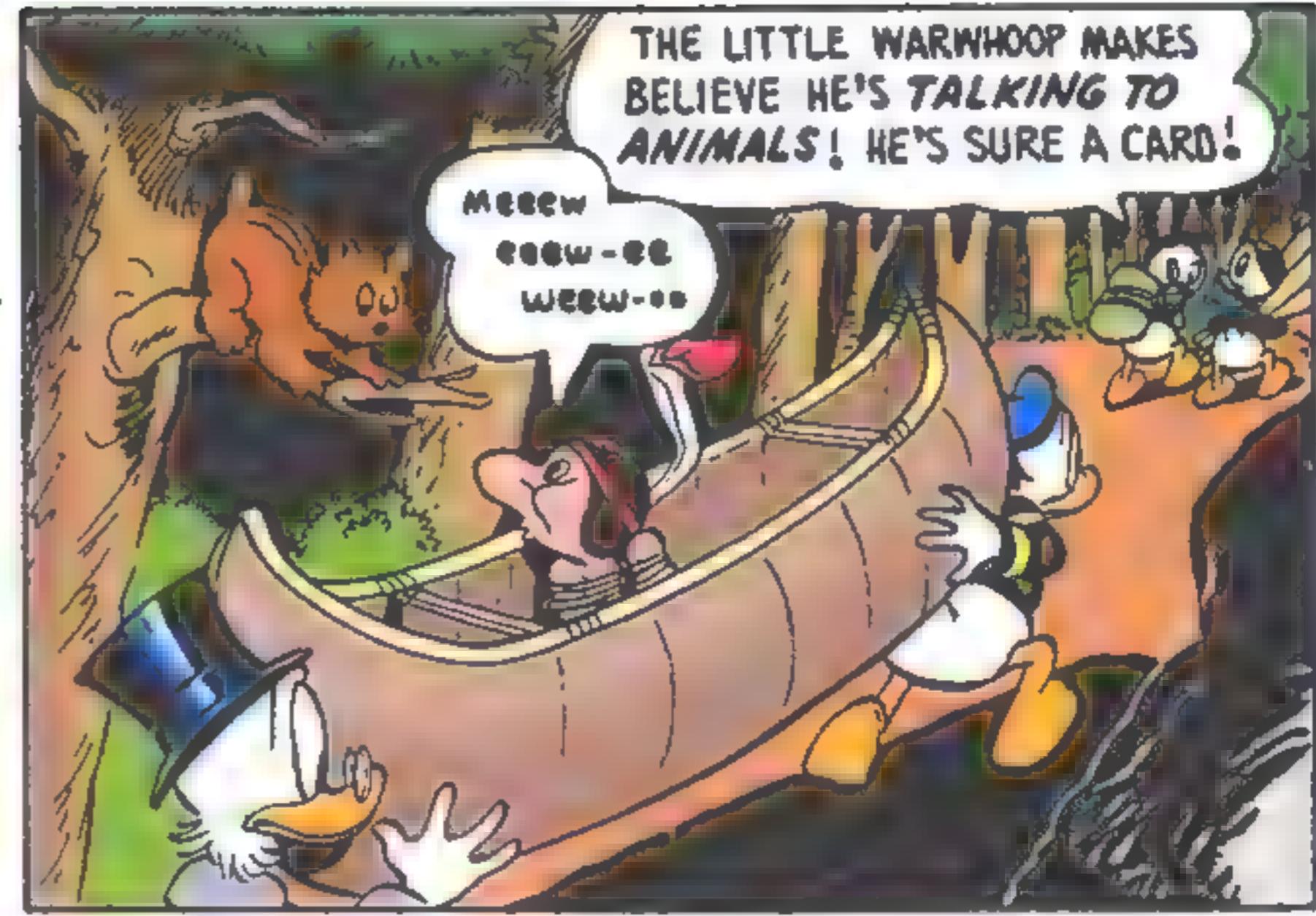
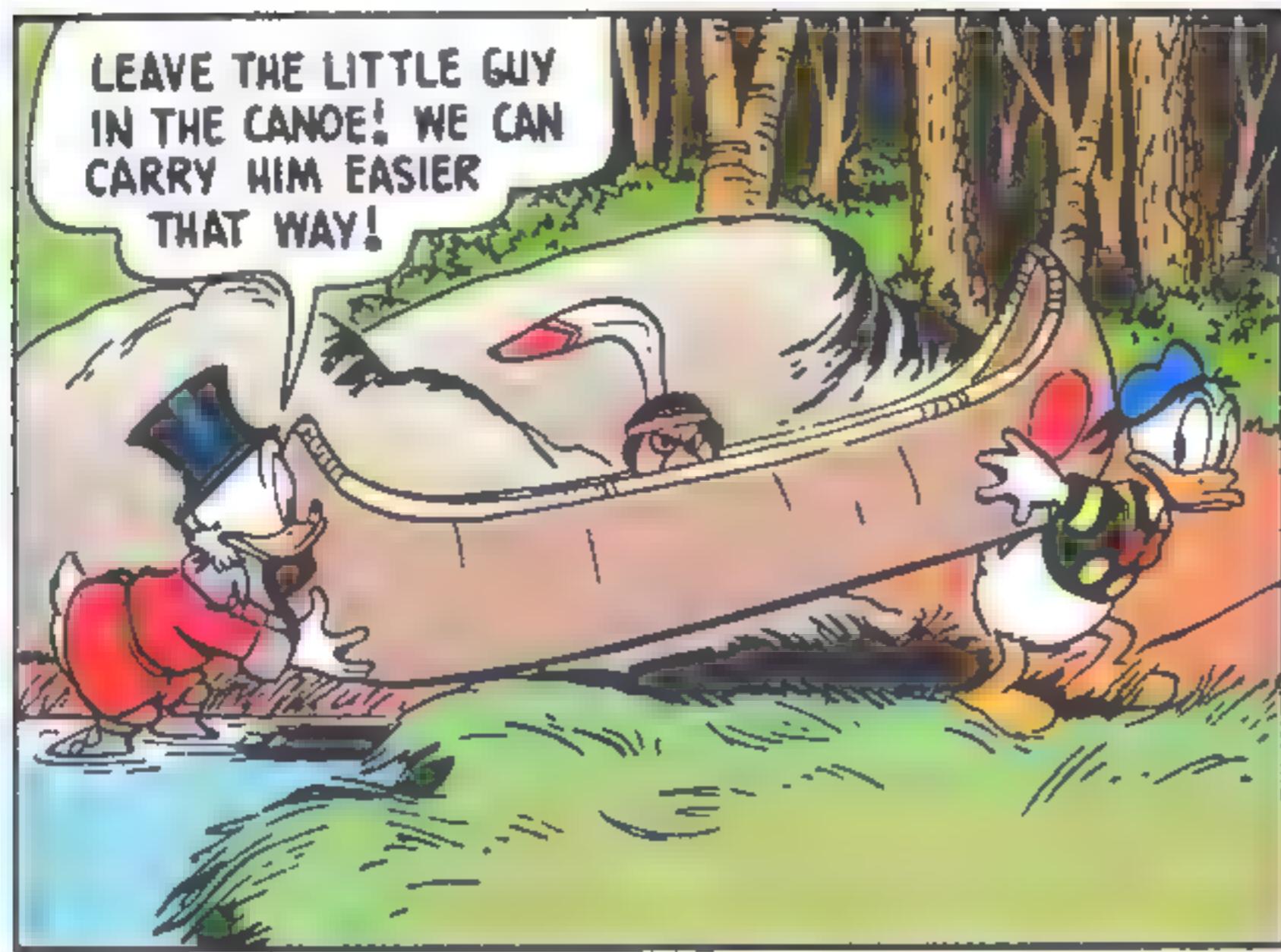
HURRY!

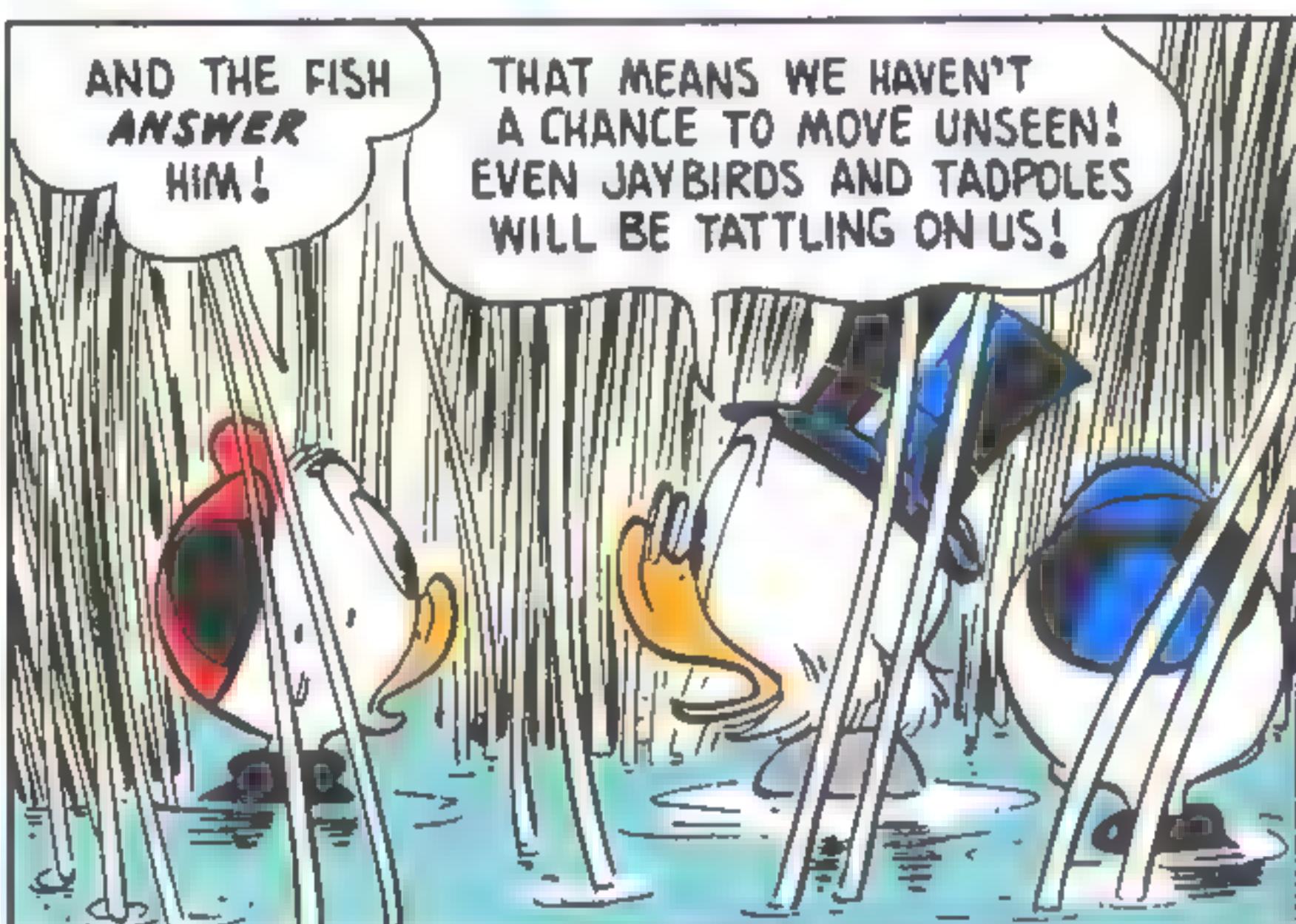
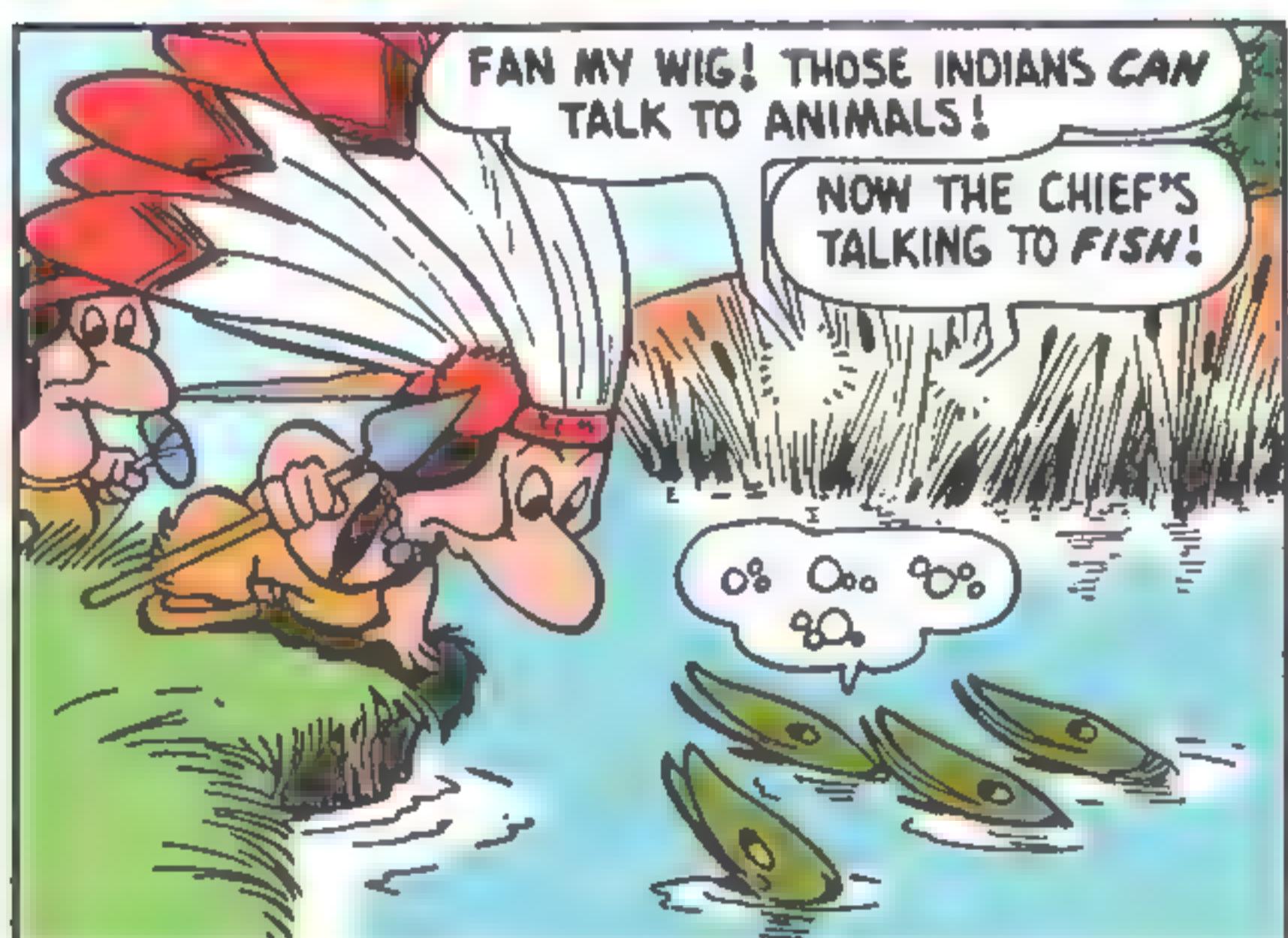
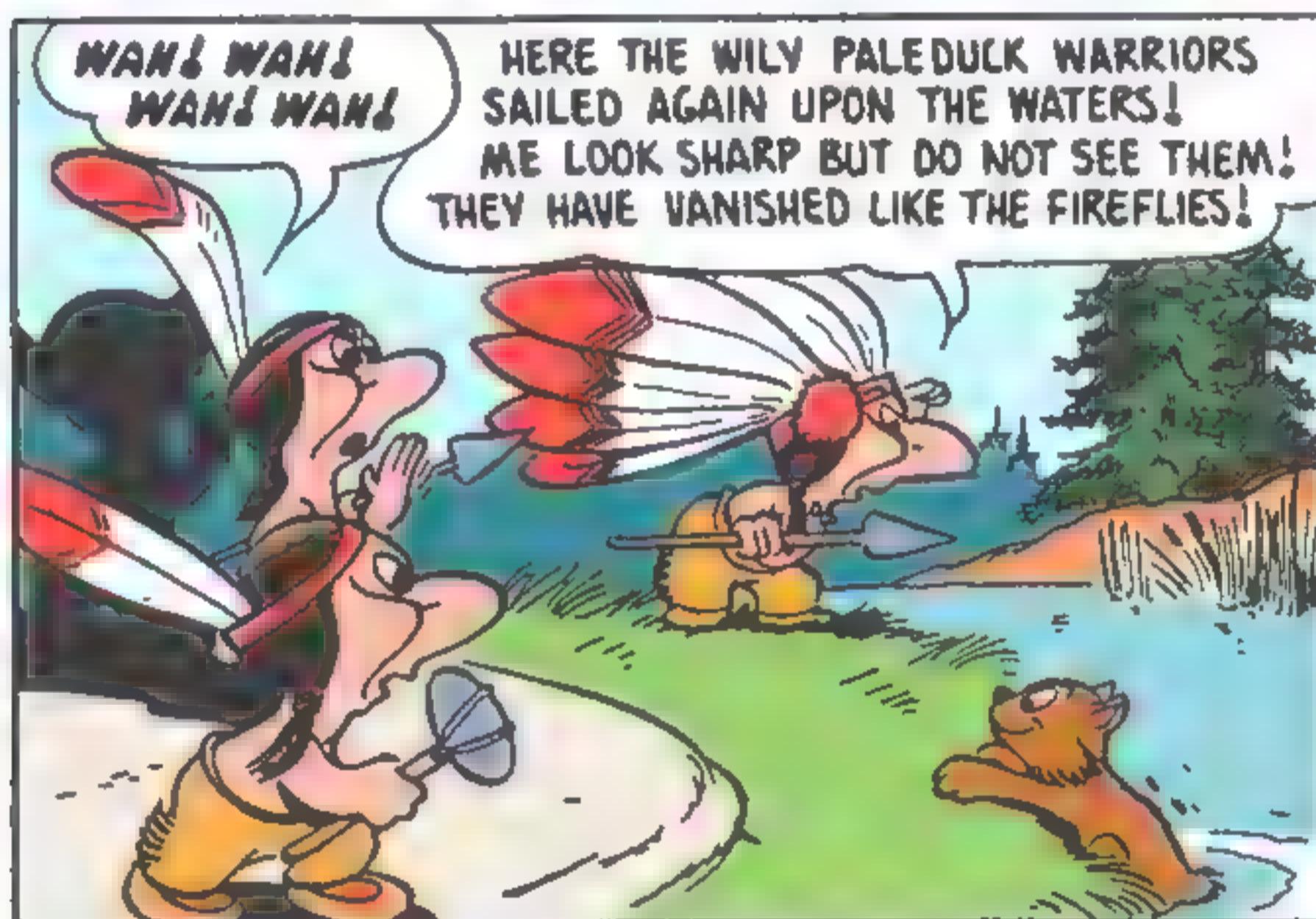
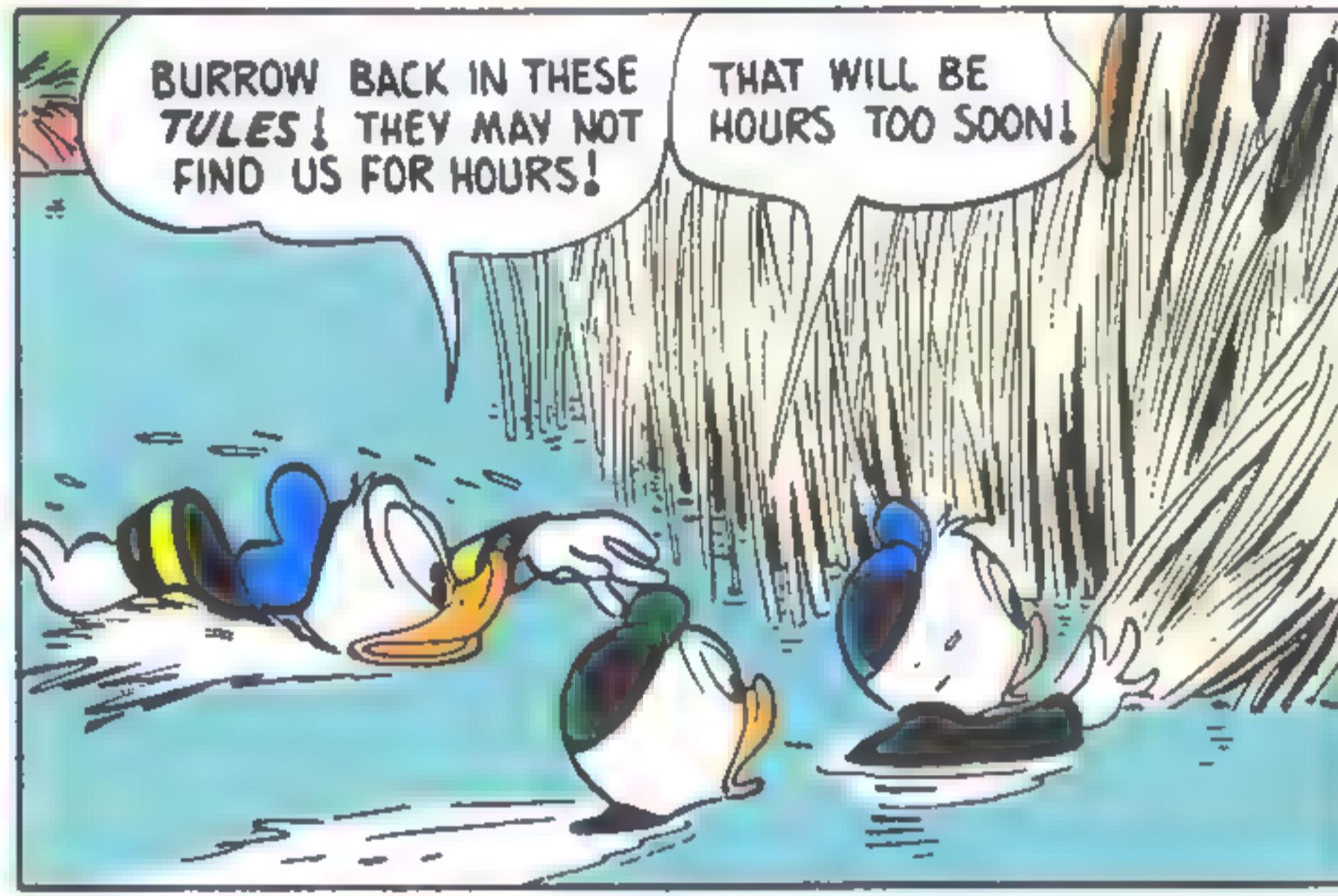
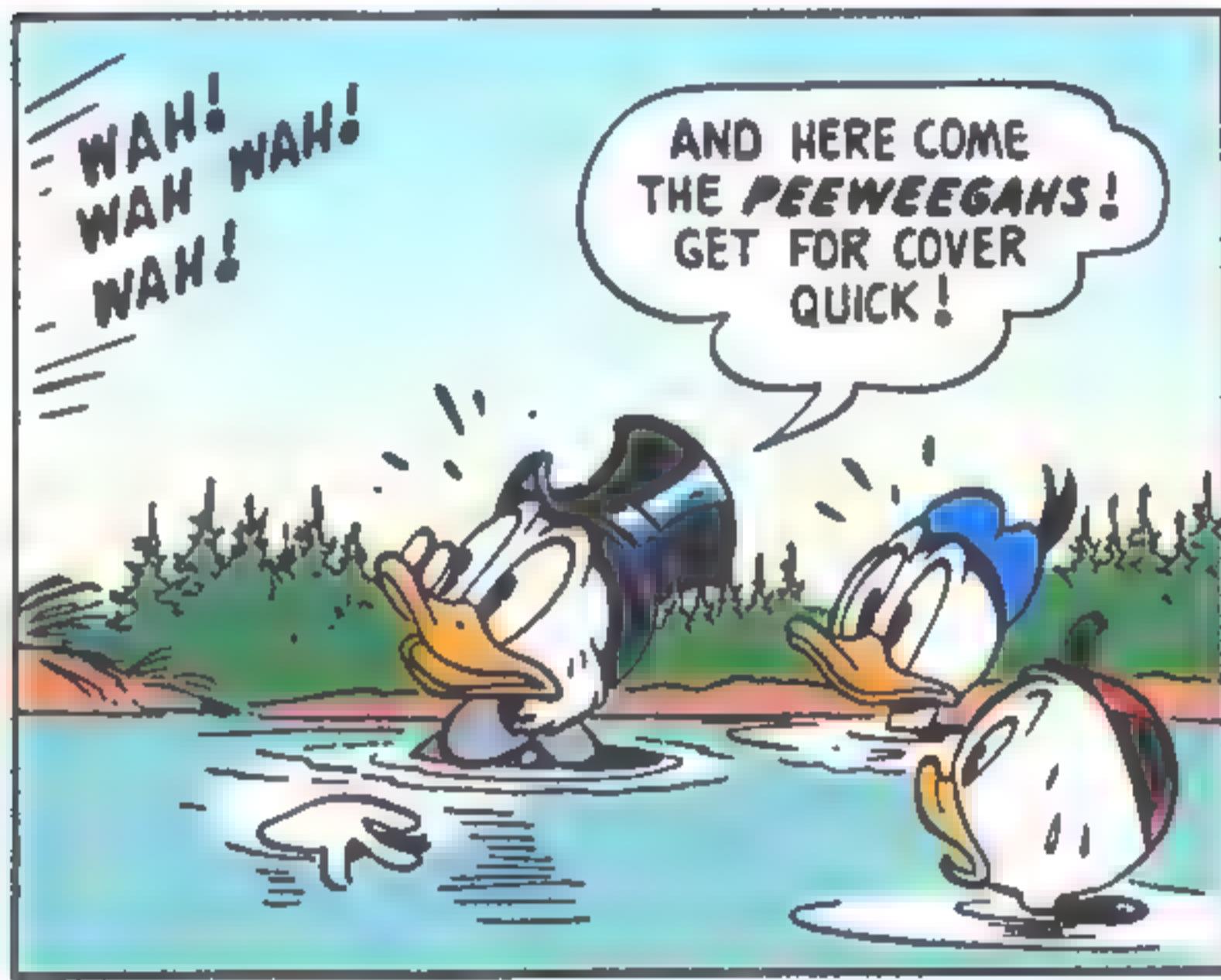
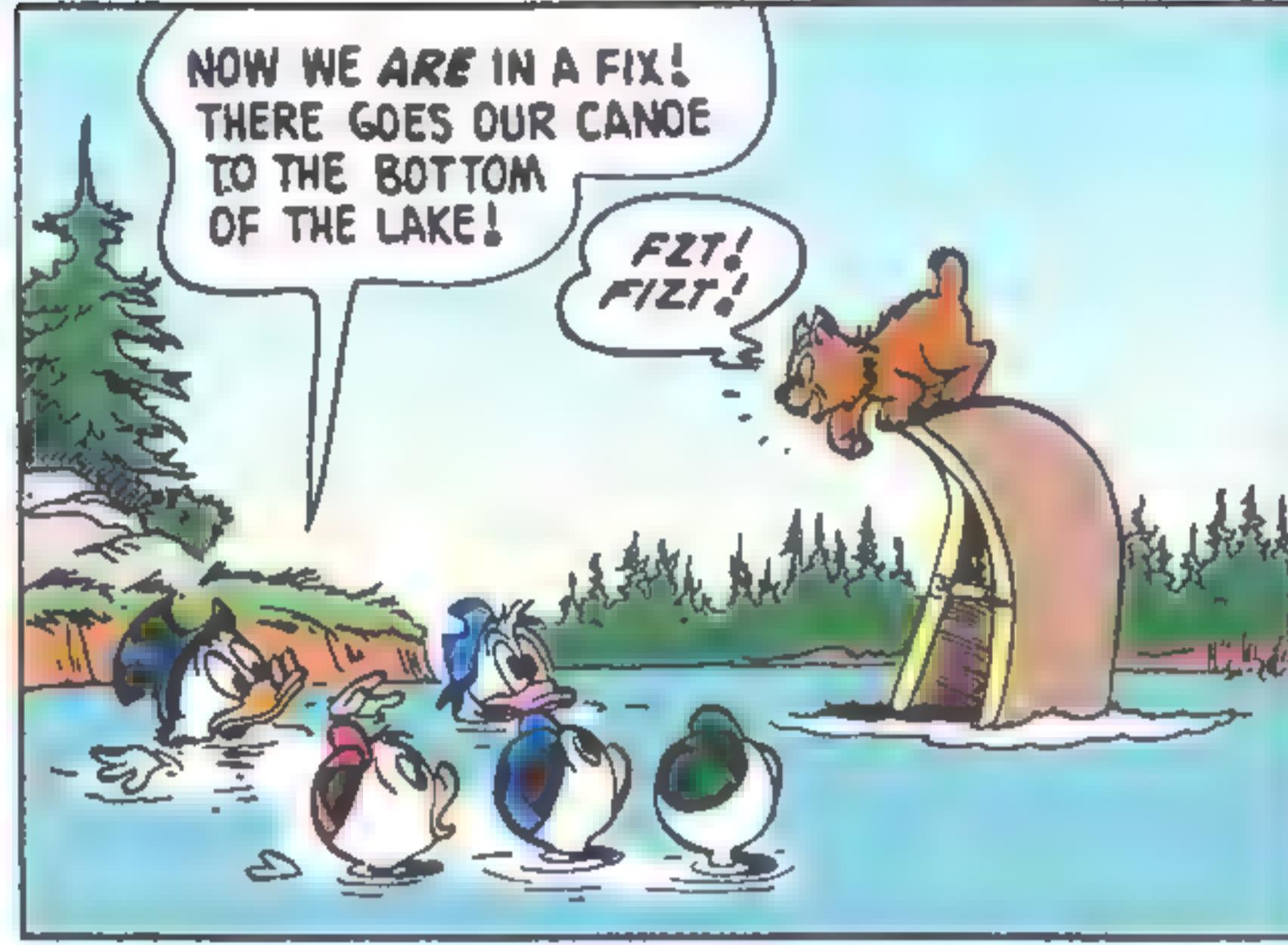
DAWN!

WE'VE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!

OUR PLANE IS WAITING AROUND THE NEXT BEND IF MY MAP IS RIGHT!

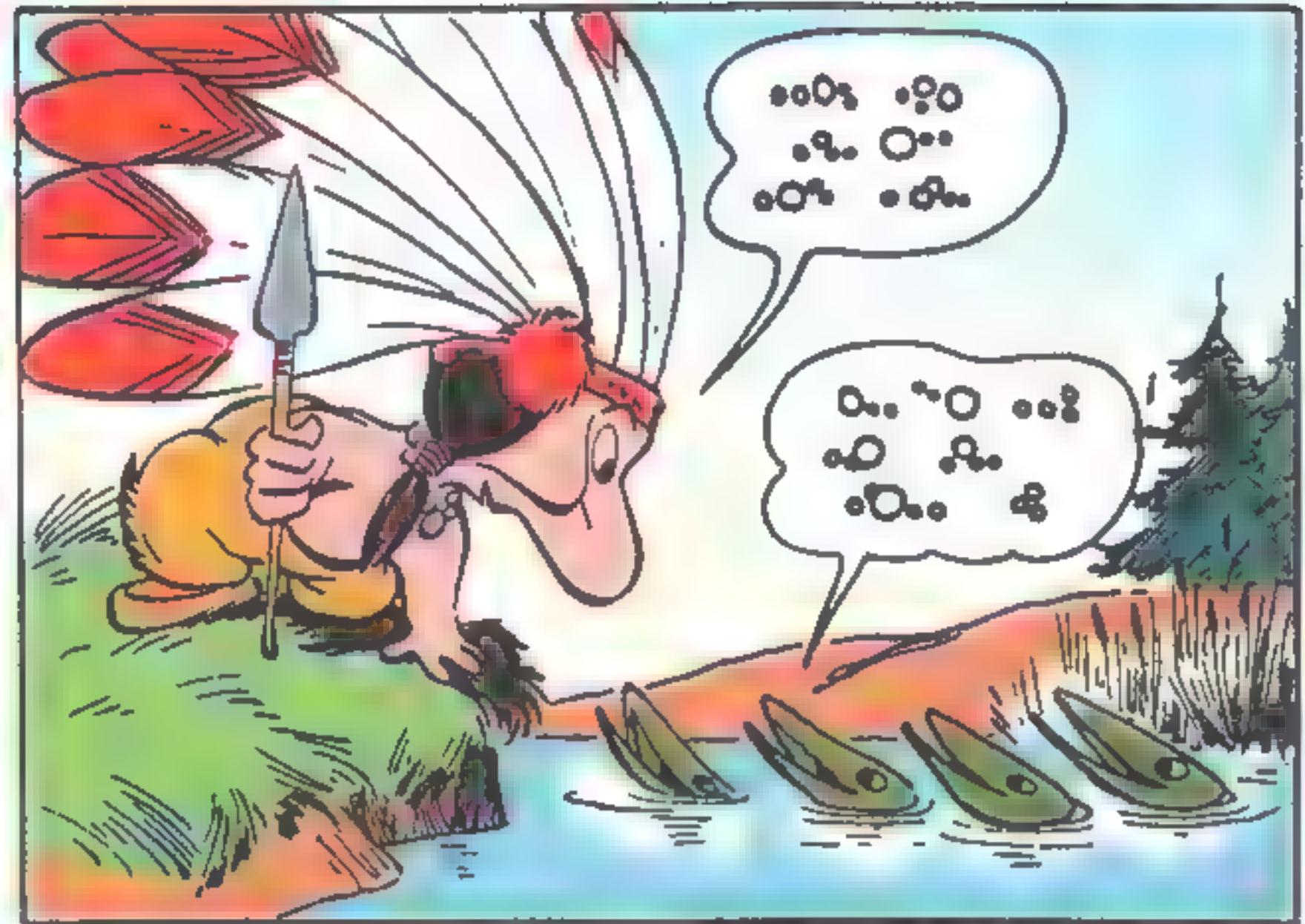




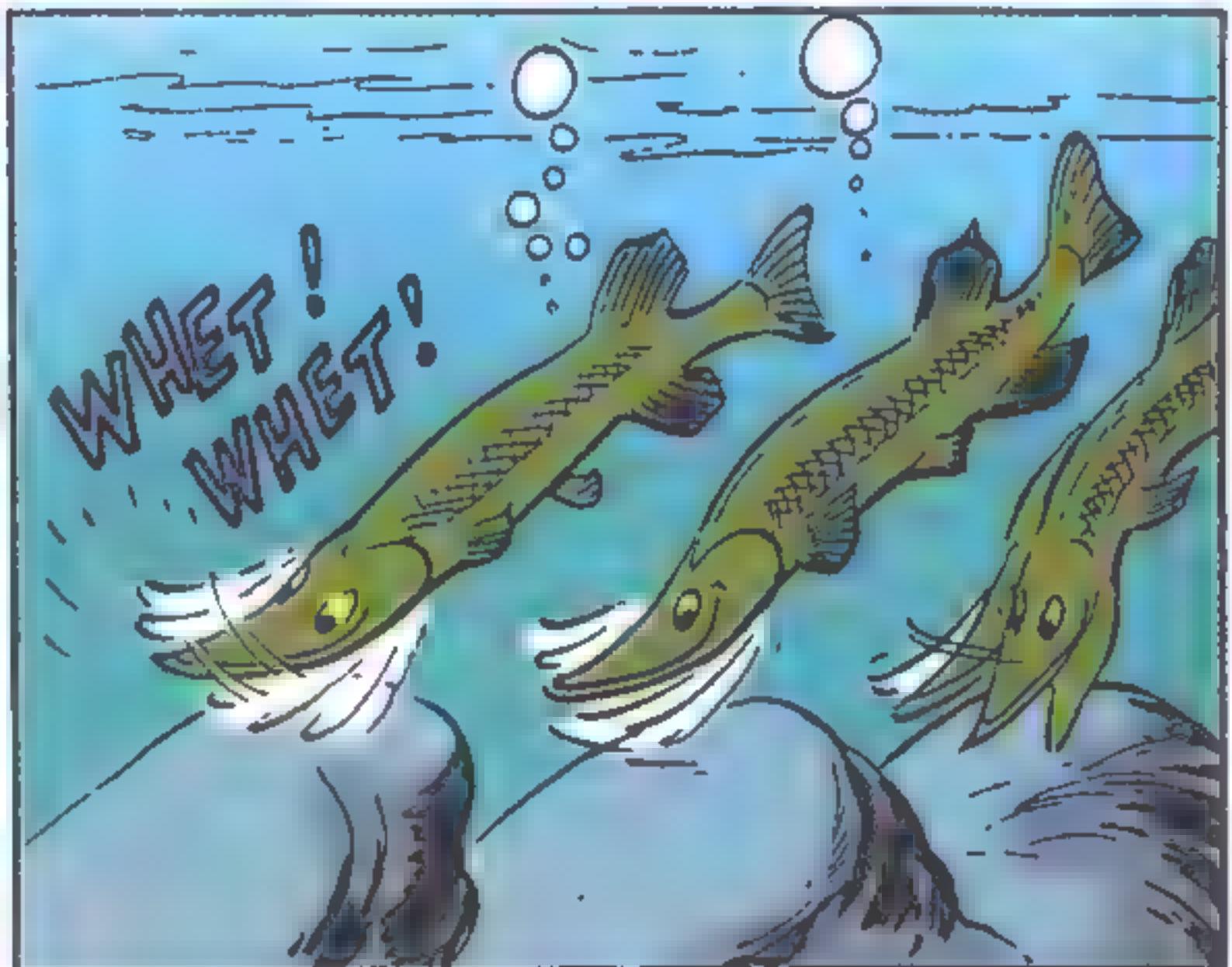
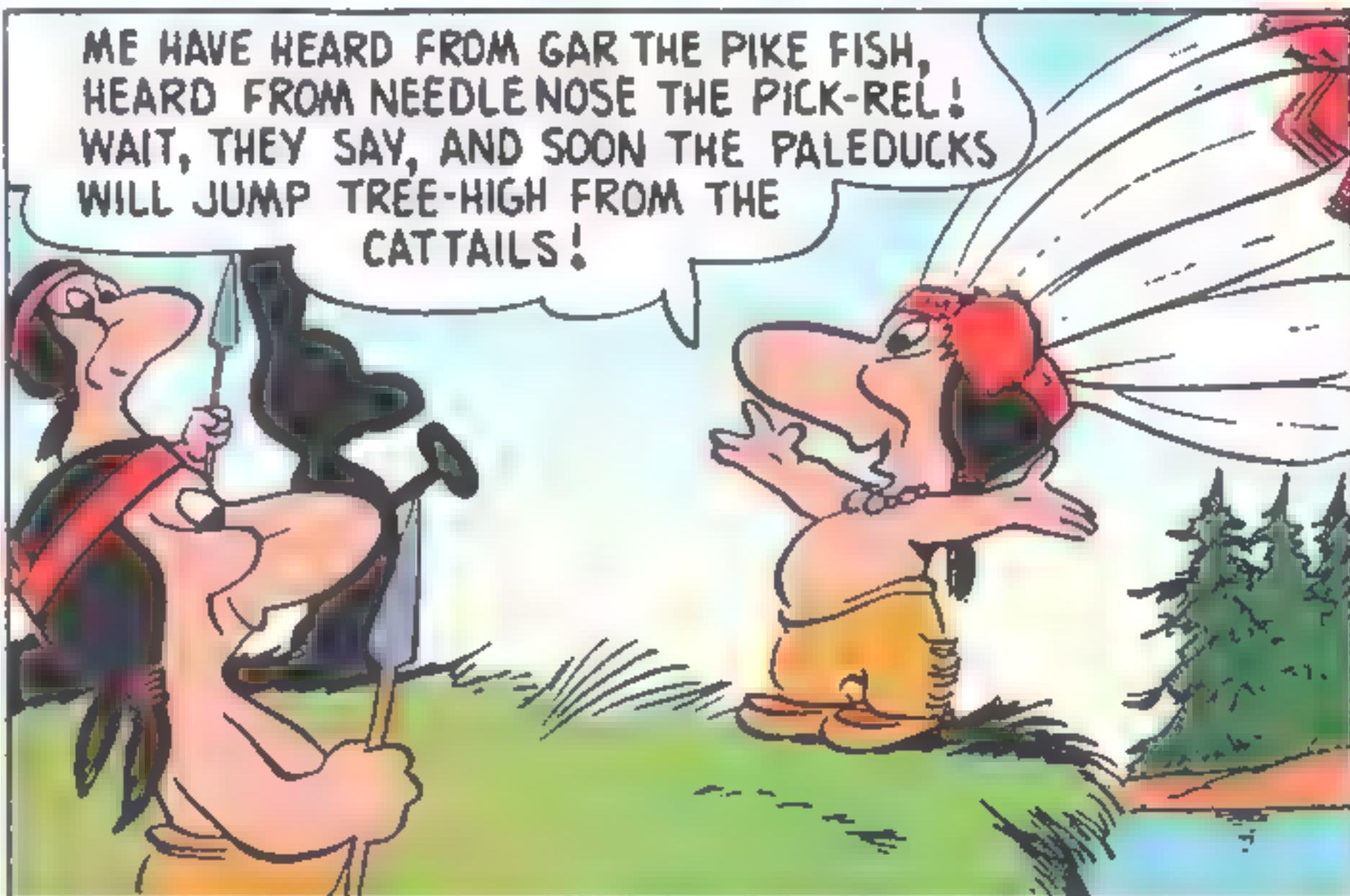


WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HIDDEN HERE UNTIL DARK! I'VE FOUND SOME HOLLOW REEDS WE CAN BREATHE THROUGH!

BRIGHT BOY! WE'LL DUCK UNDER THE WATER AND STAY PUT WHERE THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE US!

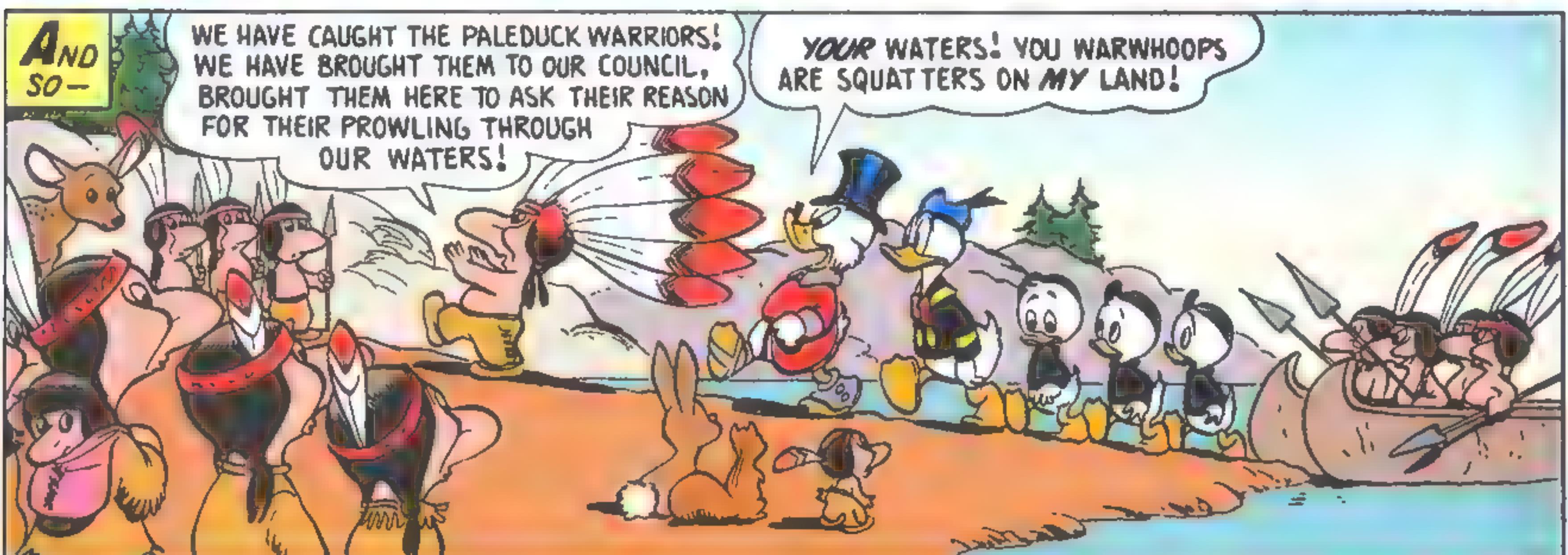


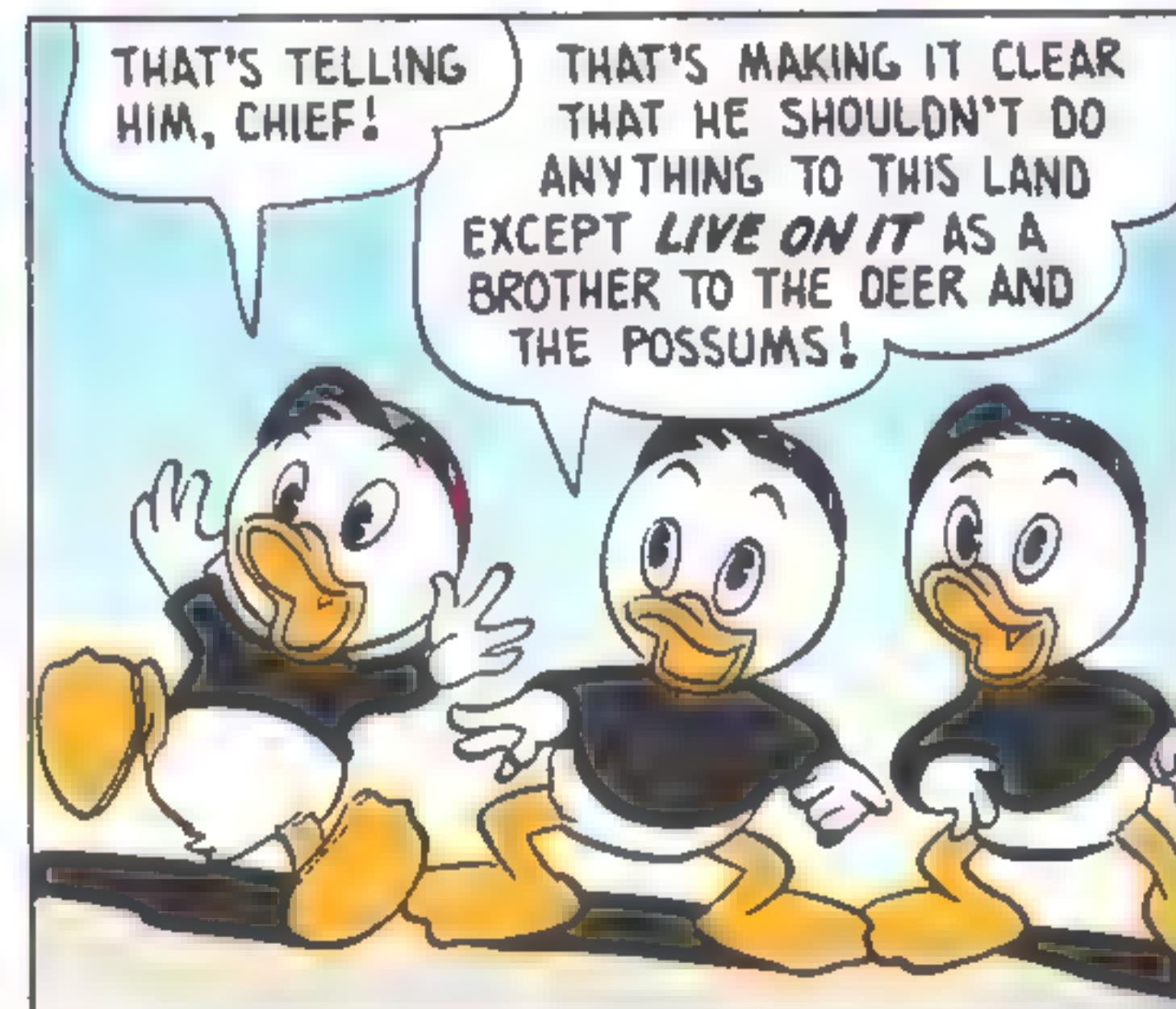
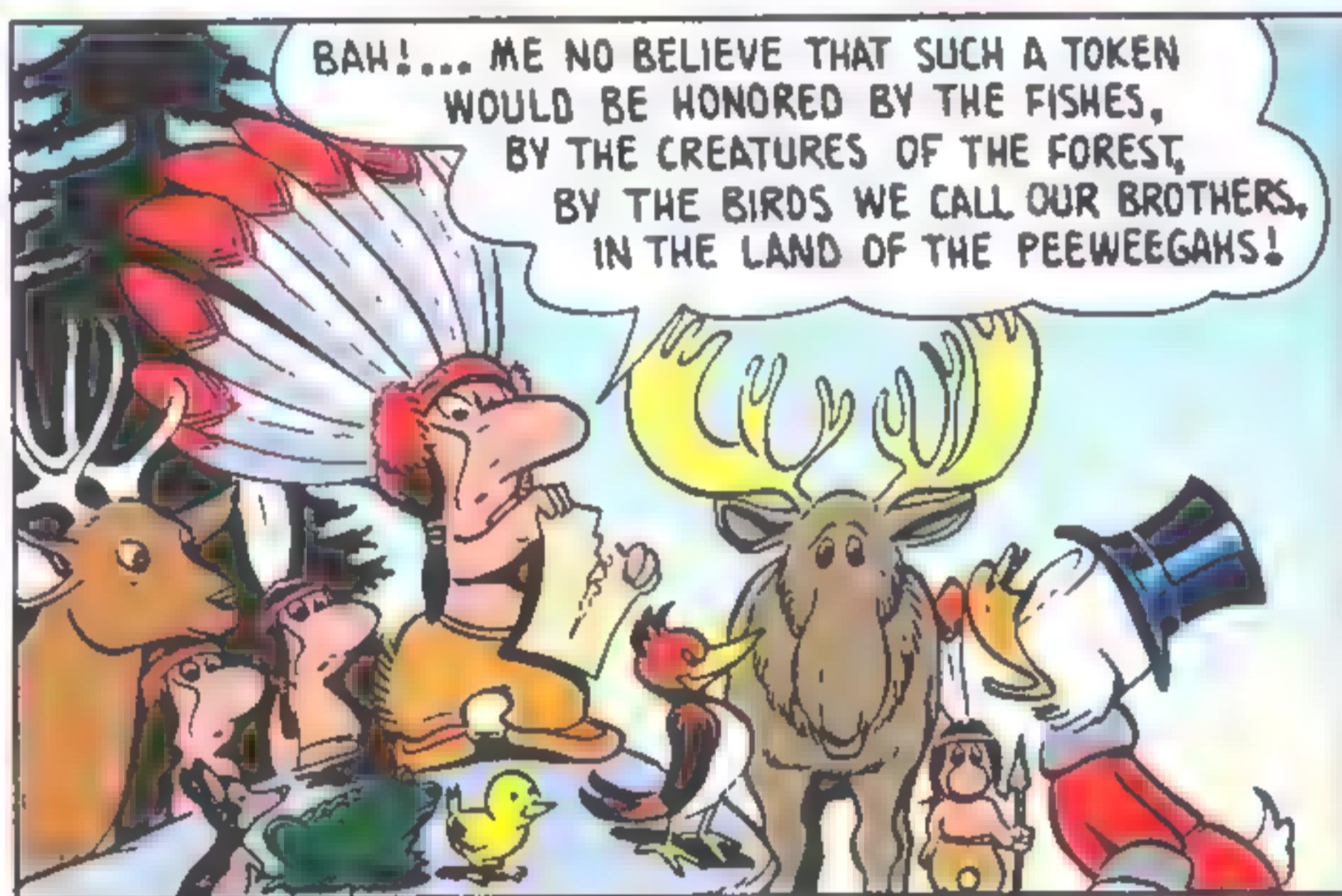
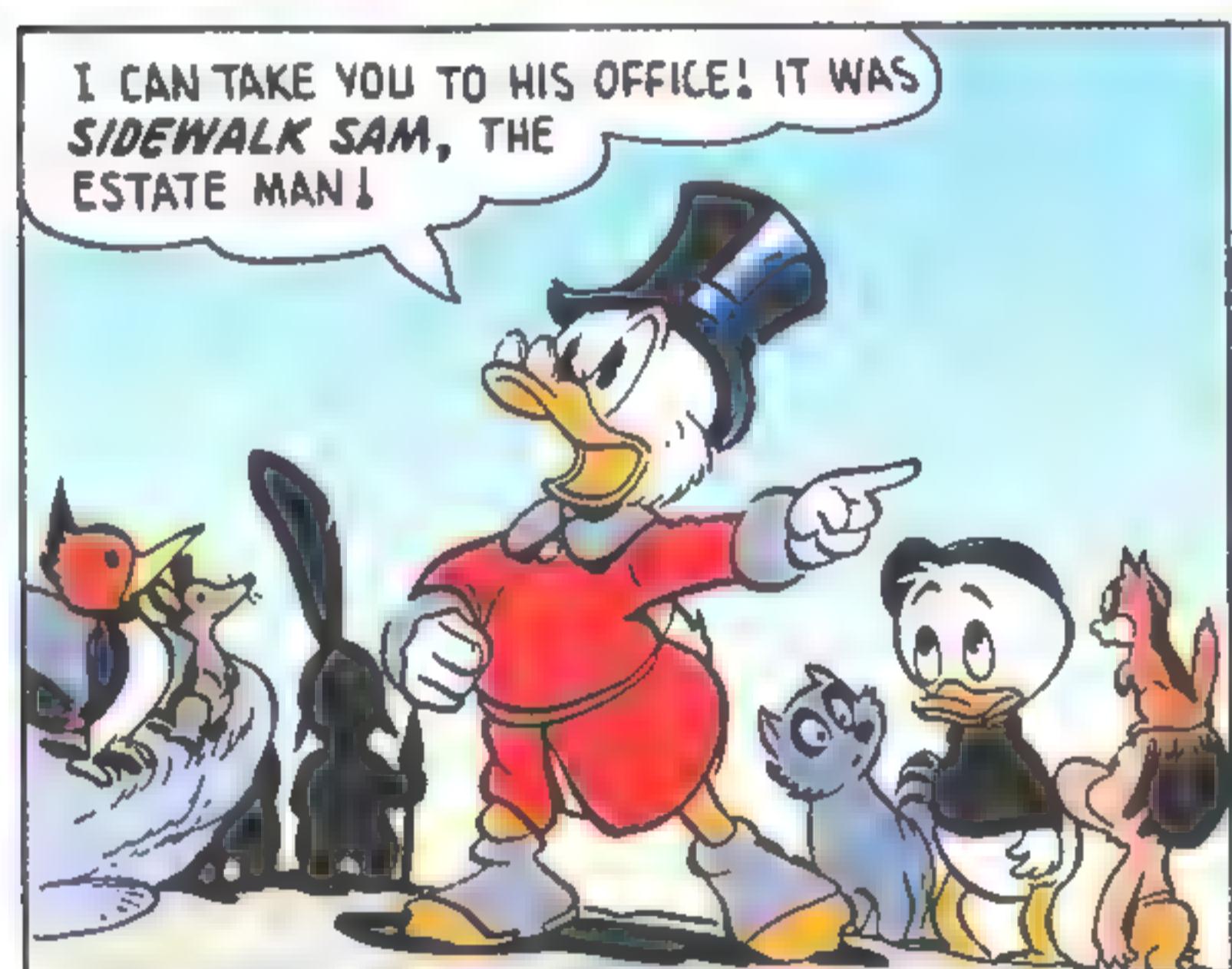
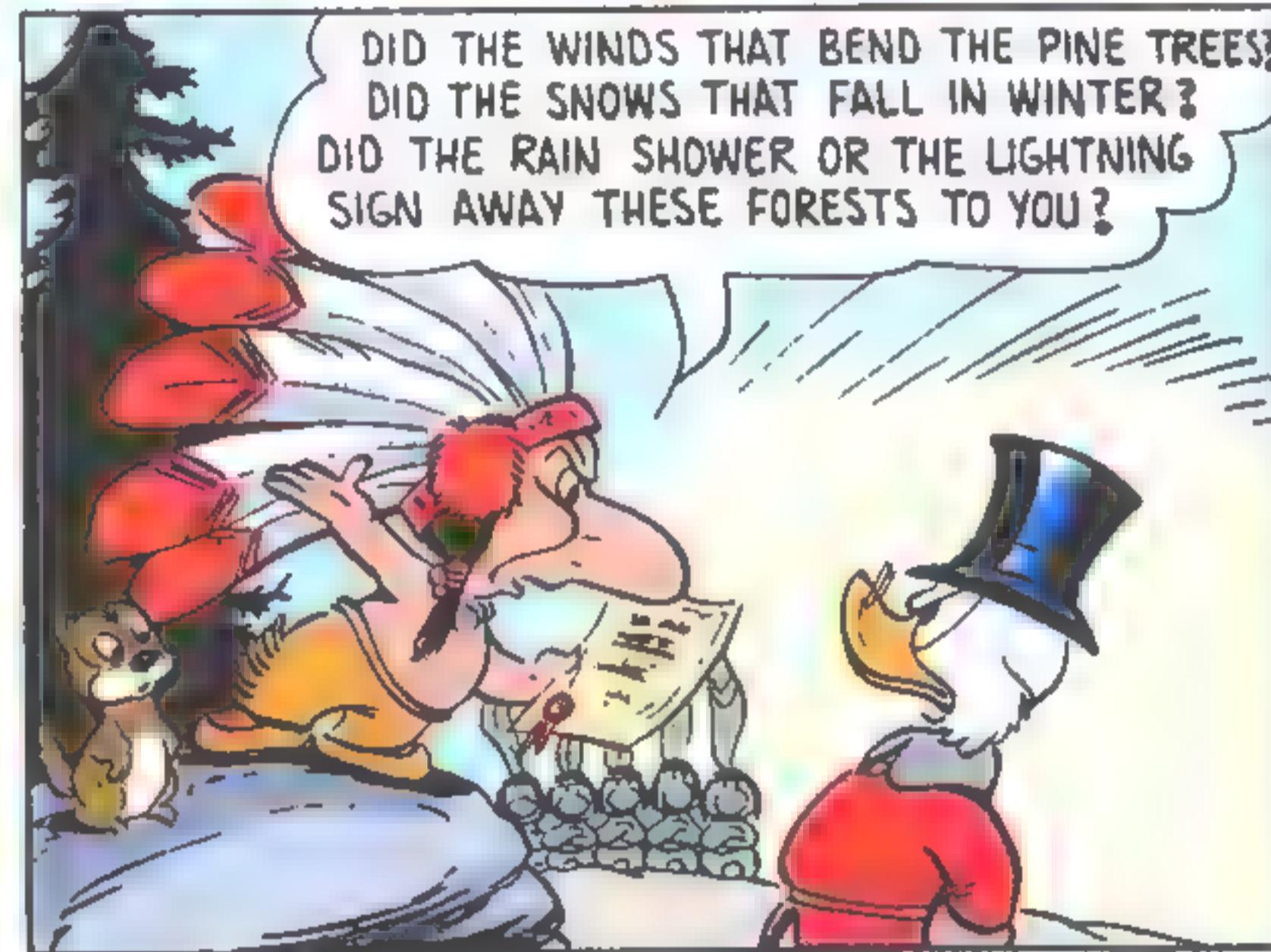
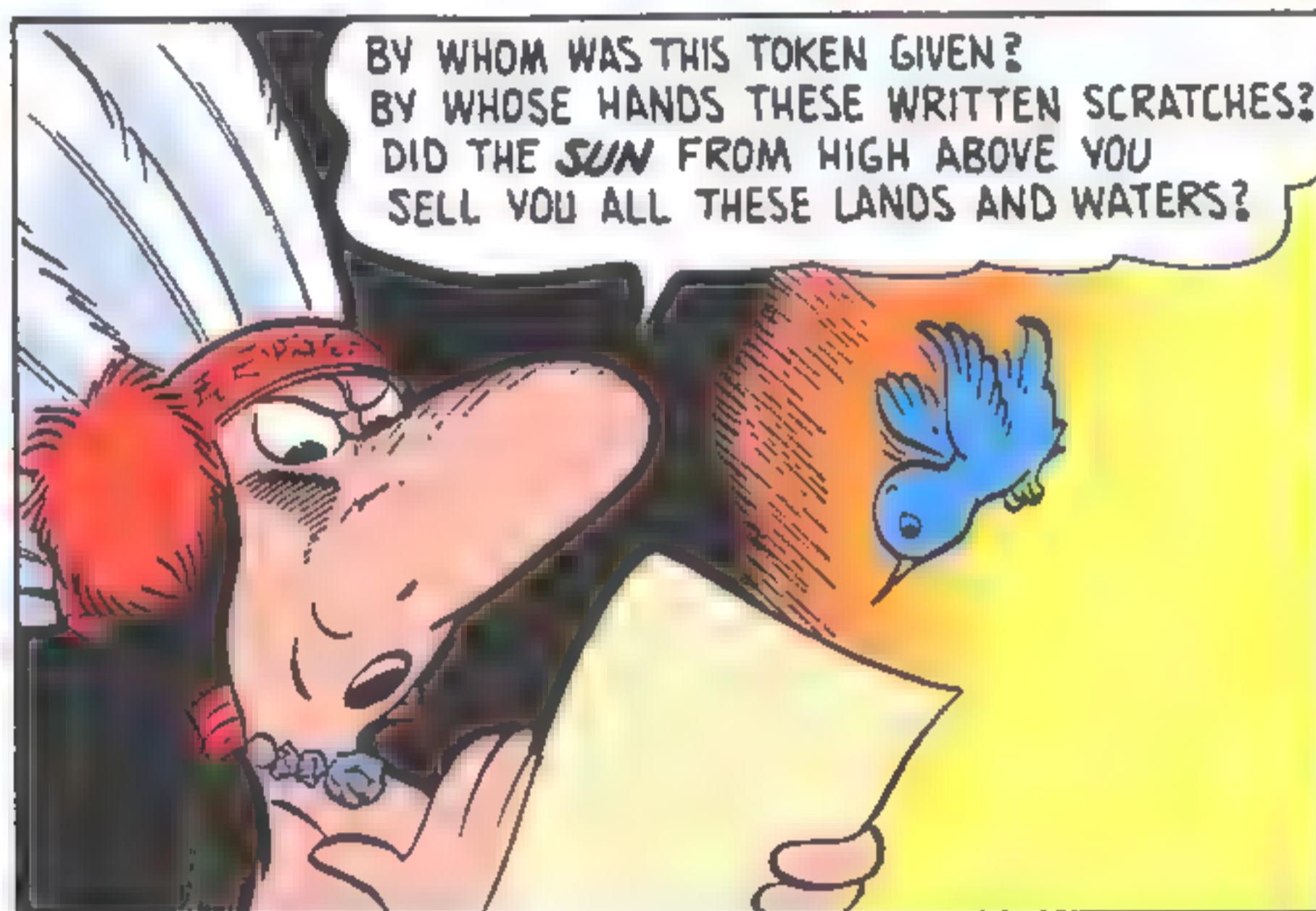
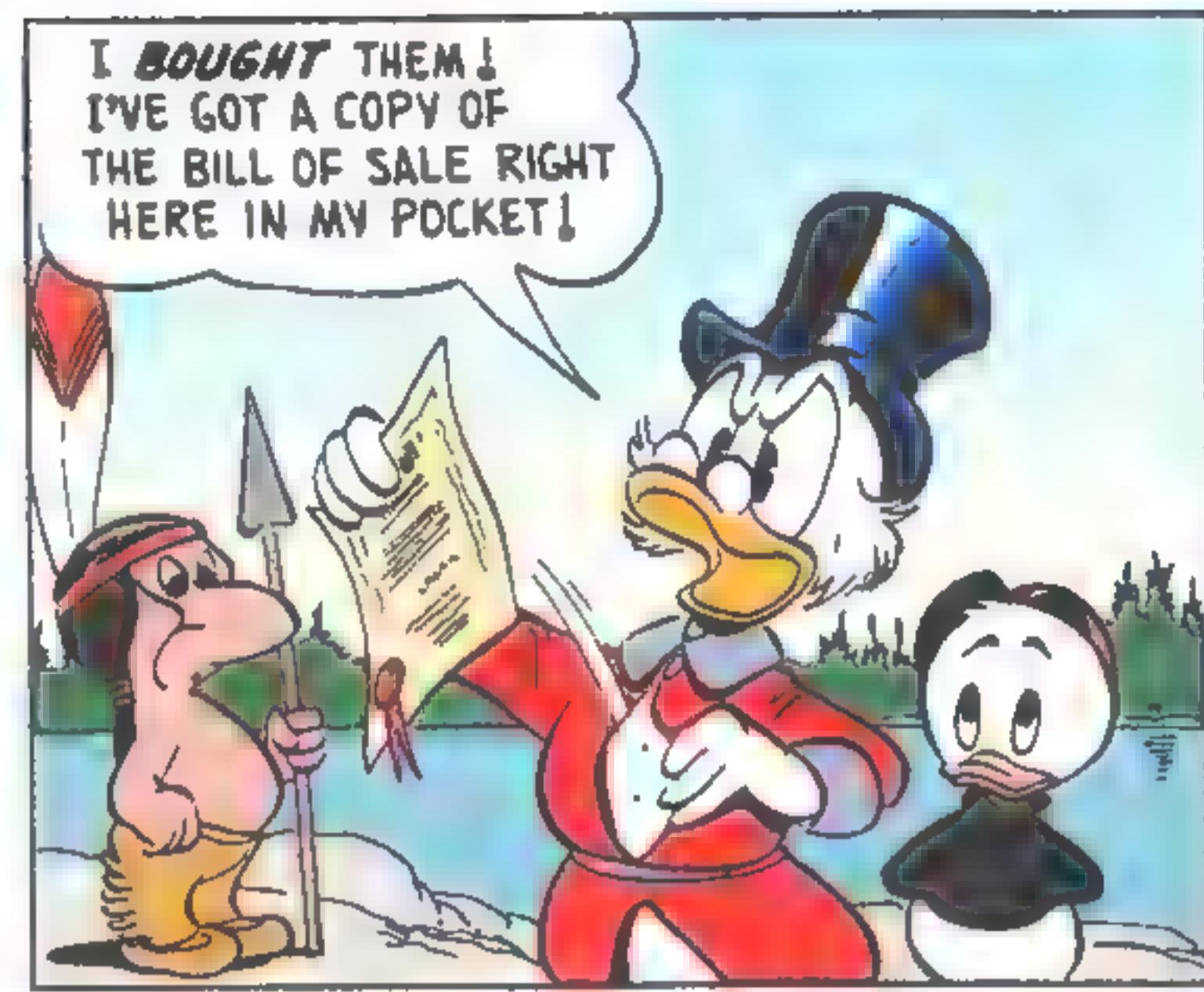
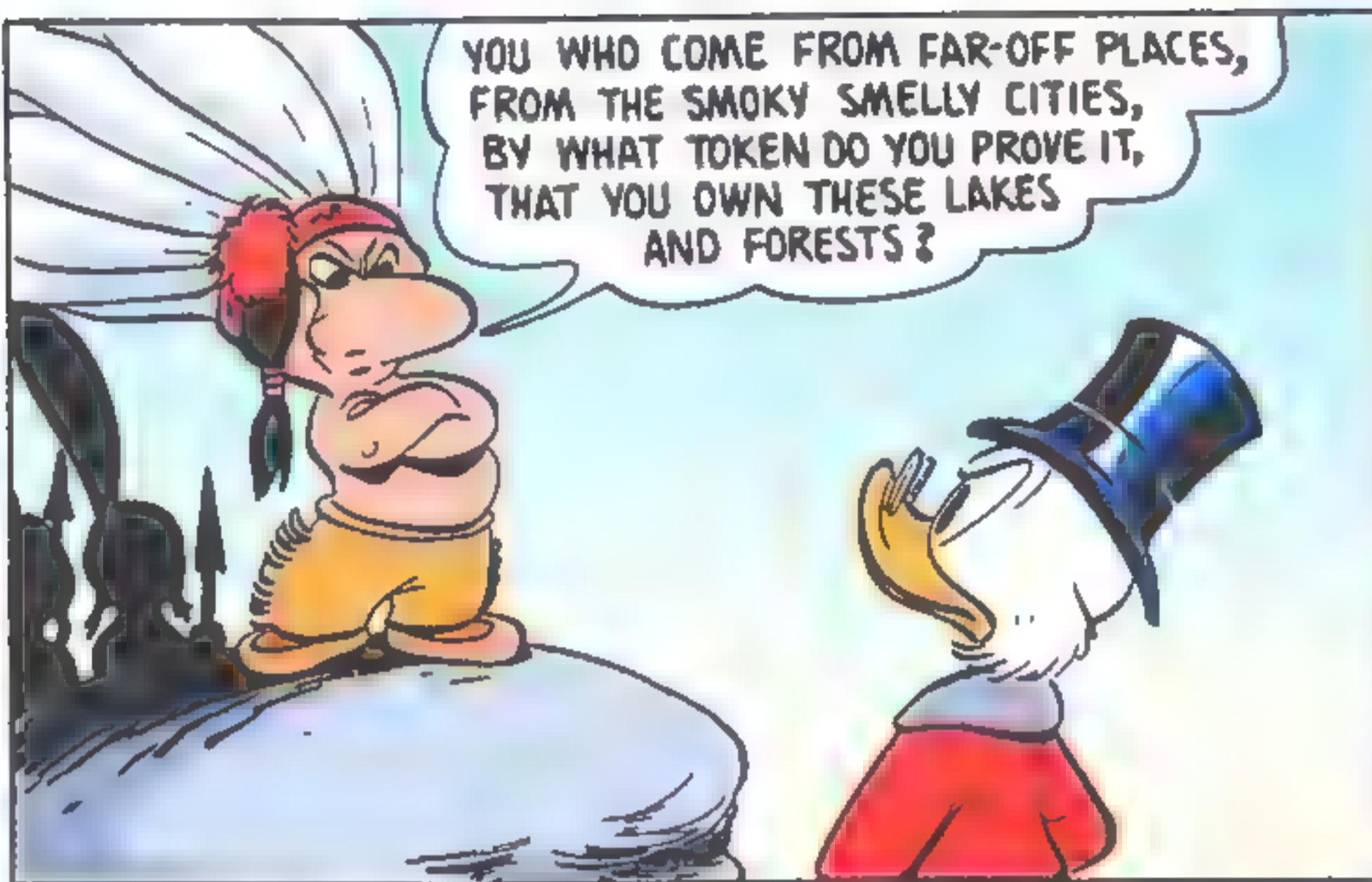
ME HAVE HEARD FROM GAR THE PIKE FISH, HEARD FROM NEEDLE NOSE THE PICK-REL! WAIT, THEY SAY, AND SOON THE PALEDUCKS WILL JUMP TREE-HIGH FROM THE CATTAILS!



AND SO—
WE HAVE CAUGHT THE PALEDUCK WARRIORS!
WE HAVE BROUGHT THEM TO OUR COUNCIL,
BROUGHT THEM HERE TO ASK THEIR REASON
FOR THEIR PROWLING THROUGH
OUR WATERS!

YOUR WATERS! YOU WARWHOOPS
ARE SQUATTERS ON MY LAND!





CHIEF, I INTEND TO DO JUST THAT! I BOUGHT THIS LAND SO I COULD **SAVE IT** - AND ME - FROM BEING SMOOTHERED BY FACTORIES AND SHOVING PEOPLE!

YOU WOULD NOT COME TO BURN OR PLUNDER? WOULD NOT COME WITH SMOKING MONSTERS, SMASHING DOWN THE SINGING PINE TREES, DROWNING OUT THE BEAVER LODGES!

OH, NO!

I'D COME LIKE **DANIEL BOONE** - WITH ONLY THE SHIRT ON MY BACK — AND WITH MY MONEY BIN, OF COURSE!

HEY! THAT'S A LUMP OF PURE NICKEL AROUND YOUR NECK! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

UNCA SCROOGE!

WE THINK PALEDUCKS' WORDS ARE FLIM FLAM! THAT THEY'RE SPOKEN TO DECEIVE US! ONLY **DEEDS** CAN PROVE DUCKS WORTHY TO BE BROTHERS TO PEWEEGAHS!

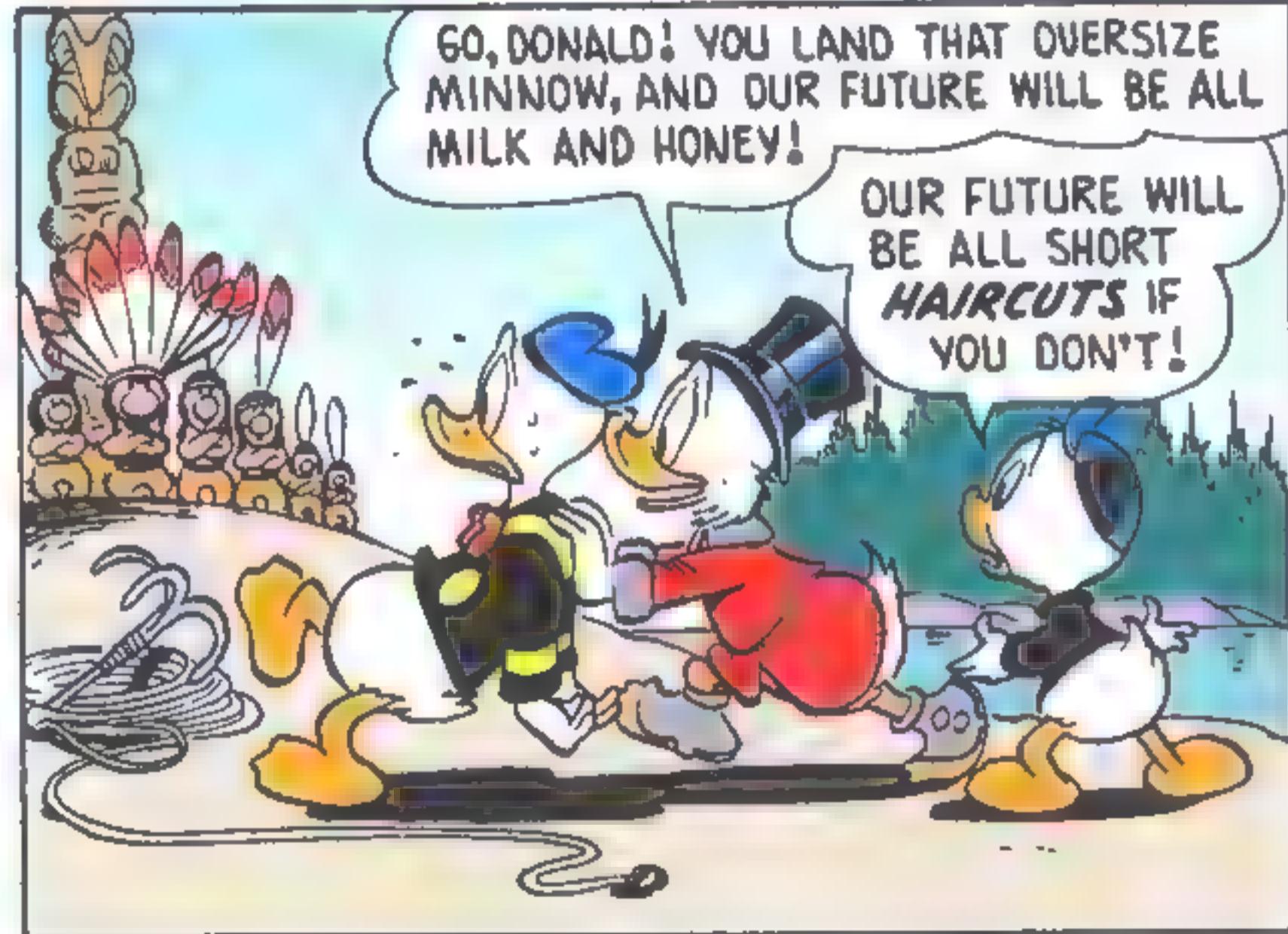
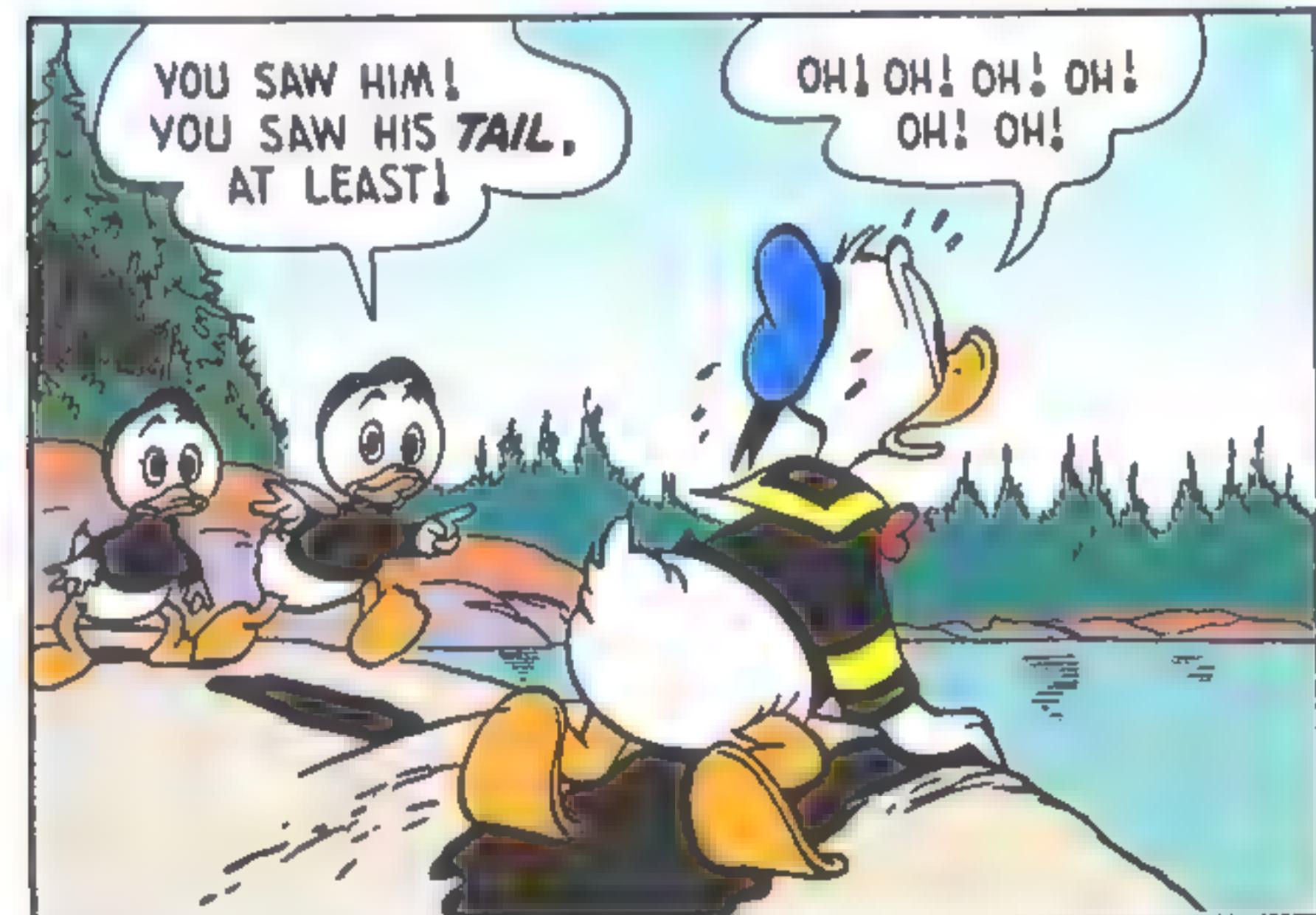
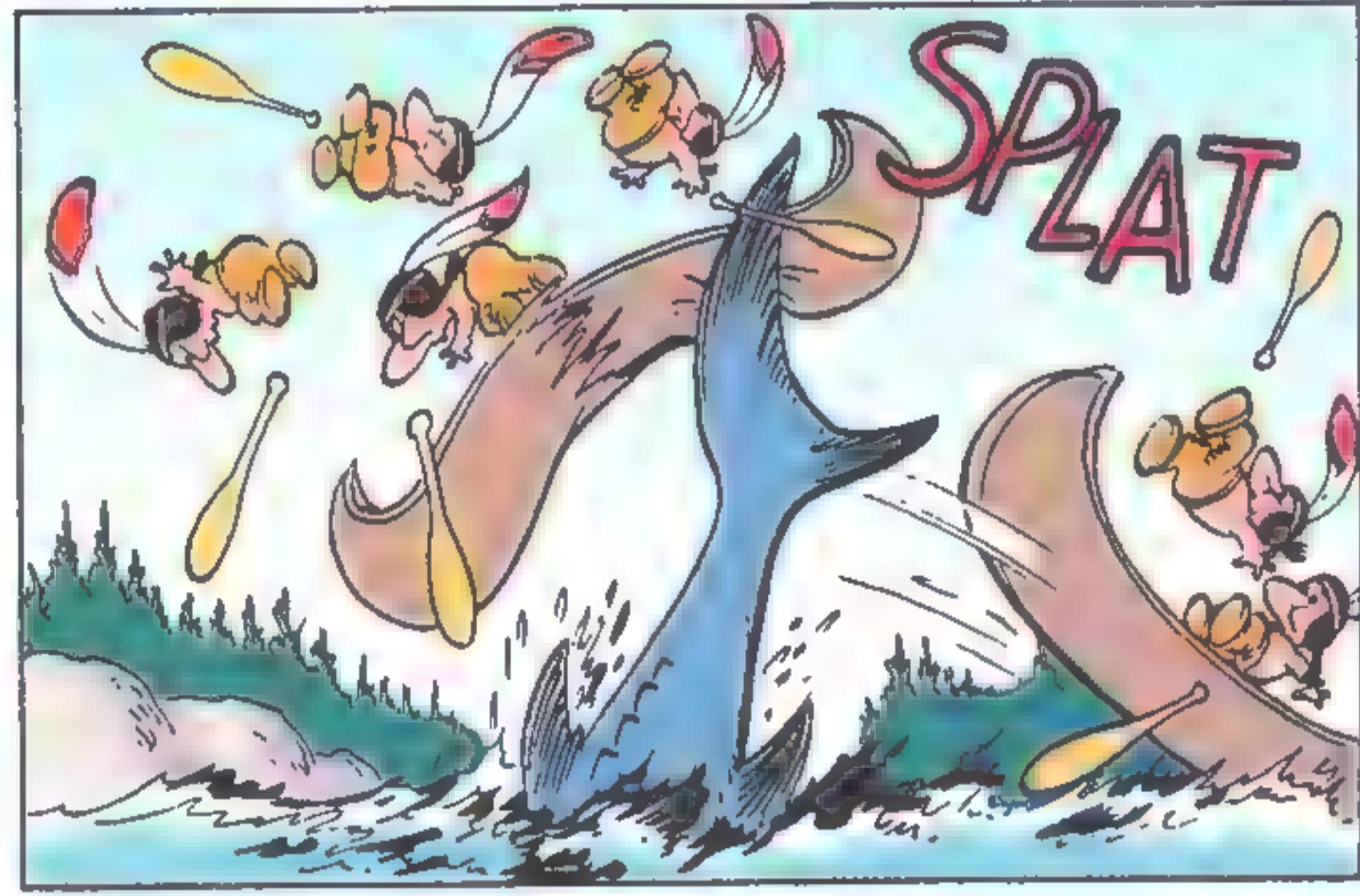
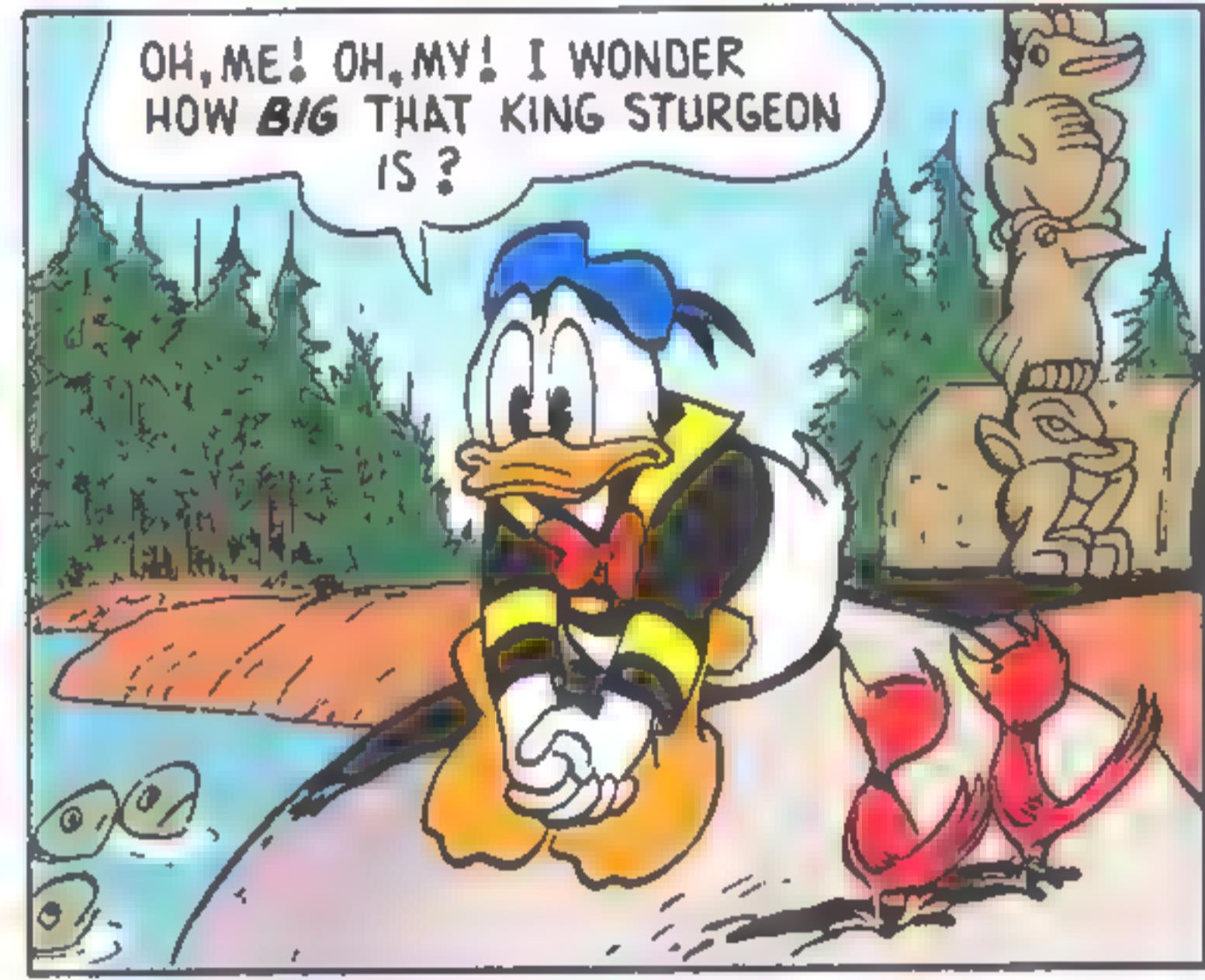
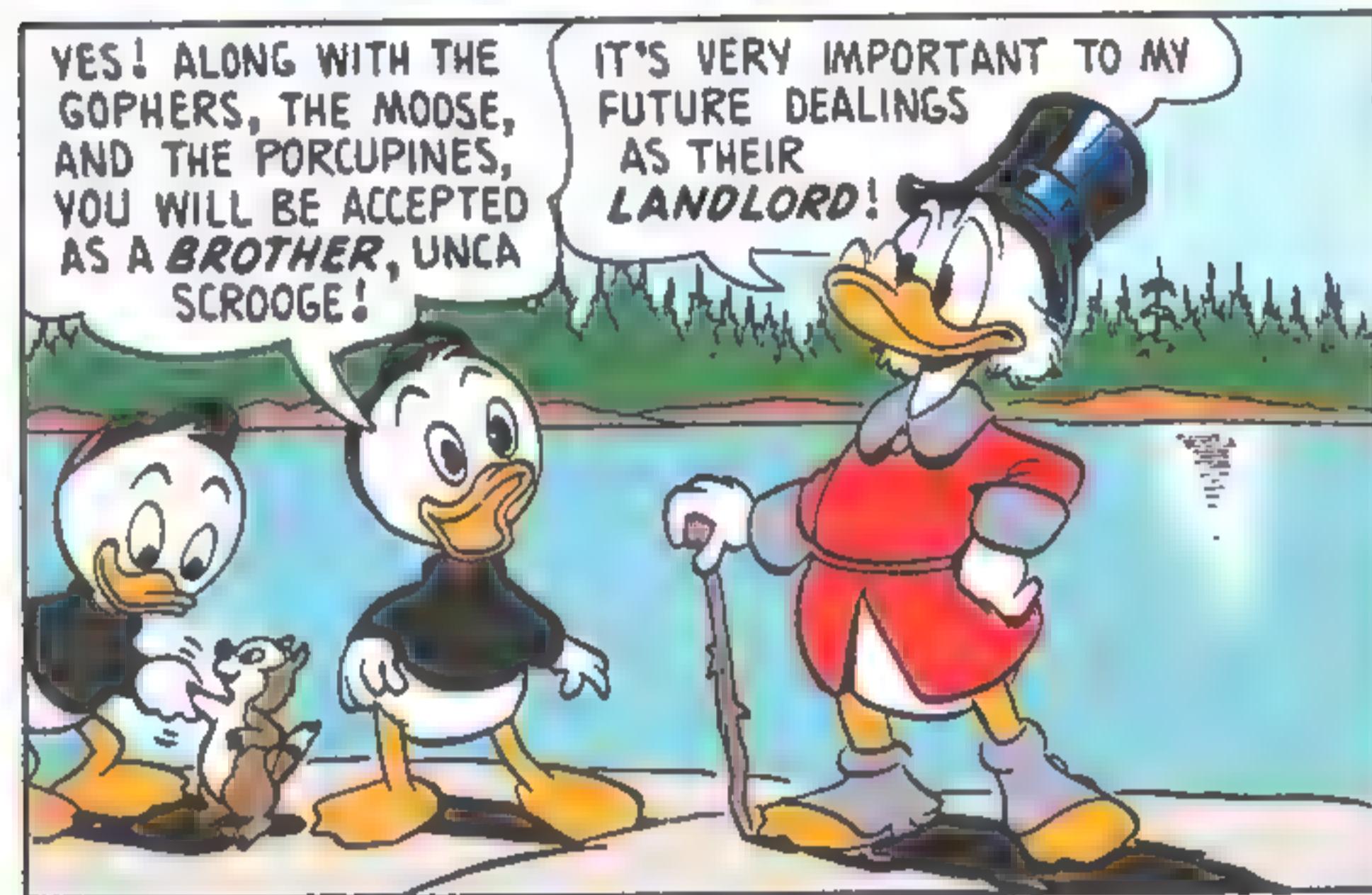
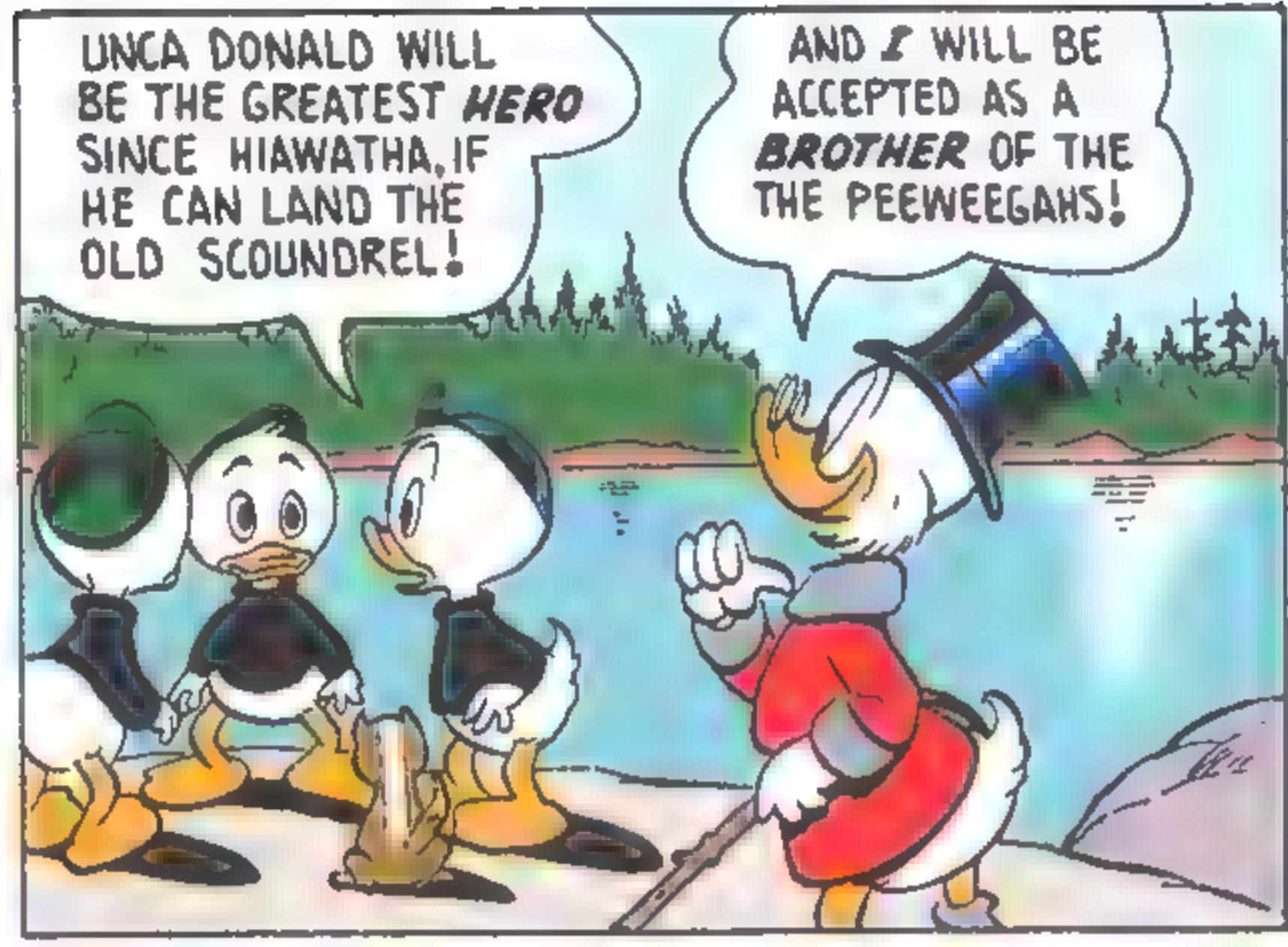
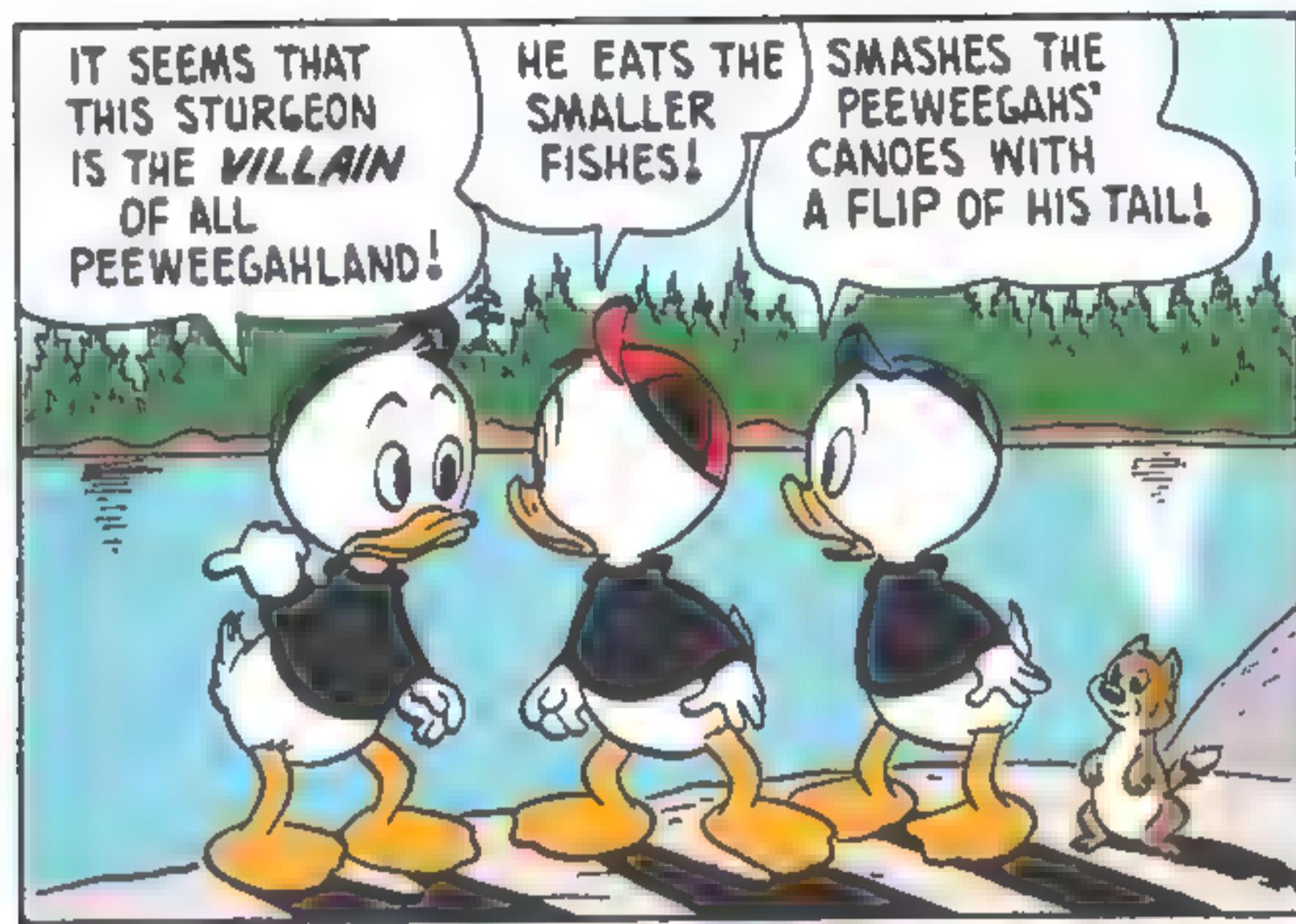
SEND THE STRONGEST OF THEIR WARRIORS TO THE LAKE TO CATCH THE STURGEON! THAT WILL PROVE IF THEY BE WORTHY IF HE LAND THE GREAT KING STURGEON!

WAH! WAH! WAH! LET HIM CATCH THE GREAT KING STURGEON!

S0- BROTHER! THIS IS A FINE FIX! UNCA DONALD HAS TO CATCH A GIANT STURGEON!

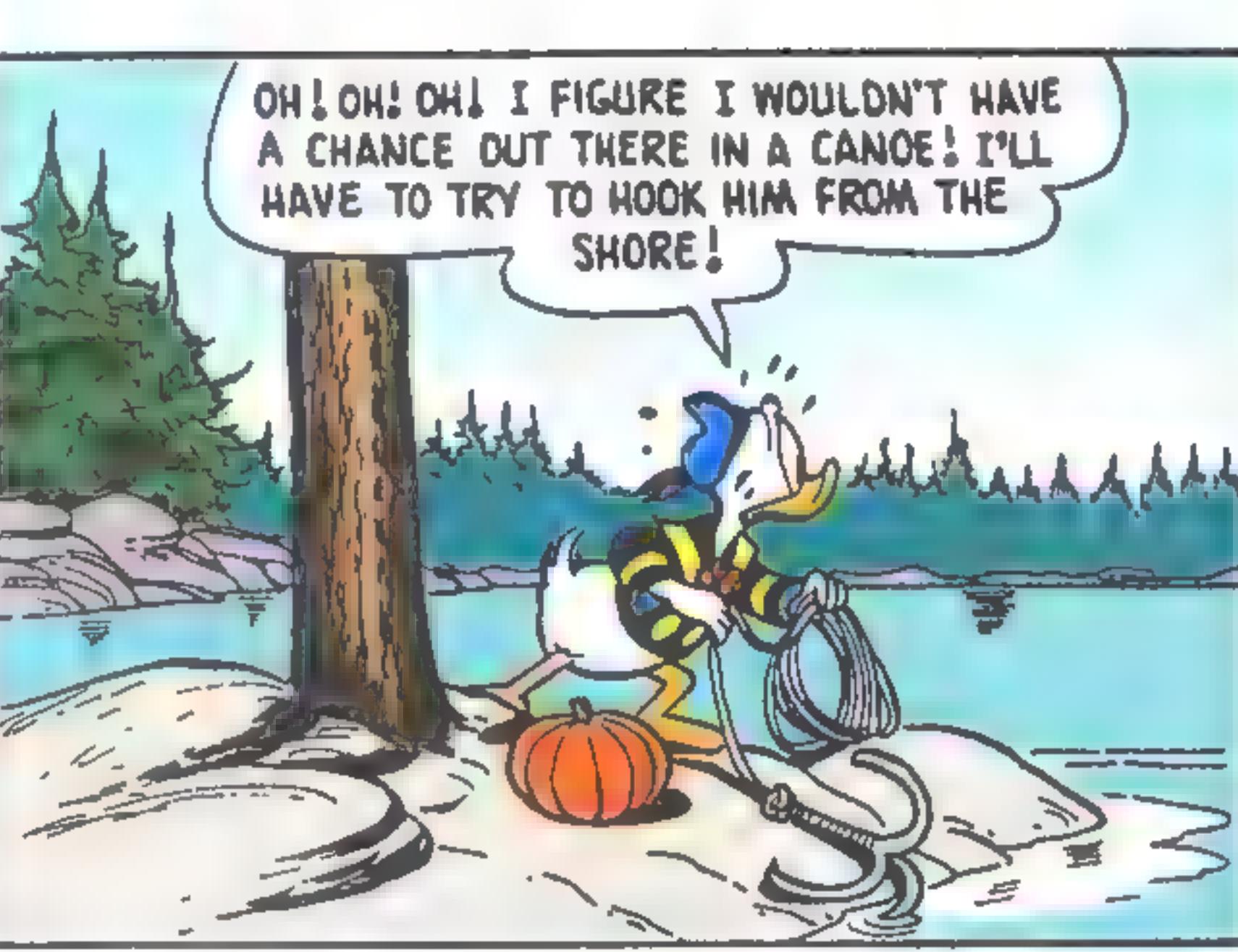
IT'S TO TEST OUR HONOR!

IF UNCA DONALD FAILS, WE'RE FIGURED TO BE ENEMIES OF THE PEWEEGAHS!

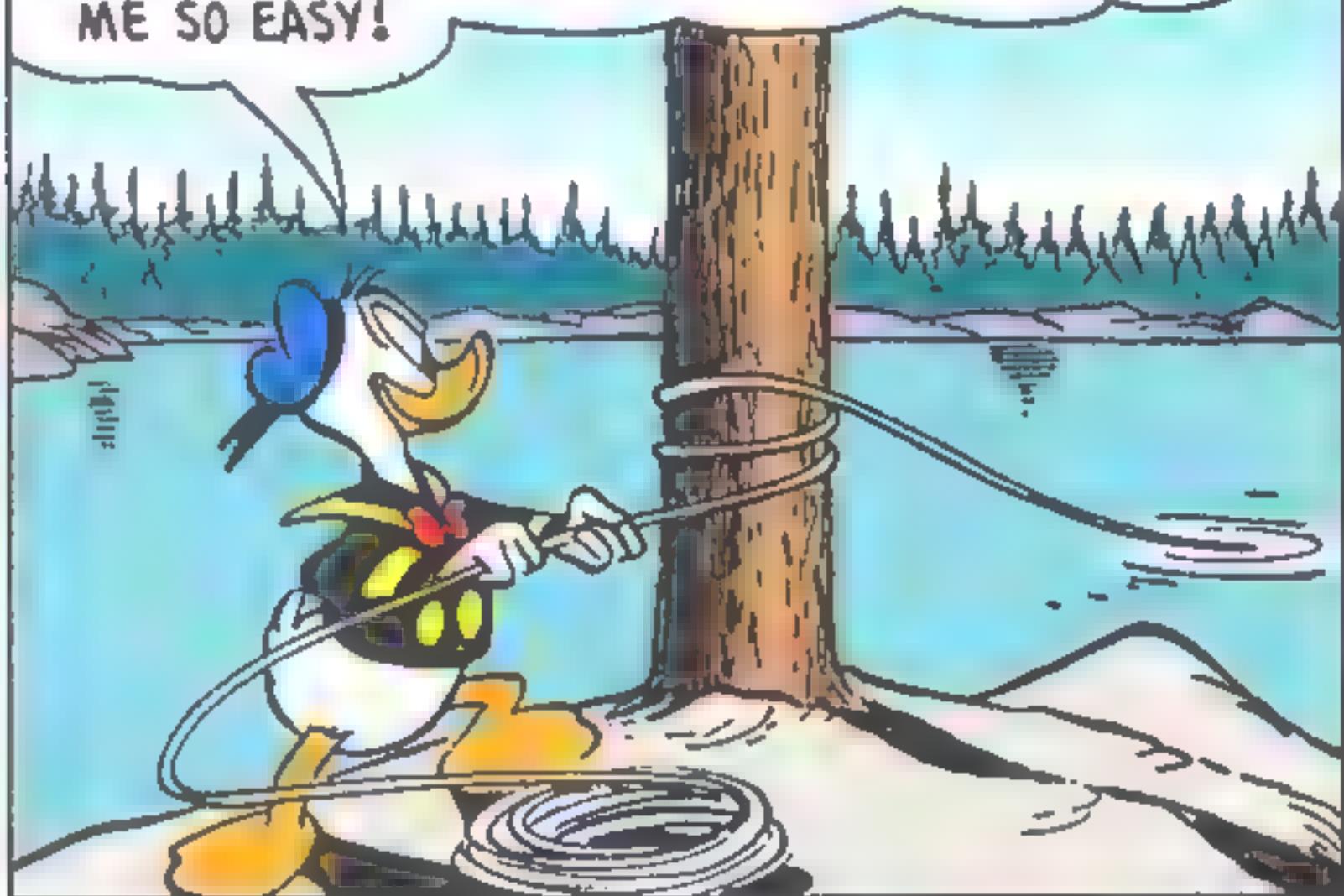


OH! OH! OH! I FIGURE I WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OUT THERE IN A CANOE! I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO HOOK HIM FROM THE SHORE!

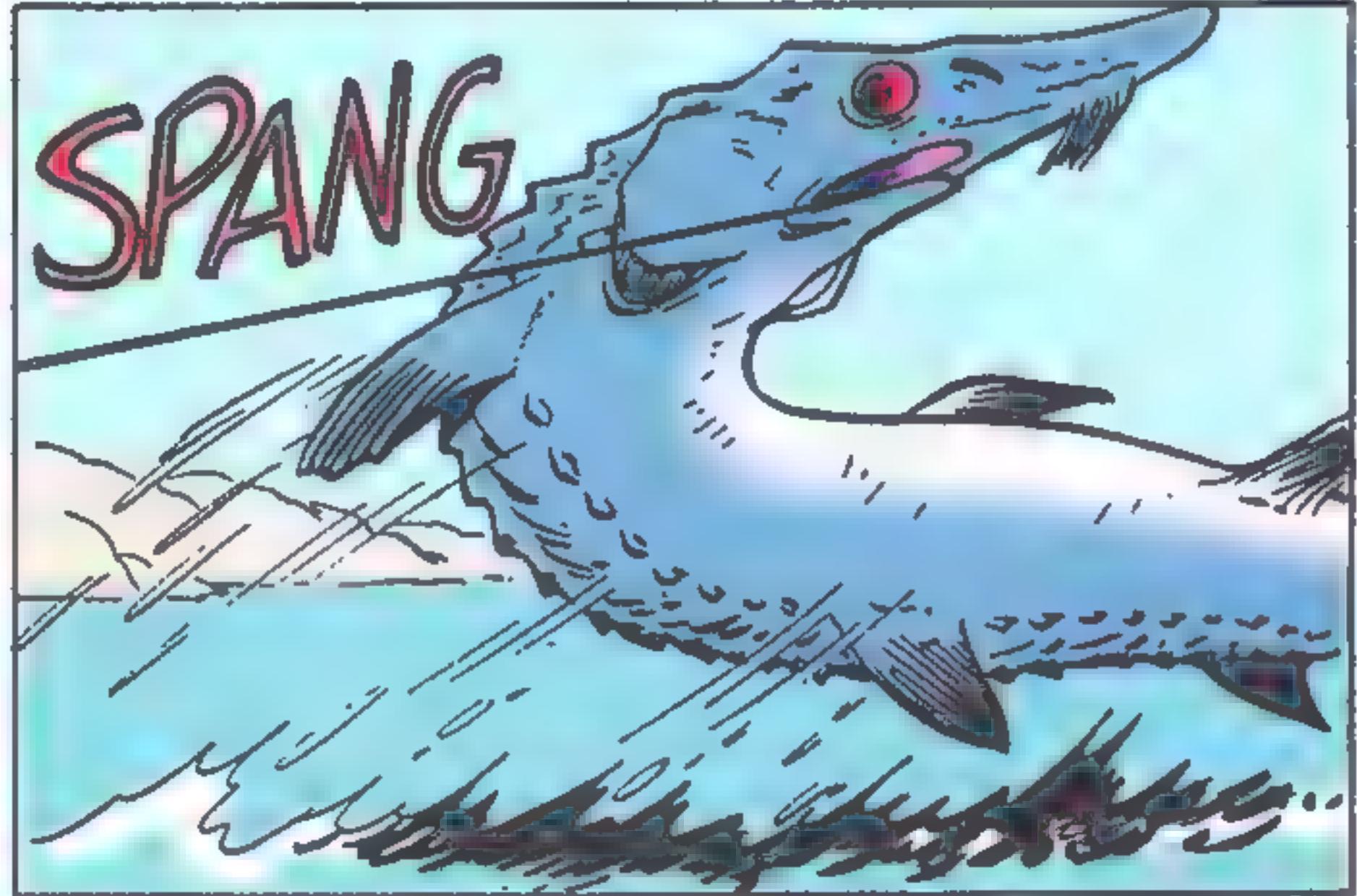
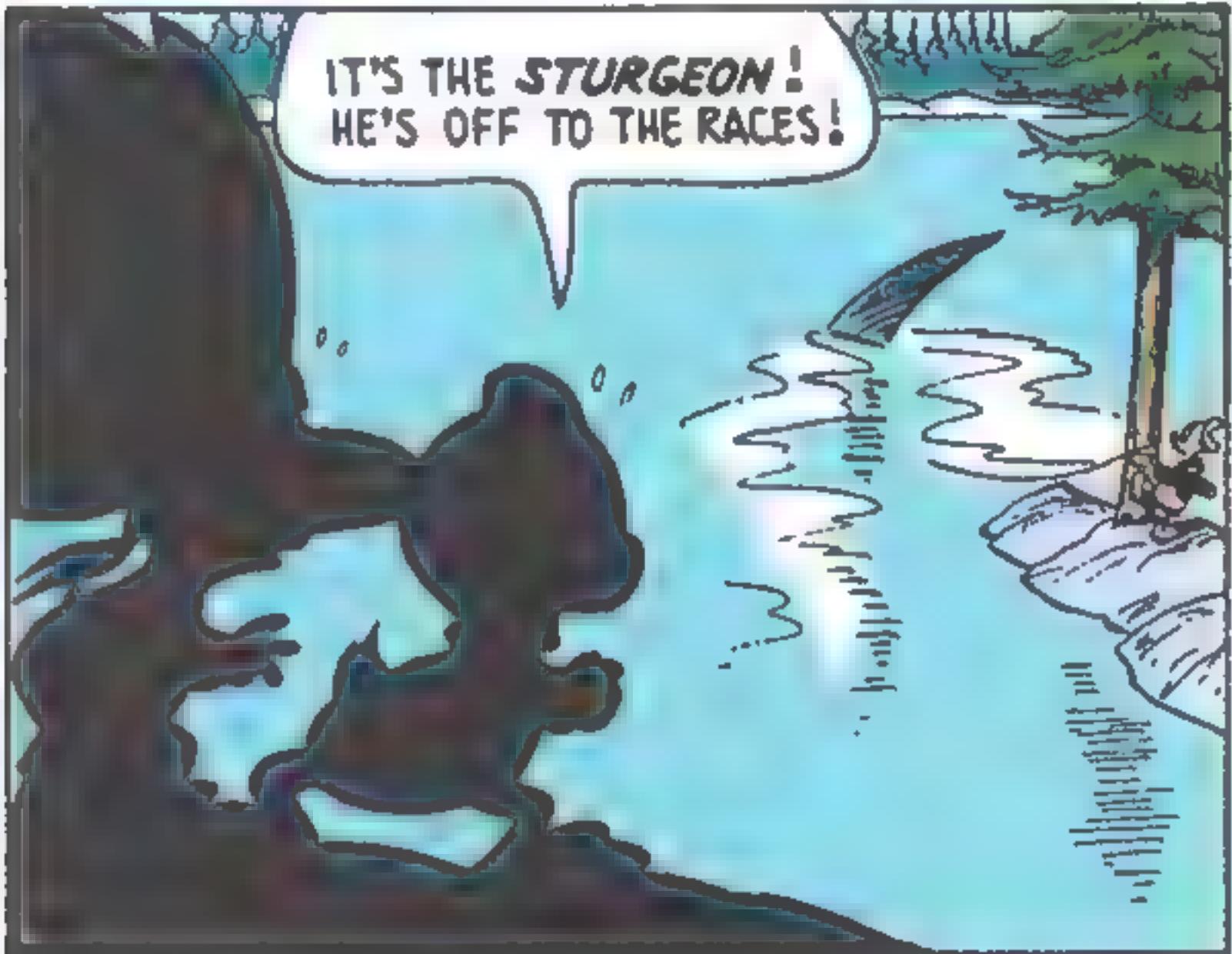
THIS PUMPKIN SHOULD MAKE GOOD BAIT! IT'LL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE A SALMON EGG TO A FISH HIS SIZE!



THE PEEWEEGAGHS SAY HE'S YANKED FIFTY WARRIORS INTO THE WATER AT ONCE! WELL, HE WON'T FIND ME SO EASY!

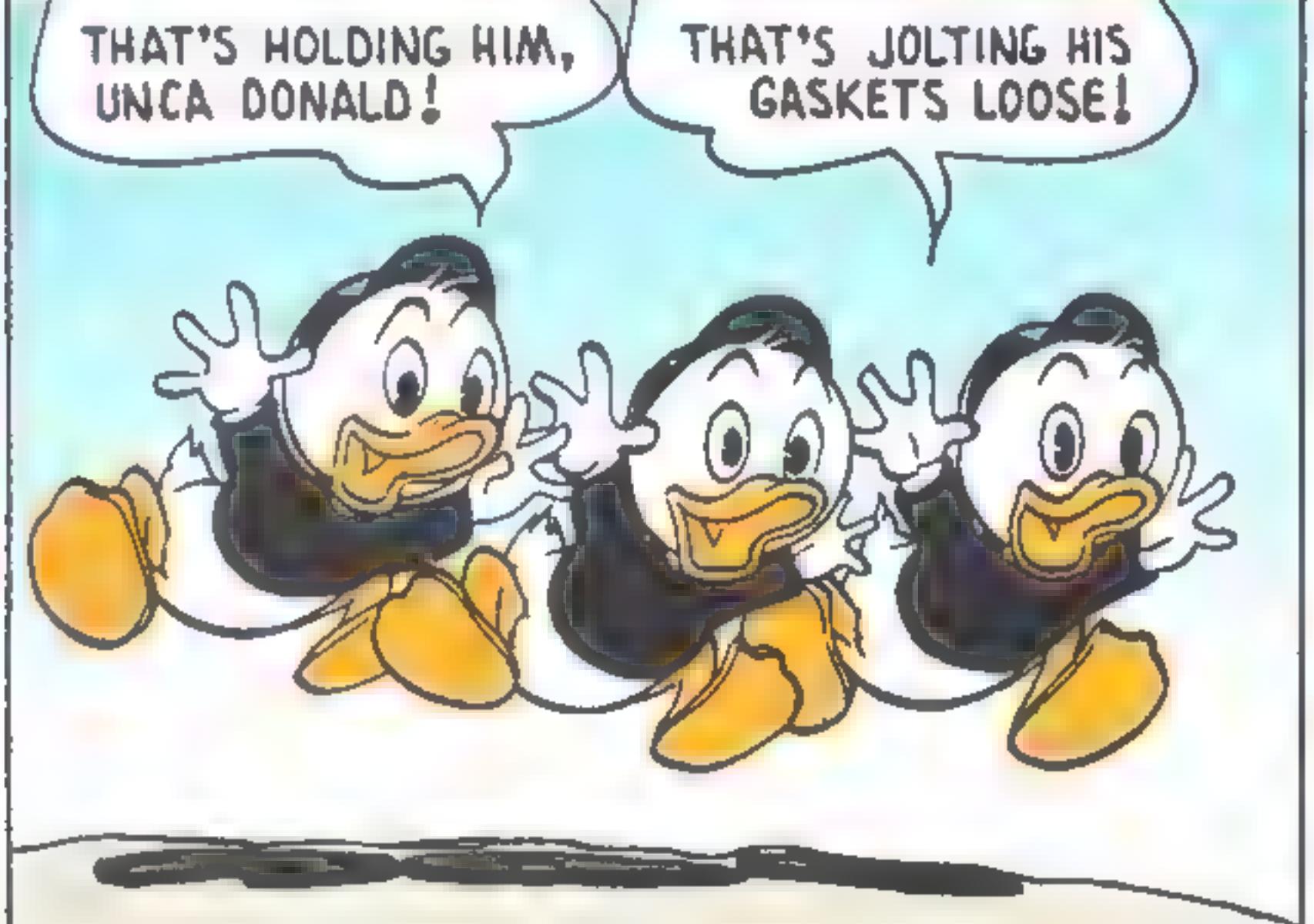


IT'S THE STURGEON! HE'S OFF TO THE RACES!

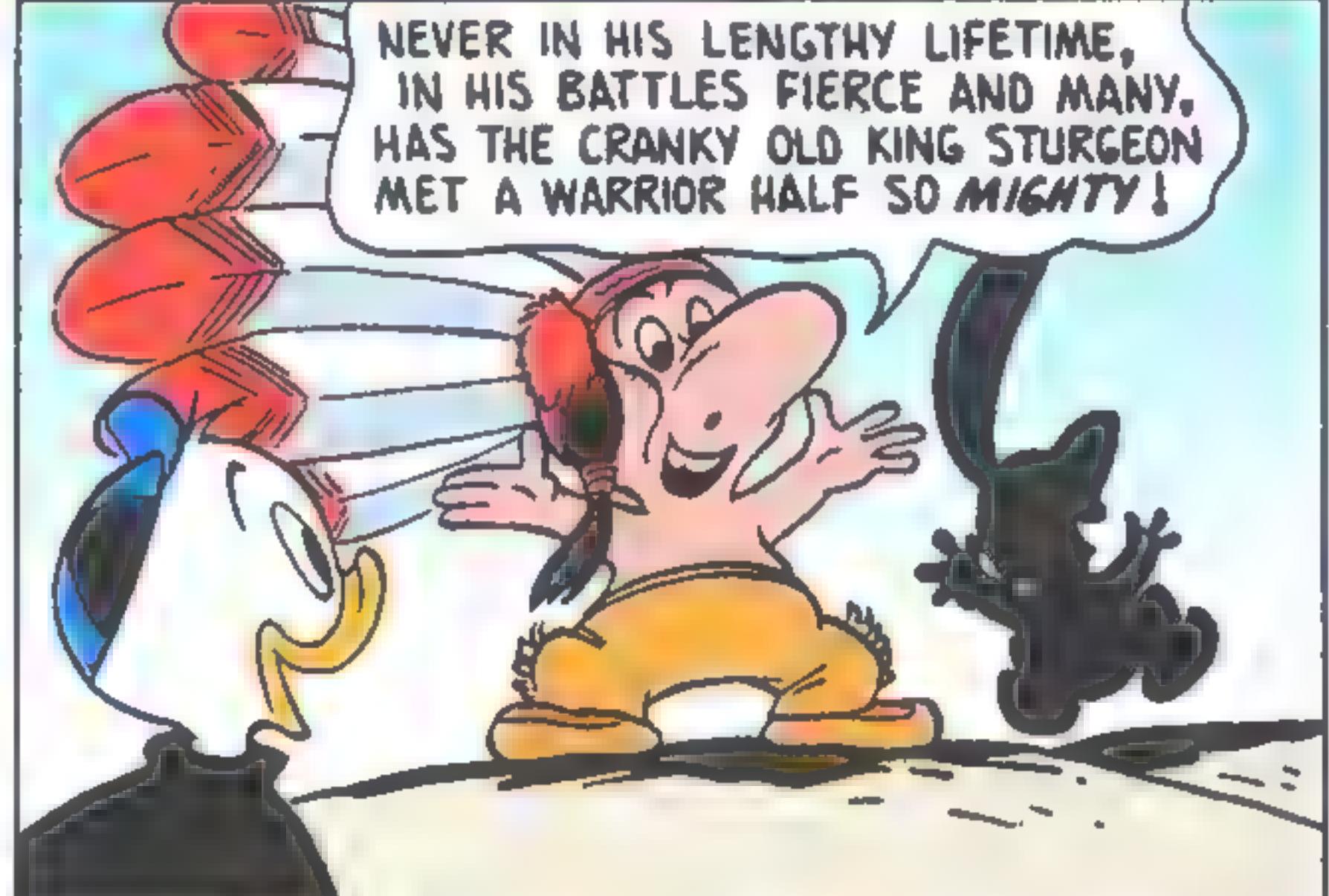


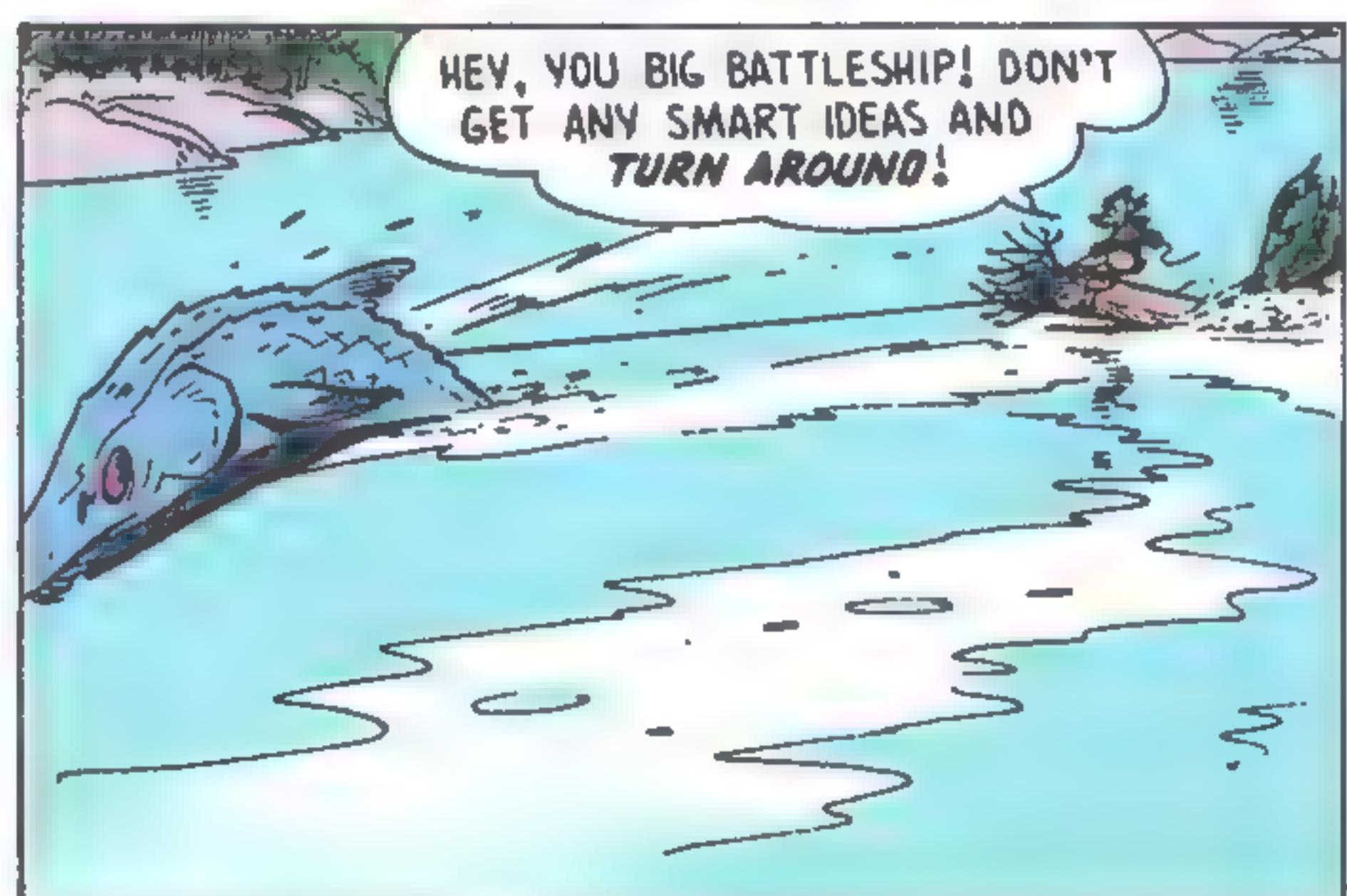
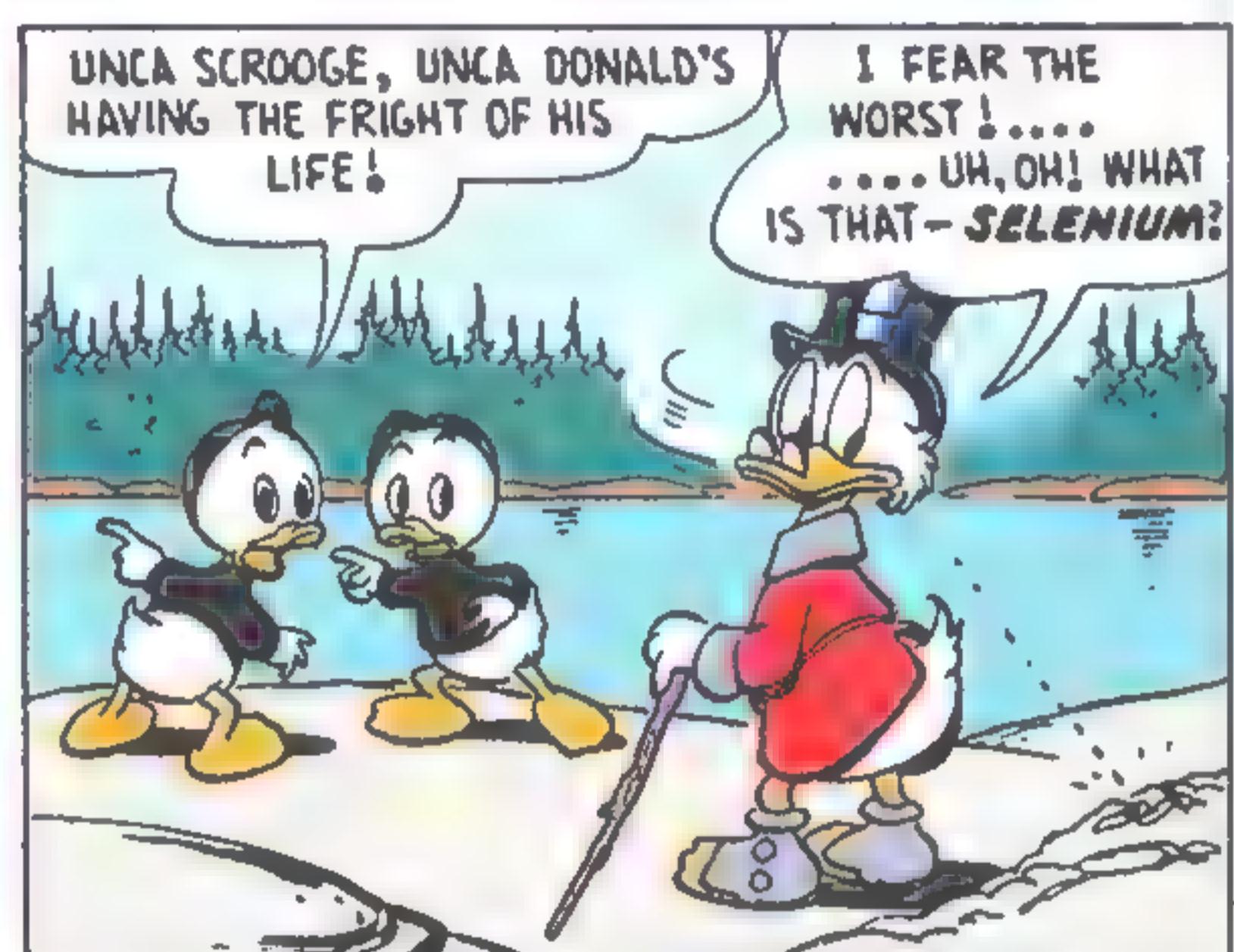
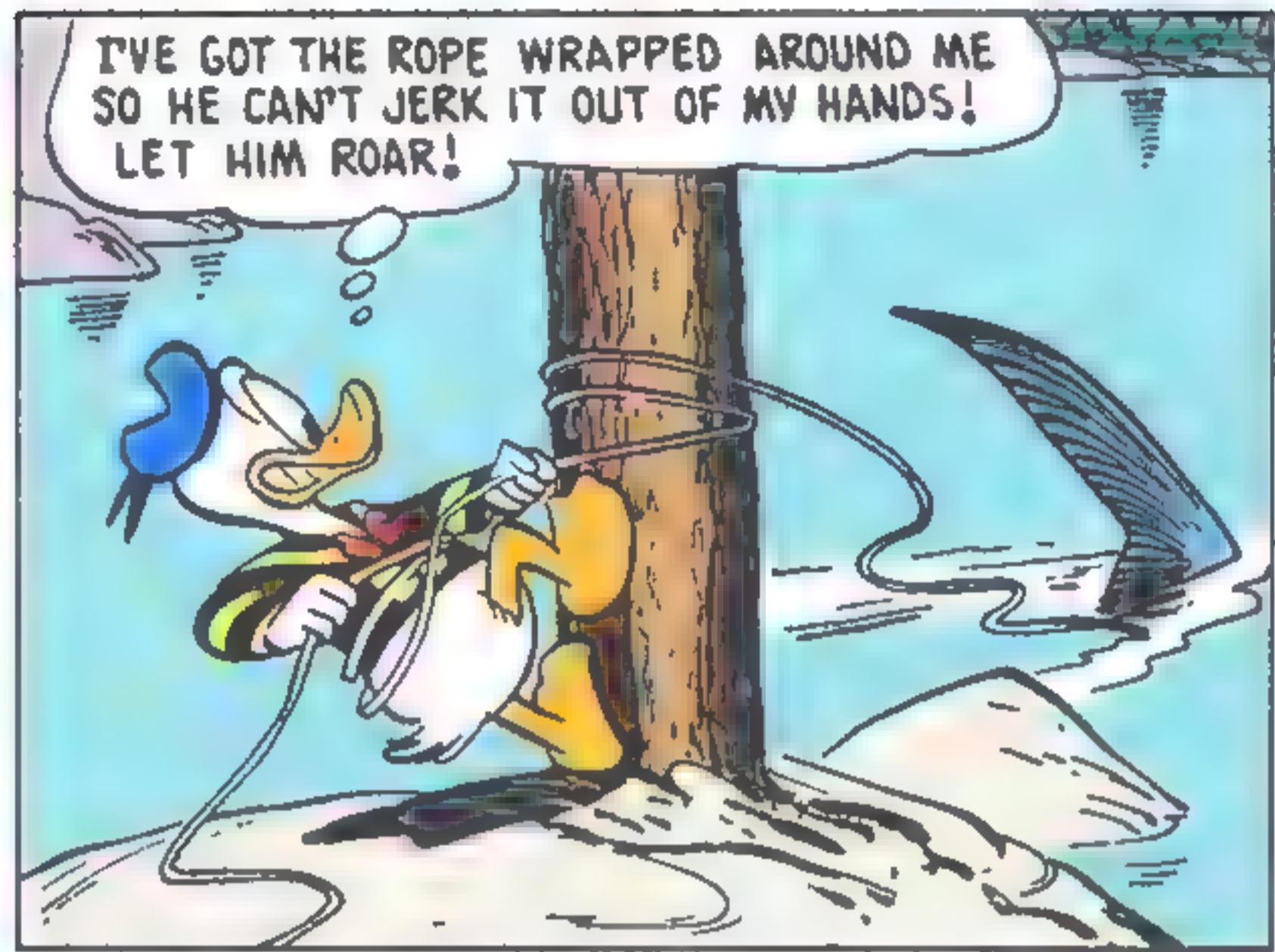
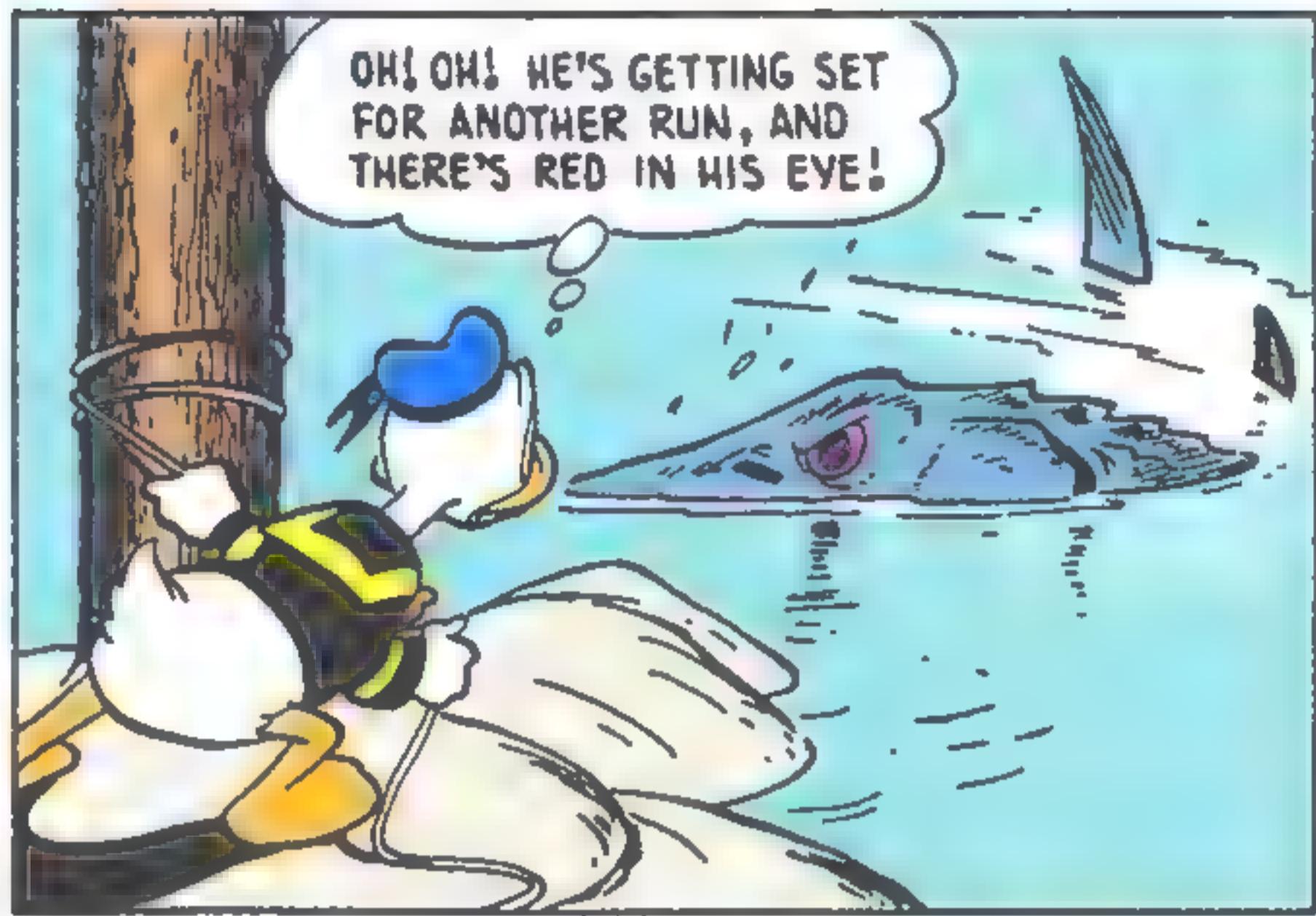
THAT'S HOLDING HIM, UNCA DONALD!

THAT'S JOLTING HIS GASKETS LOOSE!



NEVER IN HIS LENGTHY LIFETIME, IN HIS BATTLES FIERCE AND MANY, HAS THE CRANKY OLD KING STURGEON MET A WARRIOR HALF SO MIGHTY!





THESE RARE EARTHS, THESE LITHIUMS, AND SO FORTH,
MAKE POWER FOR SPACE ROCKETS! BLOW ME DOWN!
I COULD MAKE ANOTHER
TRILLION DOLLARS OUT
OF MY PROPERTY
HERE!

THE STURGEON
HAS TURNED ON
UNCA DONALD!

NOW IT'S THE FISH TRYING
TO CATCH THE FISHERMAN!

(ULP!) I FORGOT! ALL OF THESE FORTUNES
I COULD MAKE DEPEND ON WHETHER
DONALD CATCHES A FISH!

I'VE GOT TO GET UP IN THE
BRANCHES OUT OF HIS
REACH!

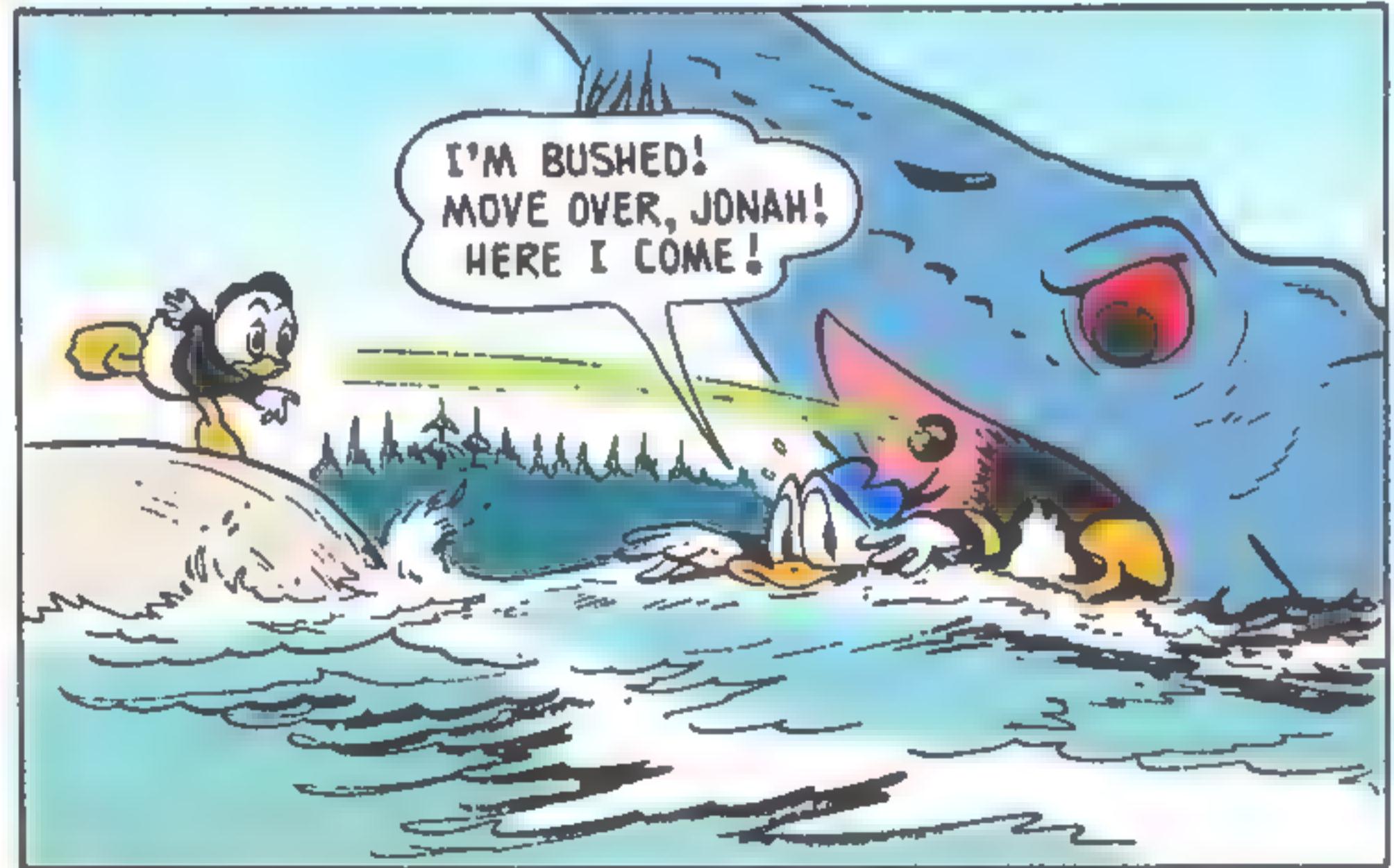
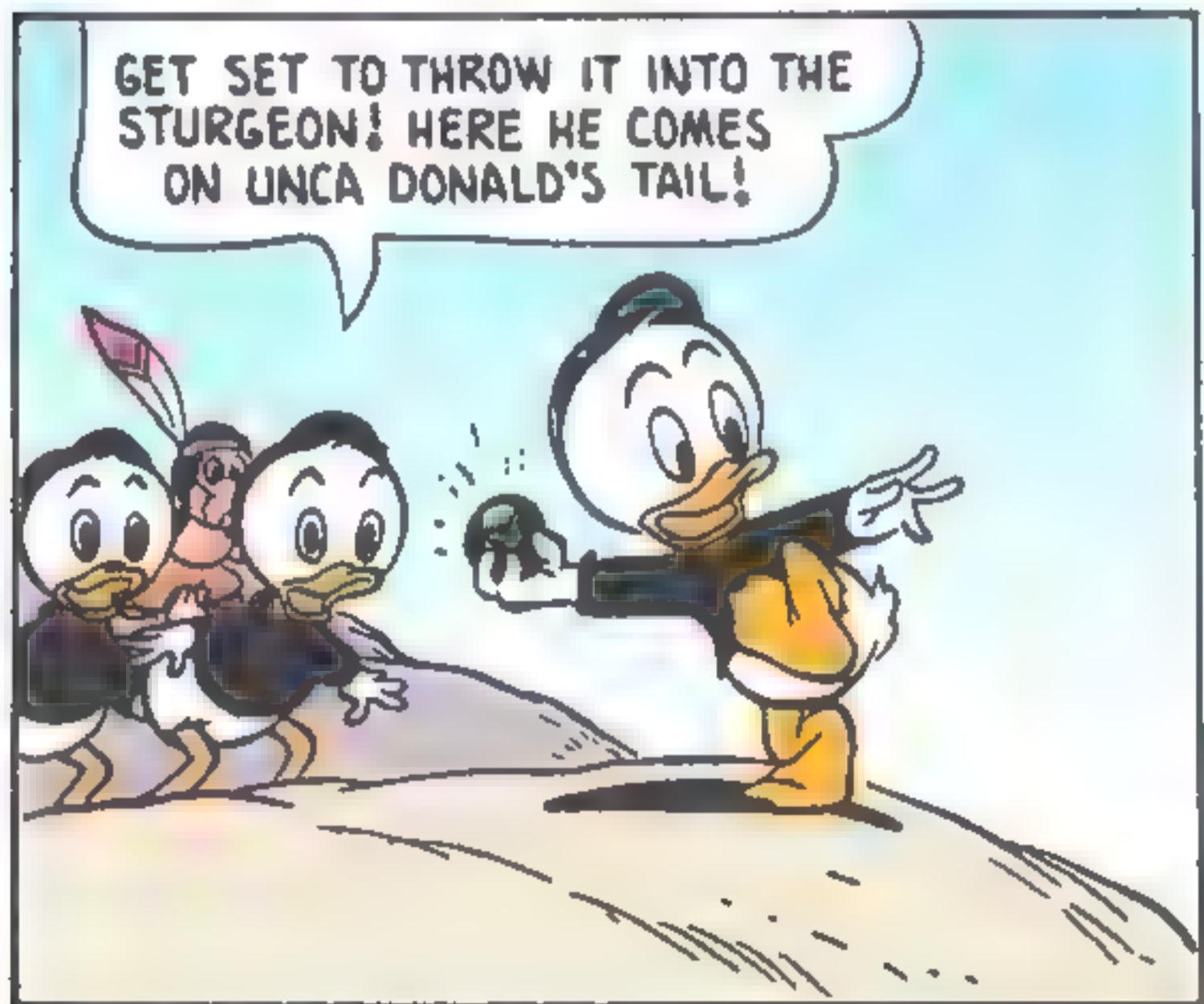
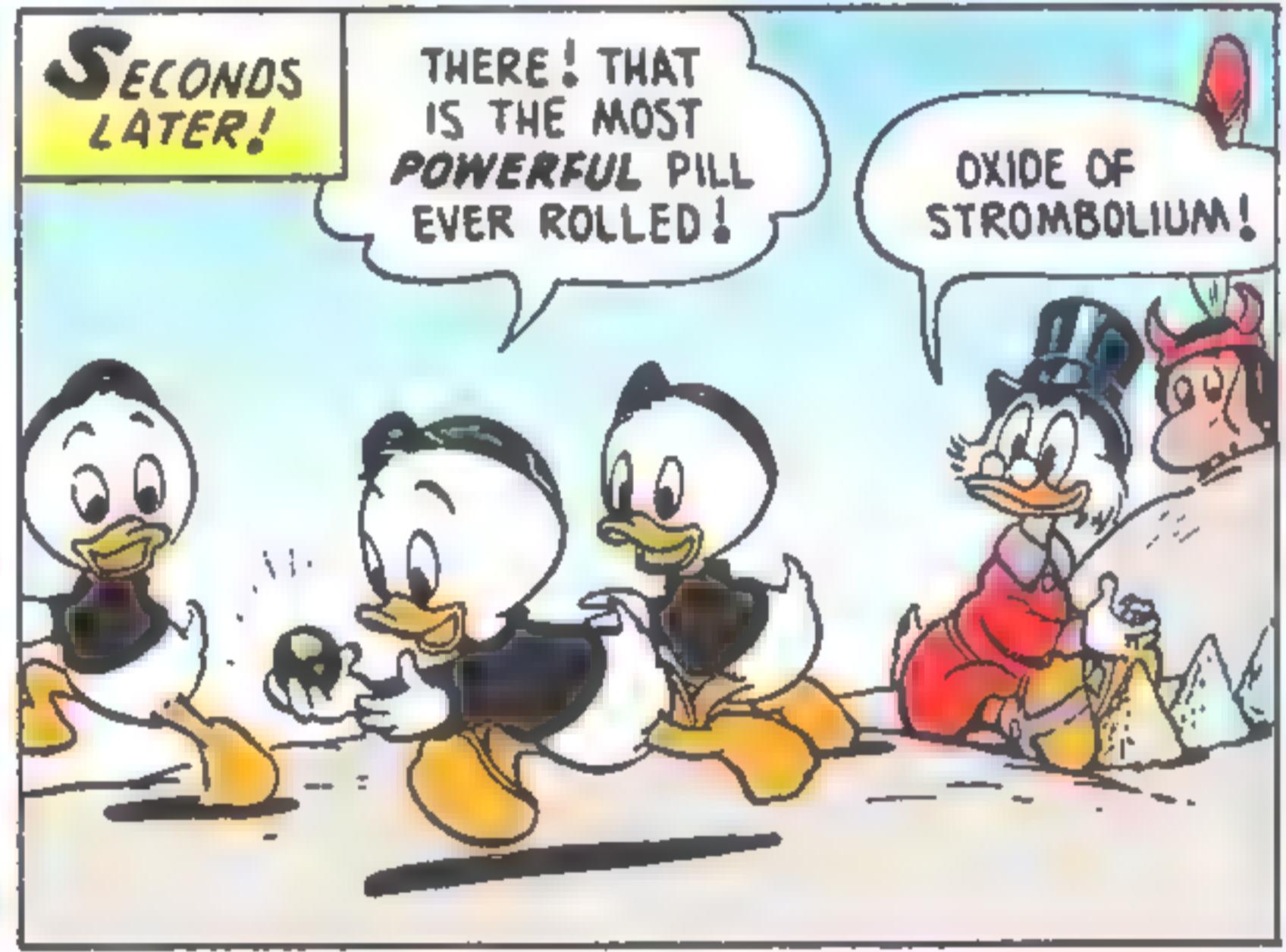
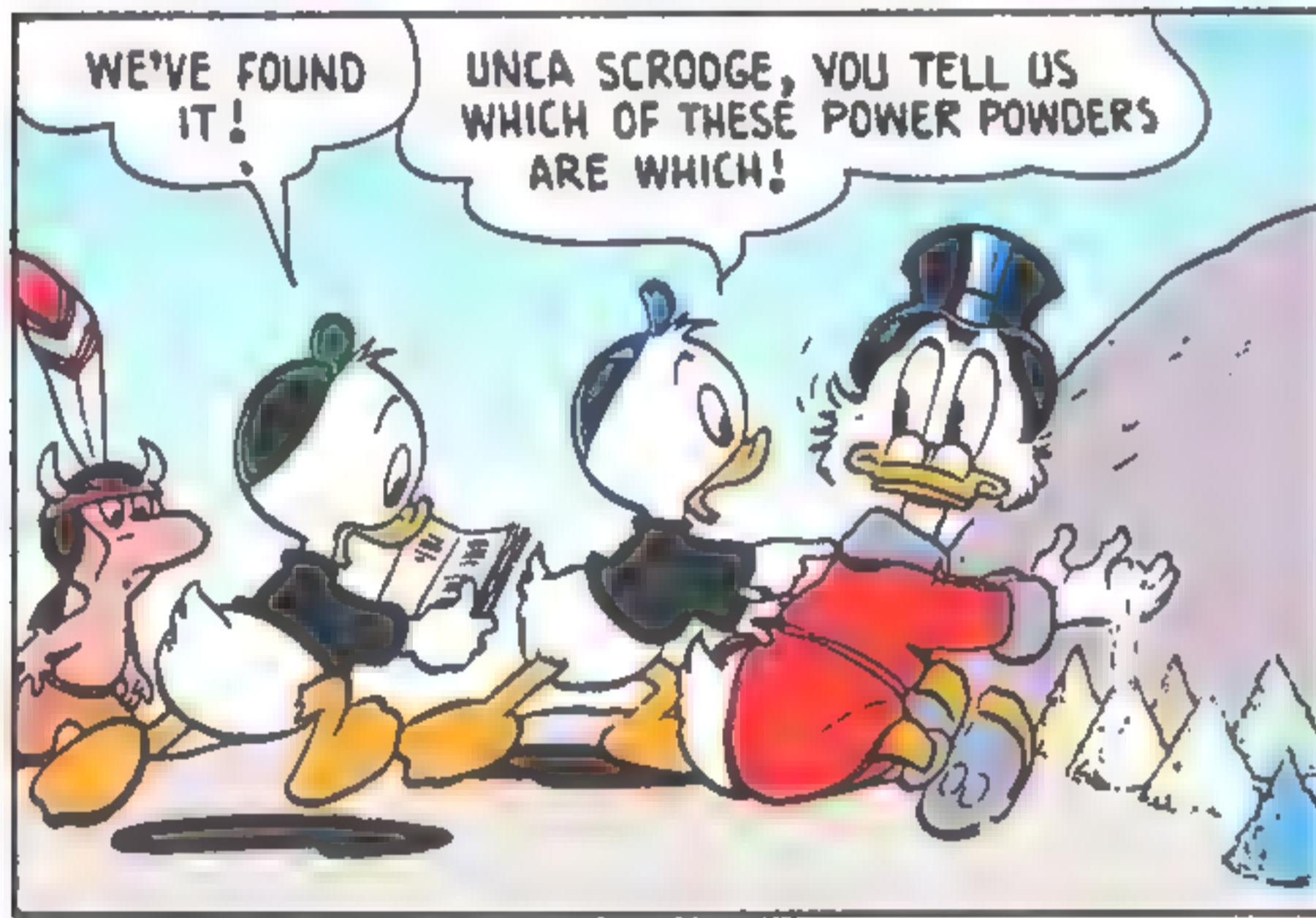
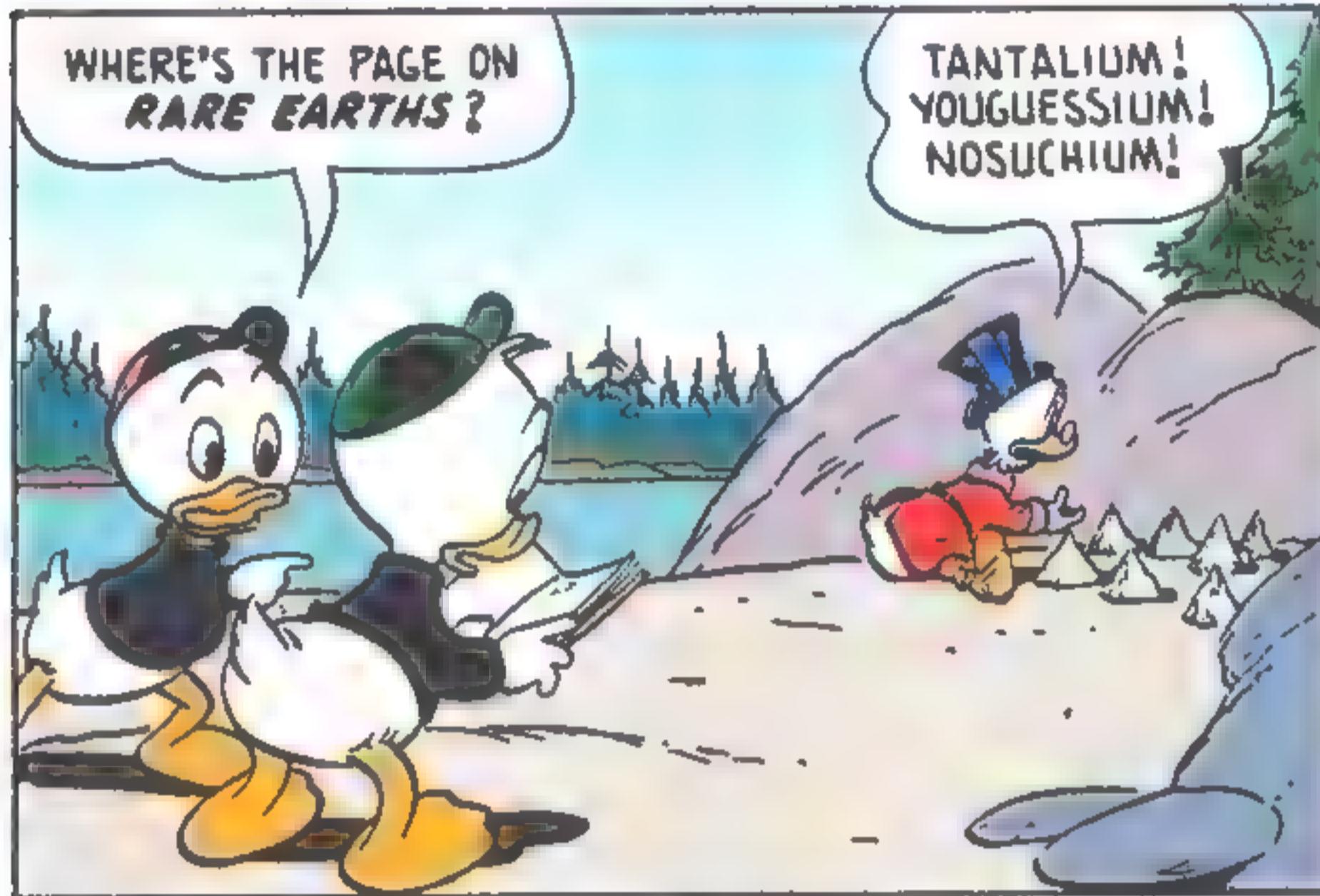
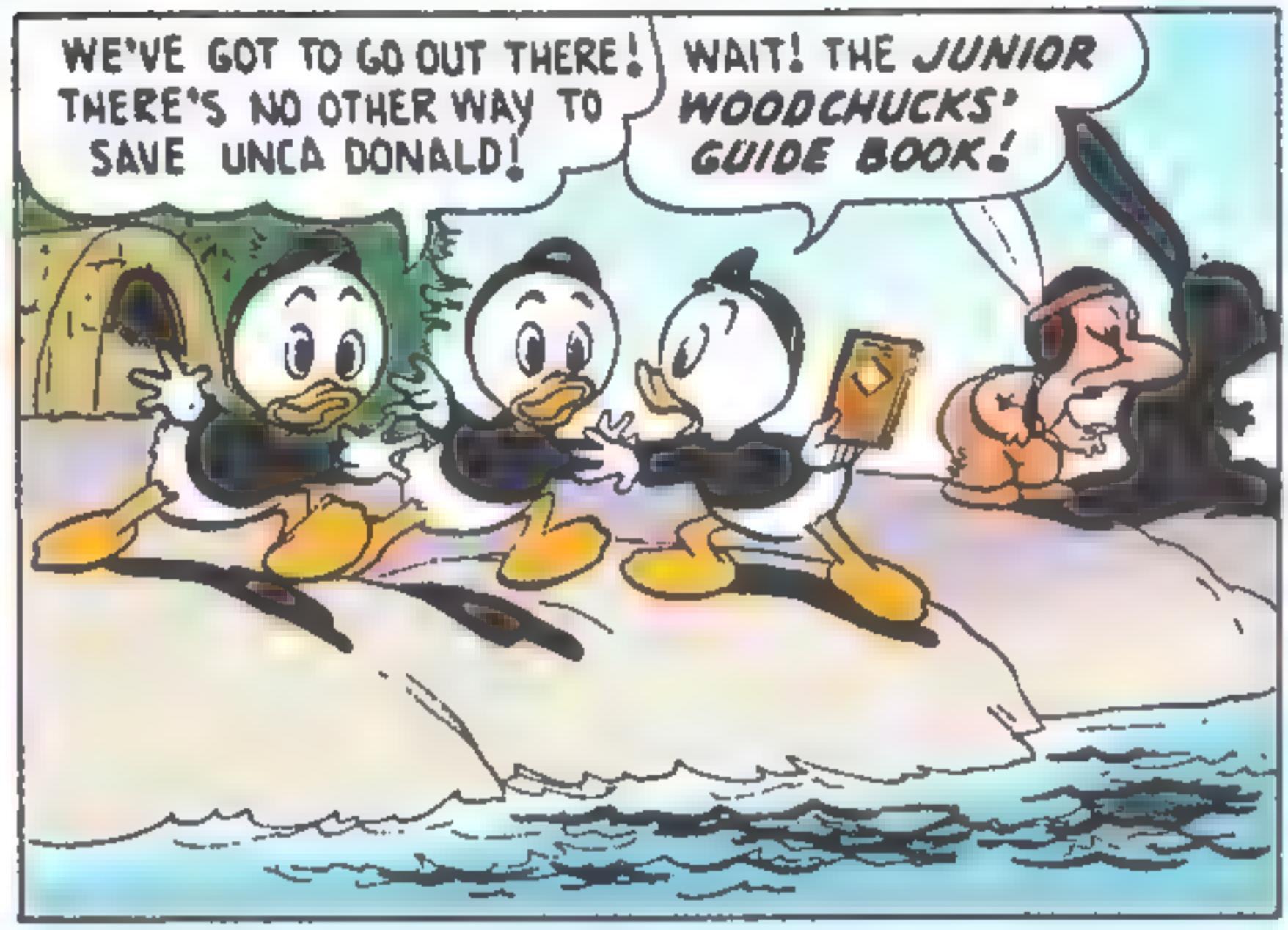
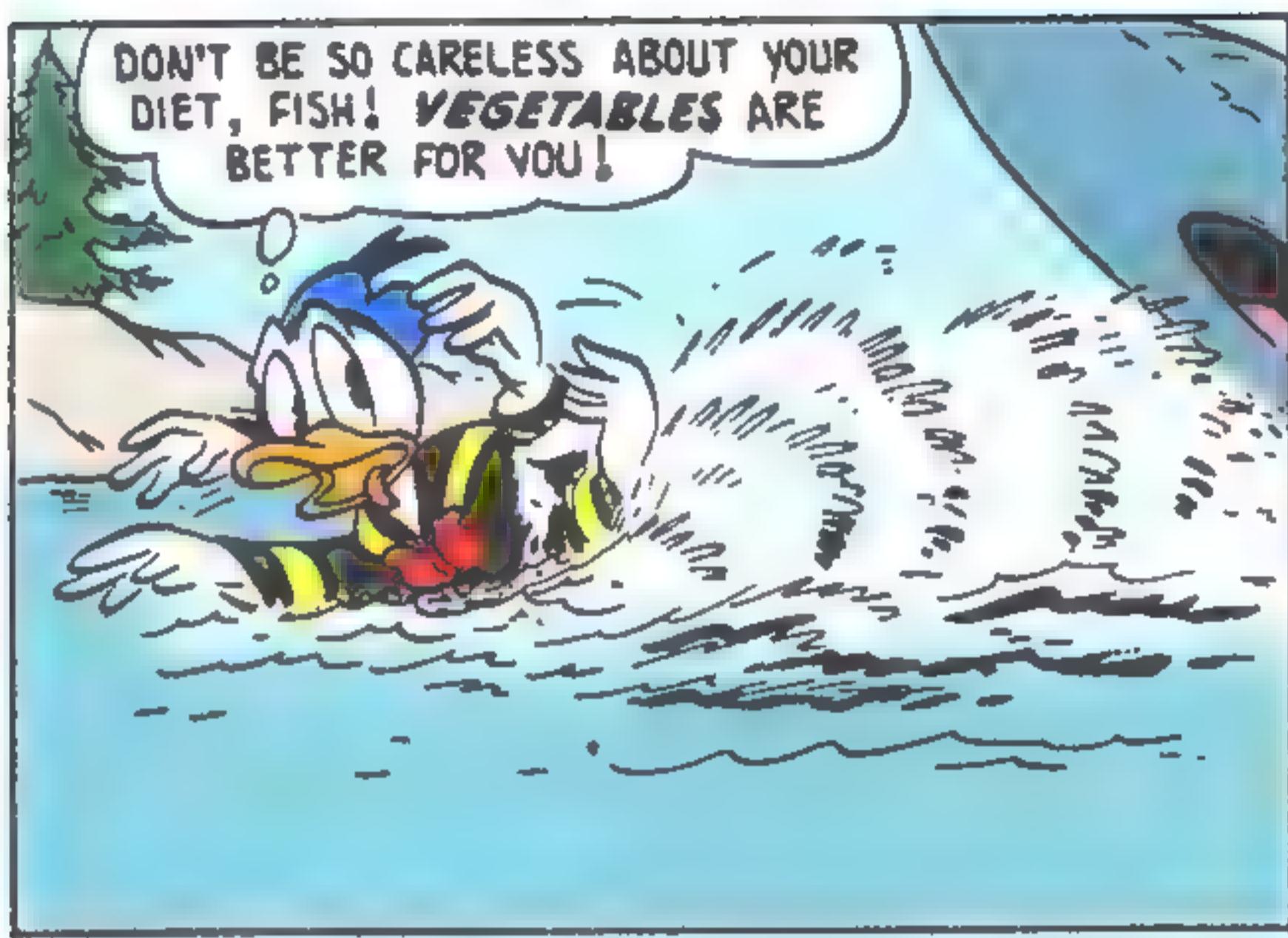
GOOD NIGHT! HE CHOMPS A TREE
TRUNK LIKE A STALK OF CELERY!

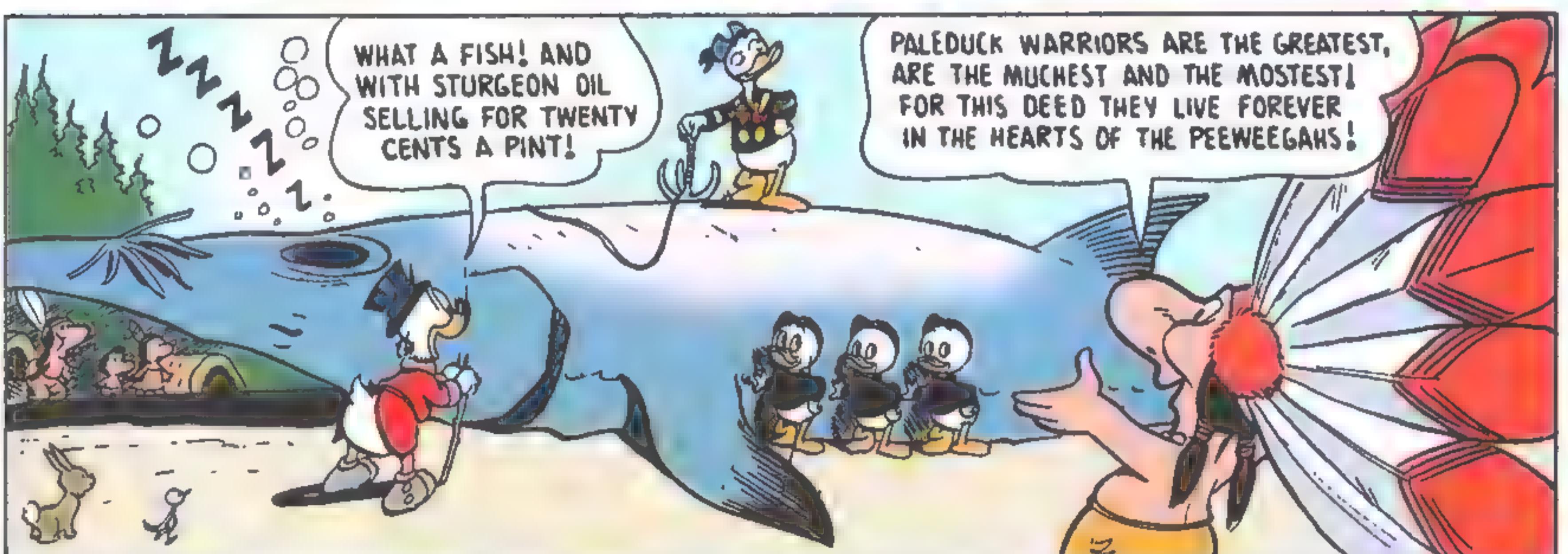
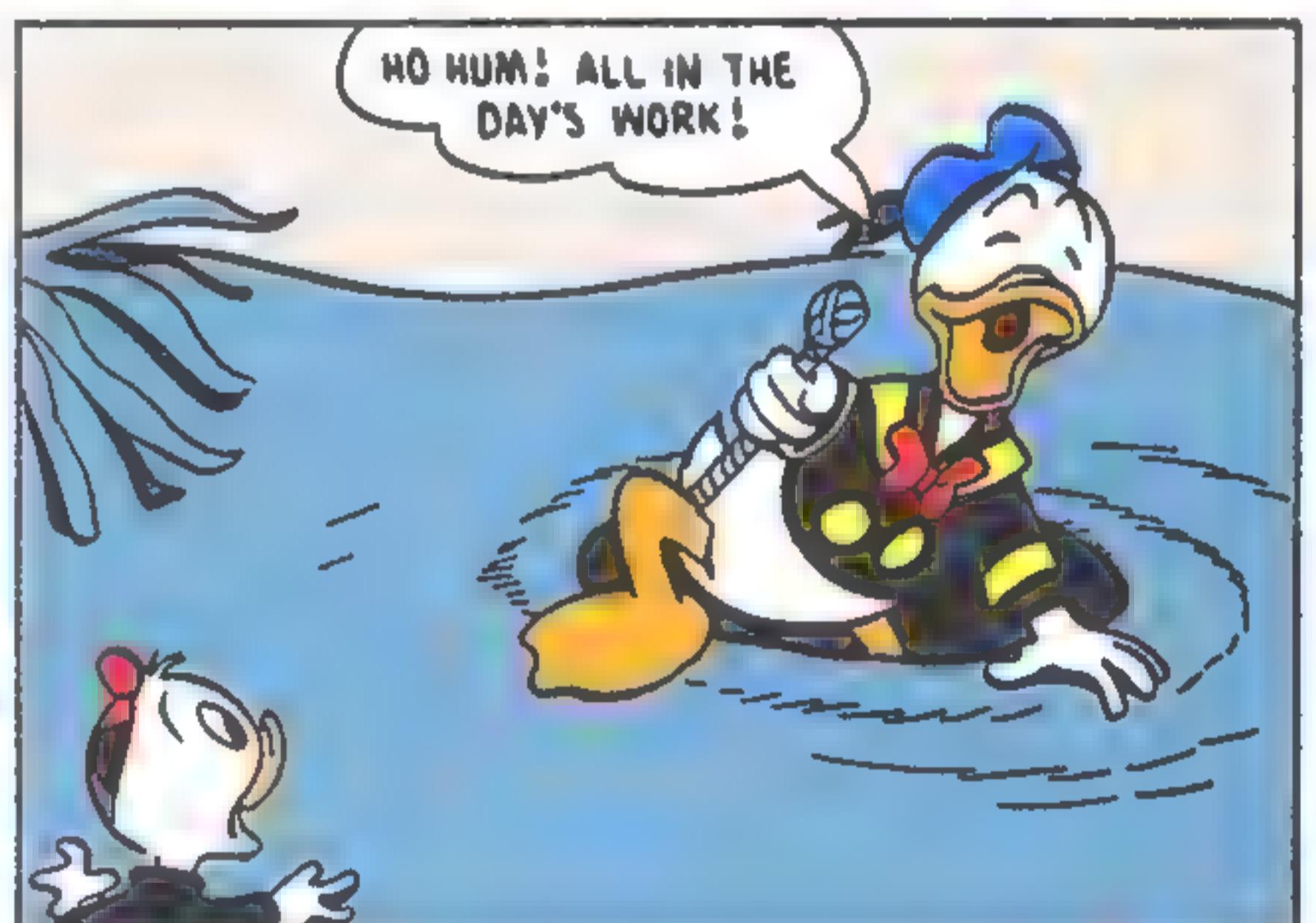
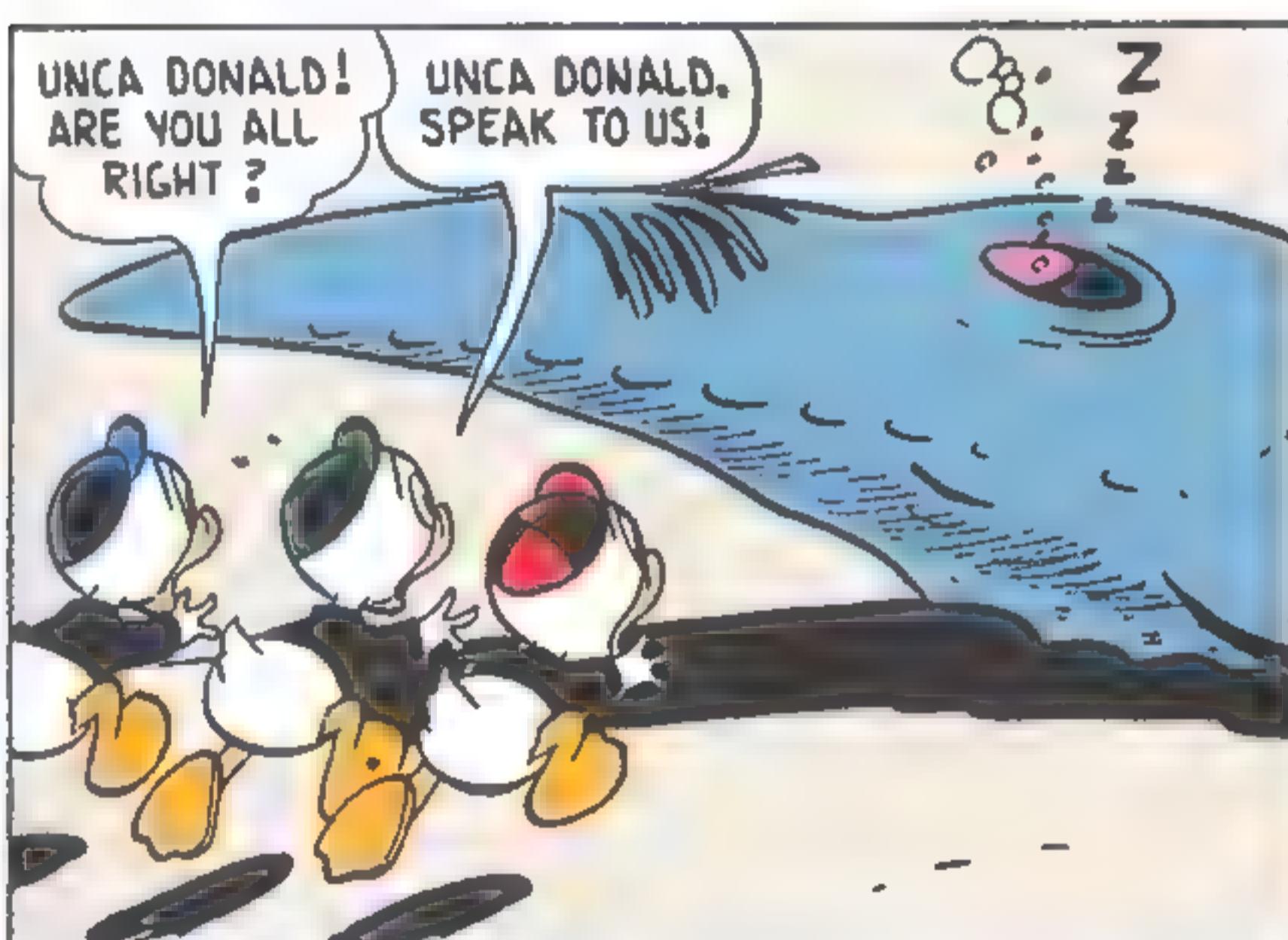
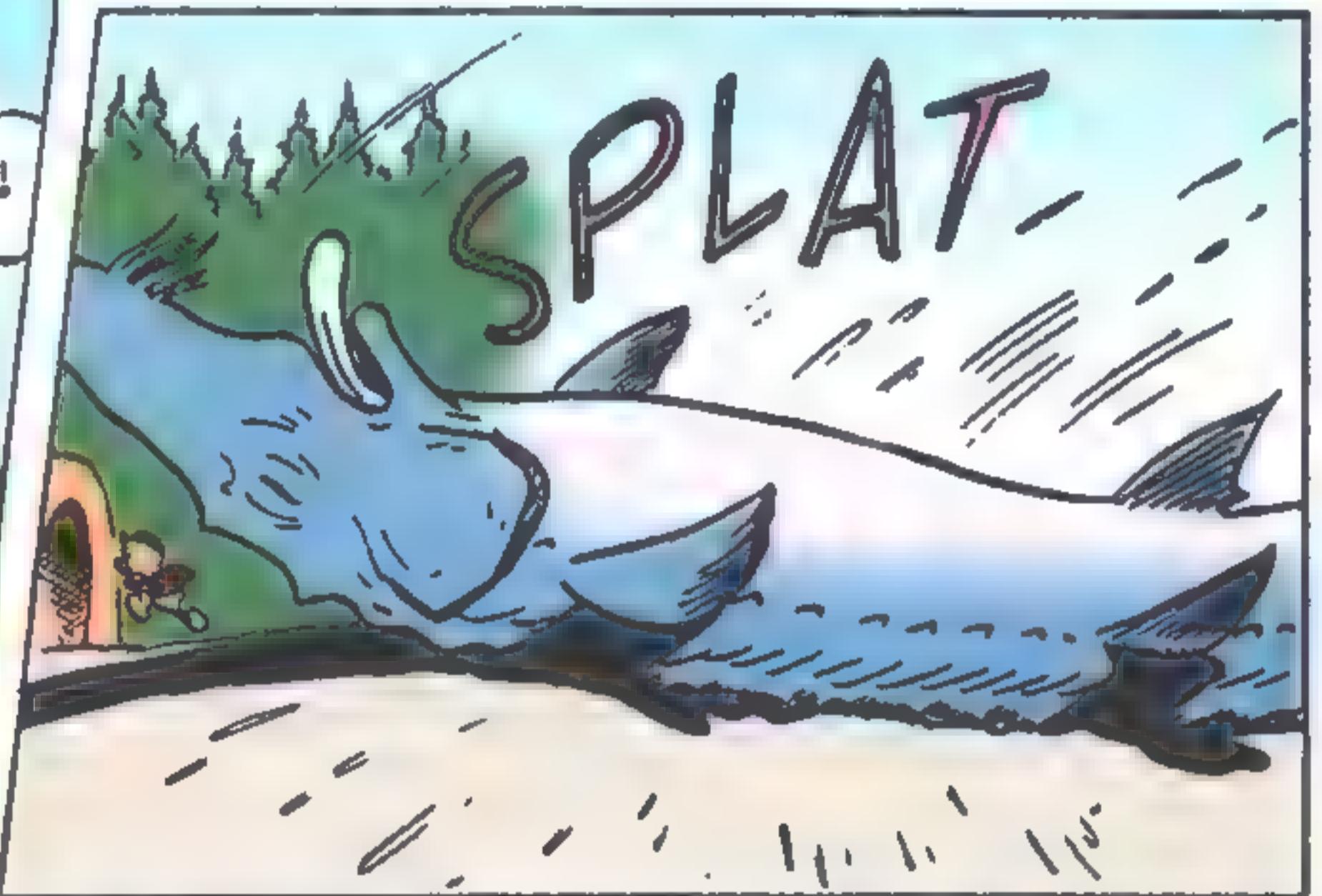
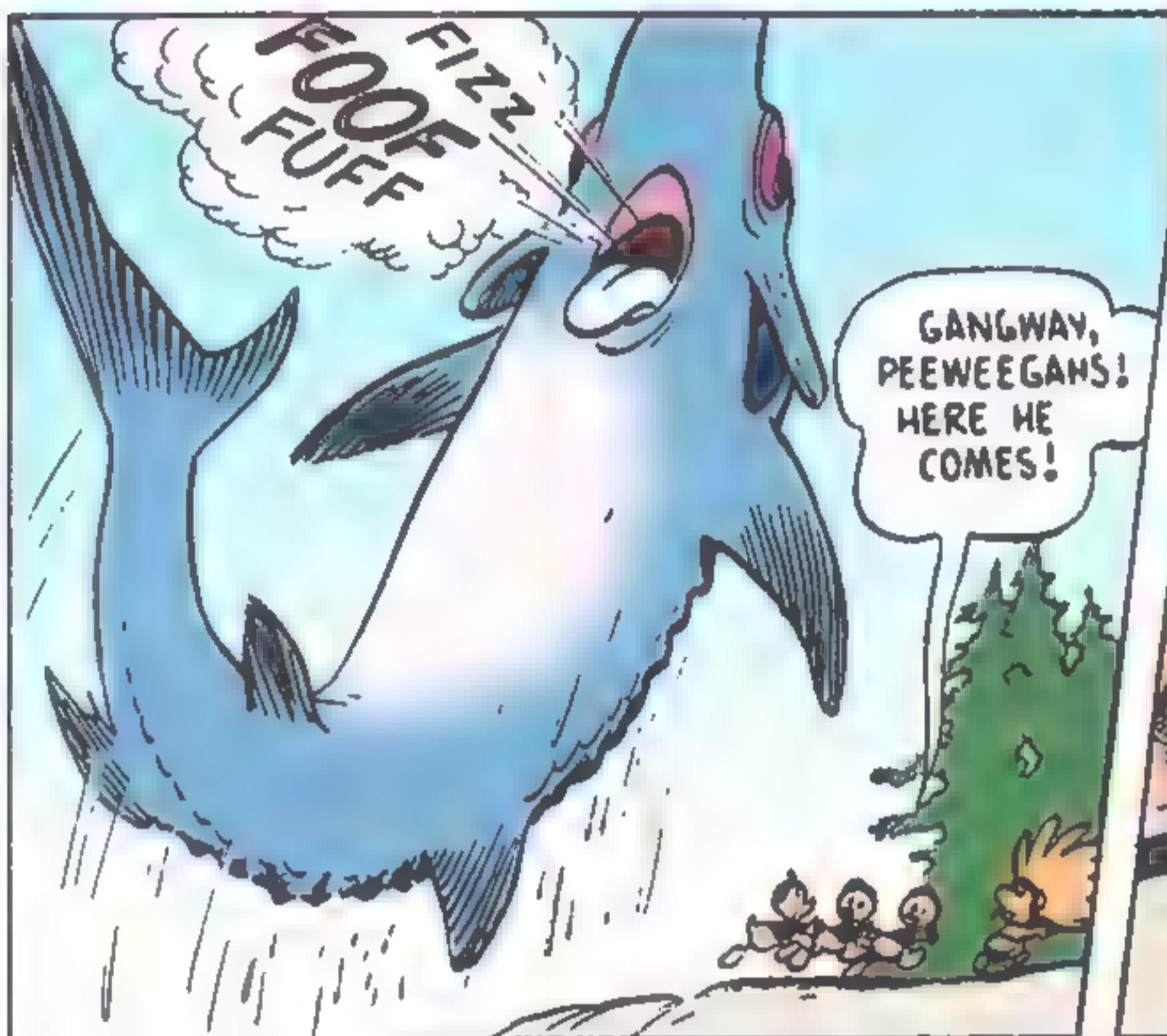
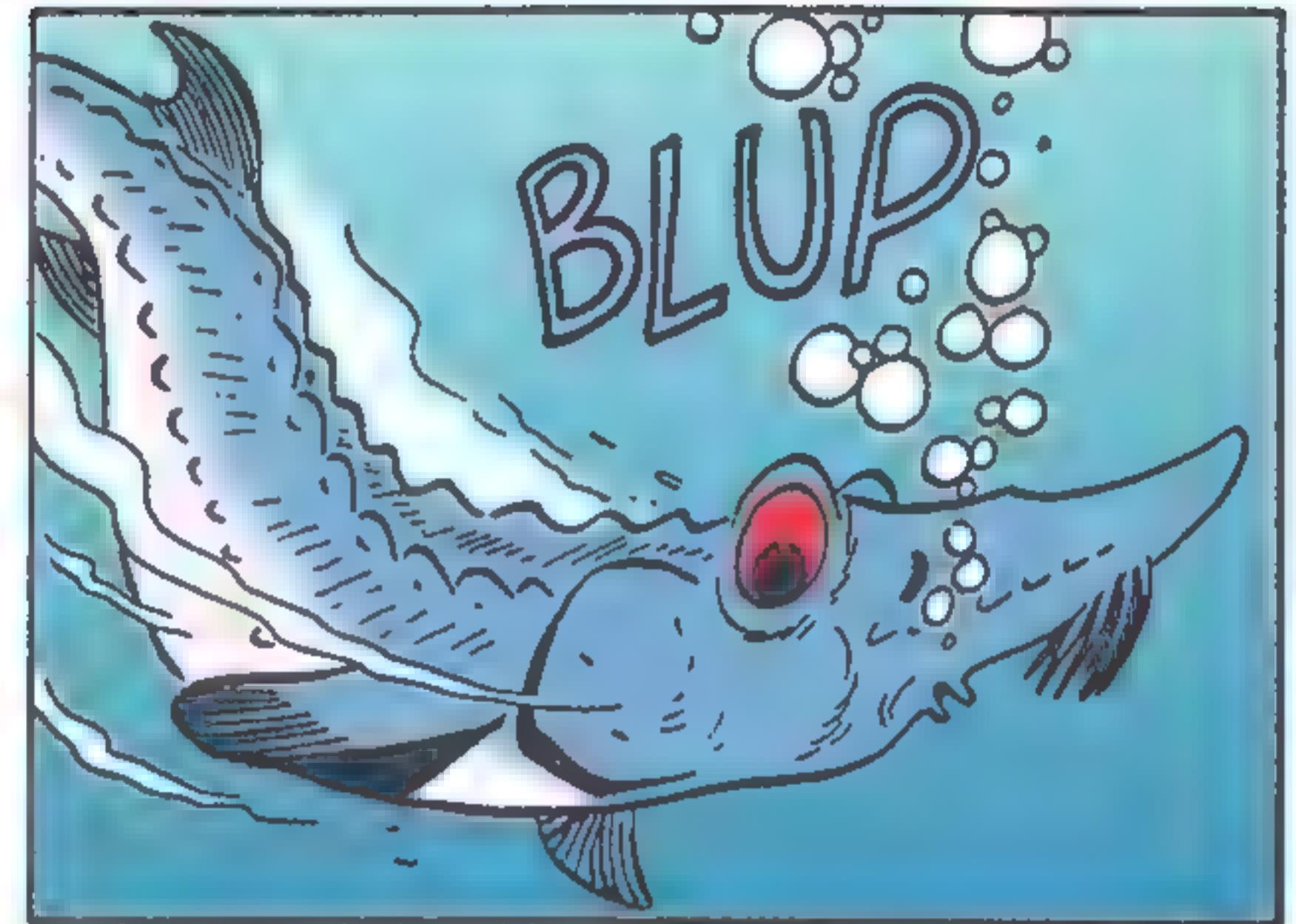
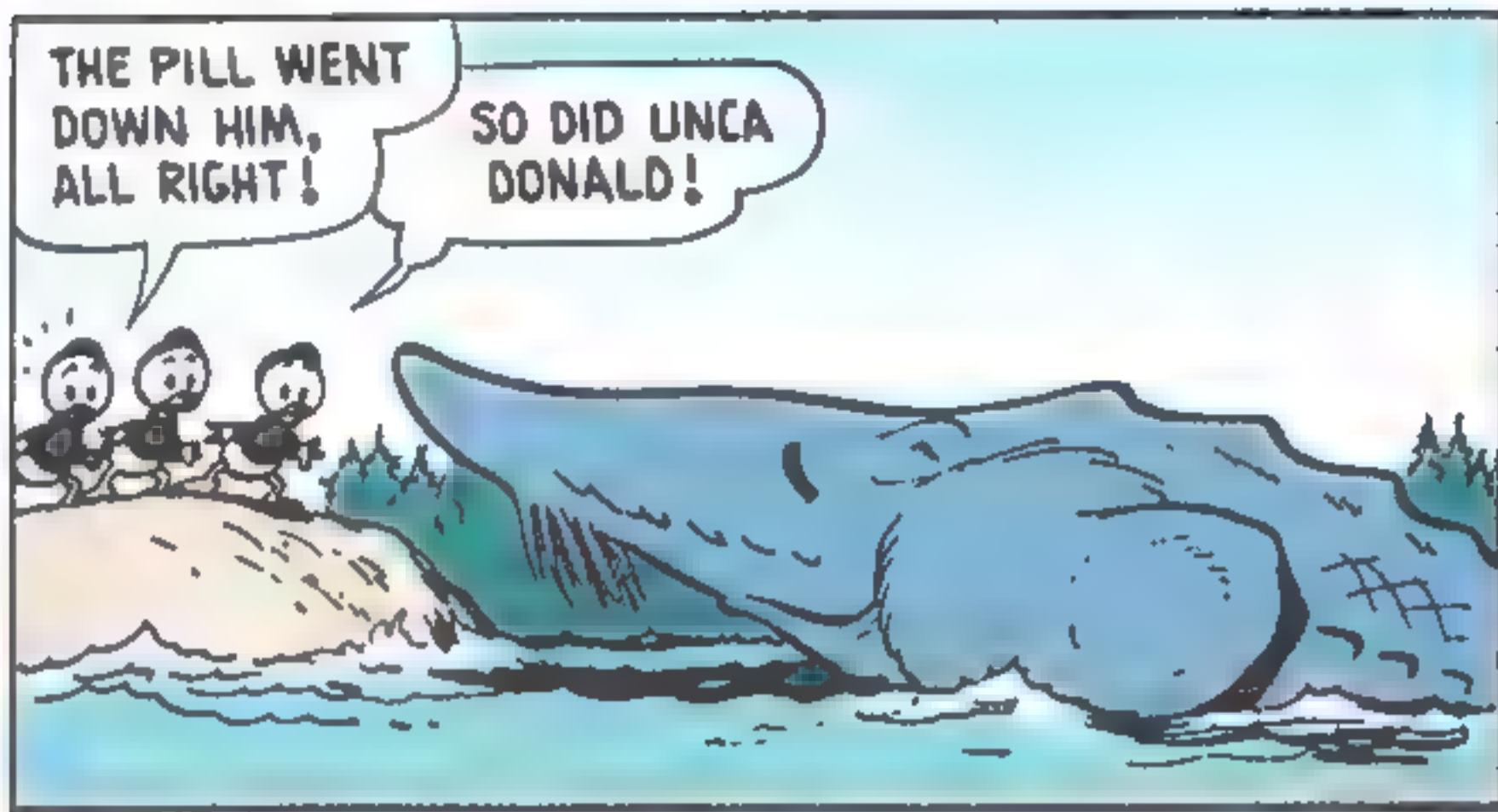
I'D YELL FOR HELP,
BUT I CAN'T SPARE
THE WIND!

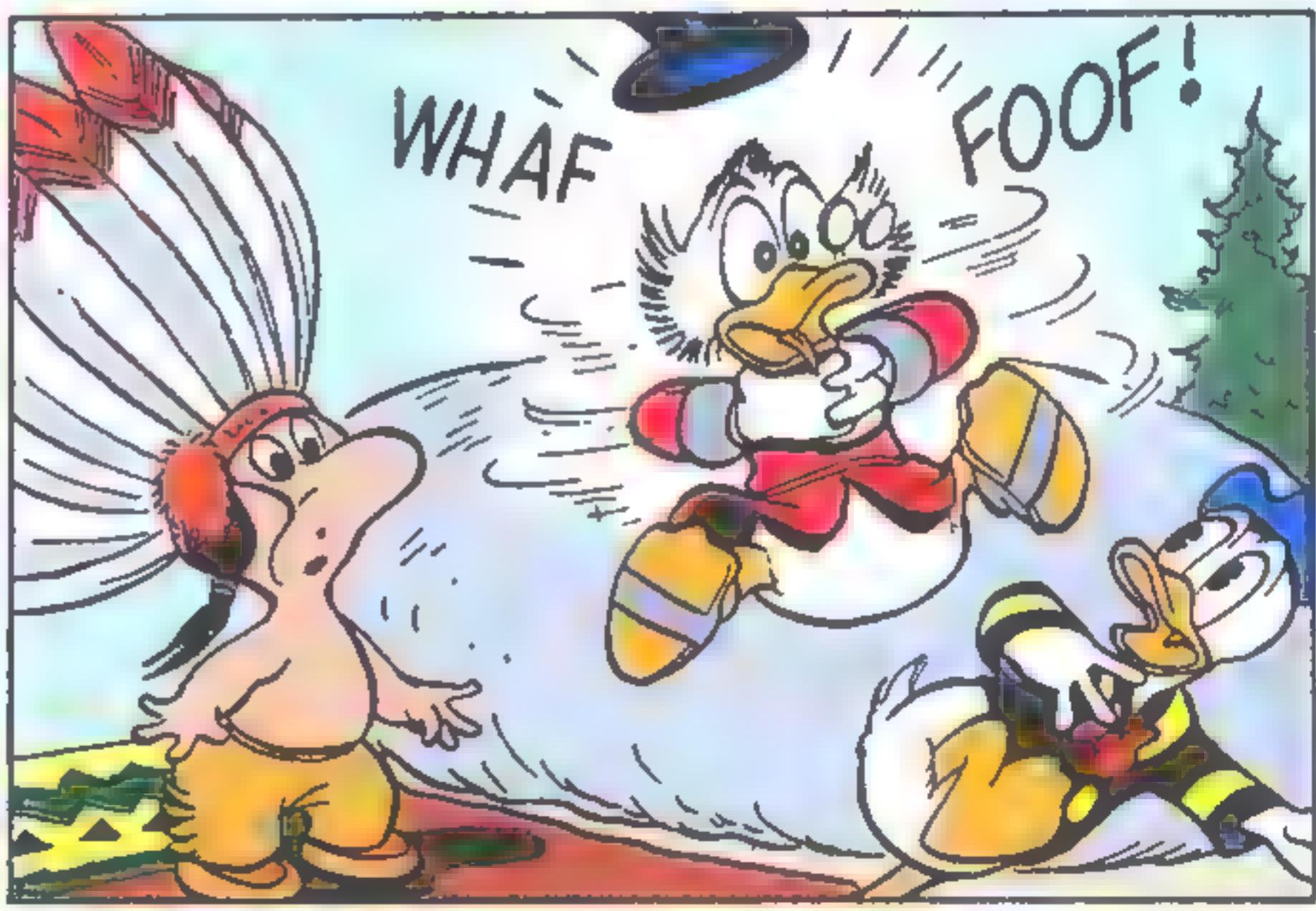
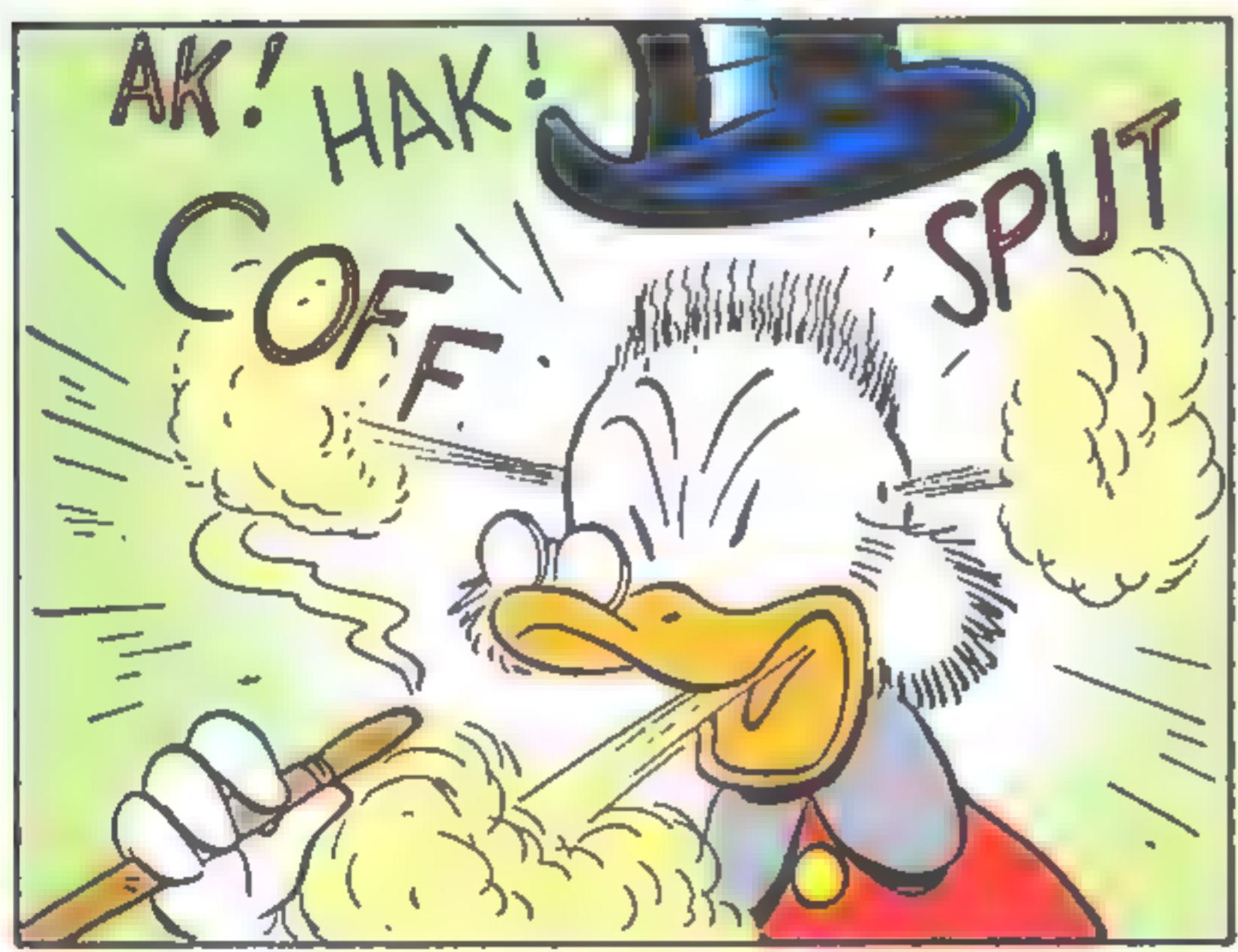
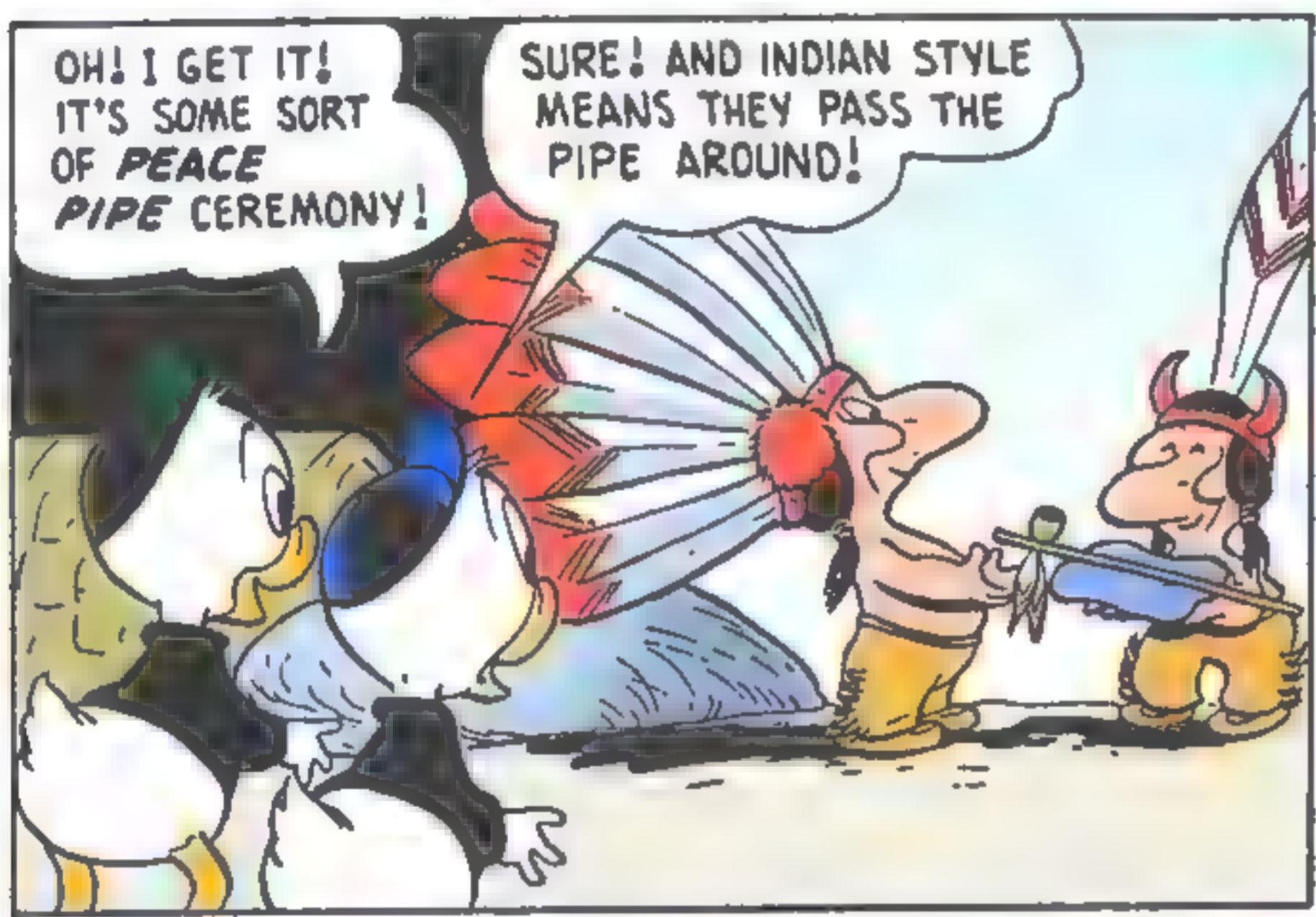
UNCA SCROOGE, CAN'T
WE DO SOMETHING
TO SAVE UNCA
DONALD?

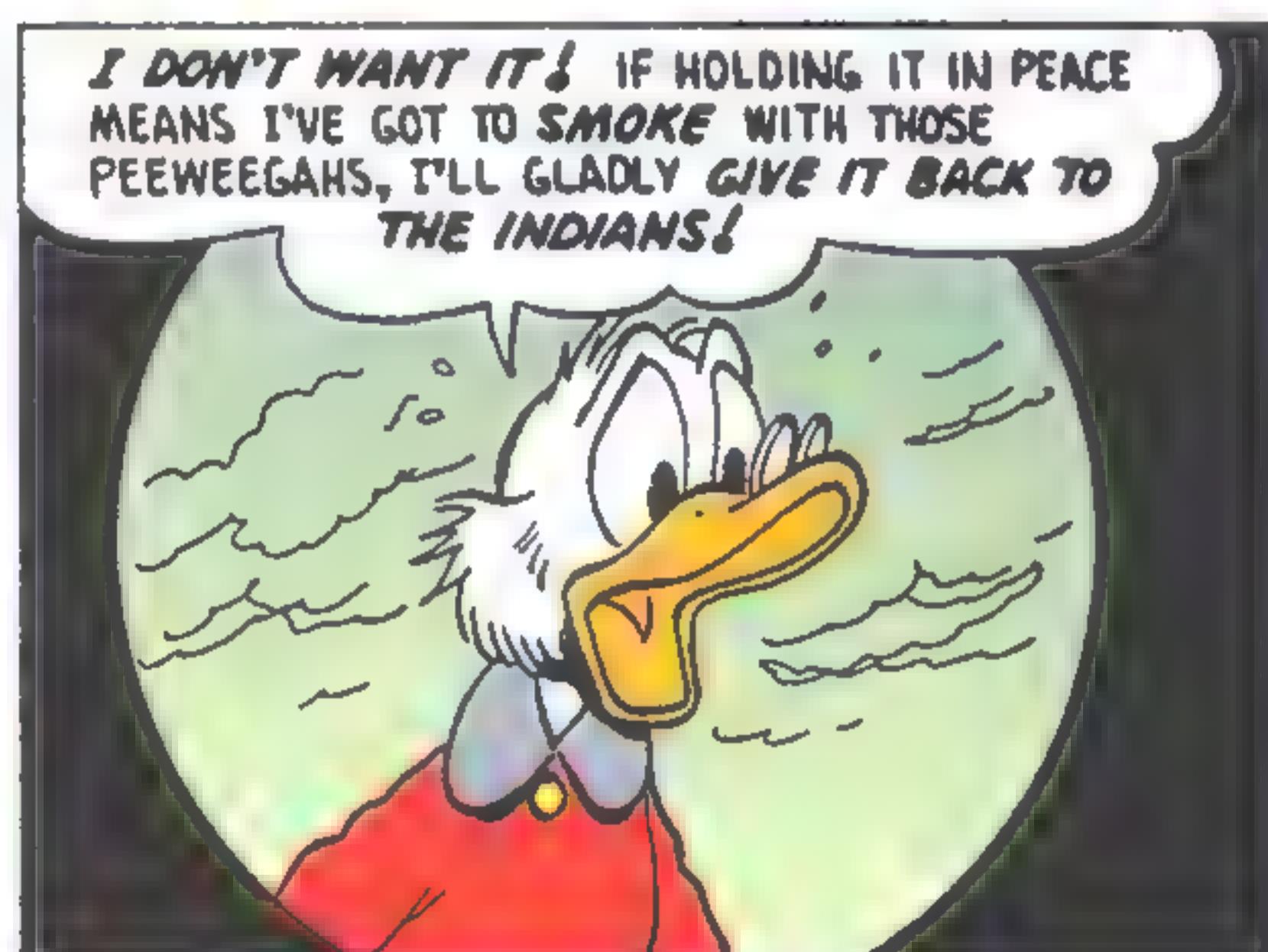
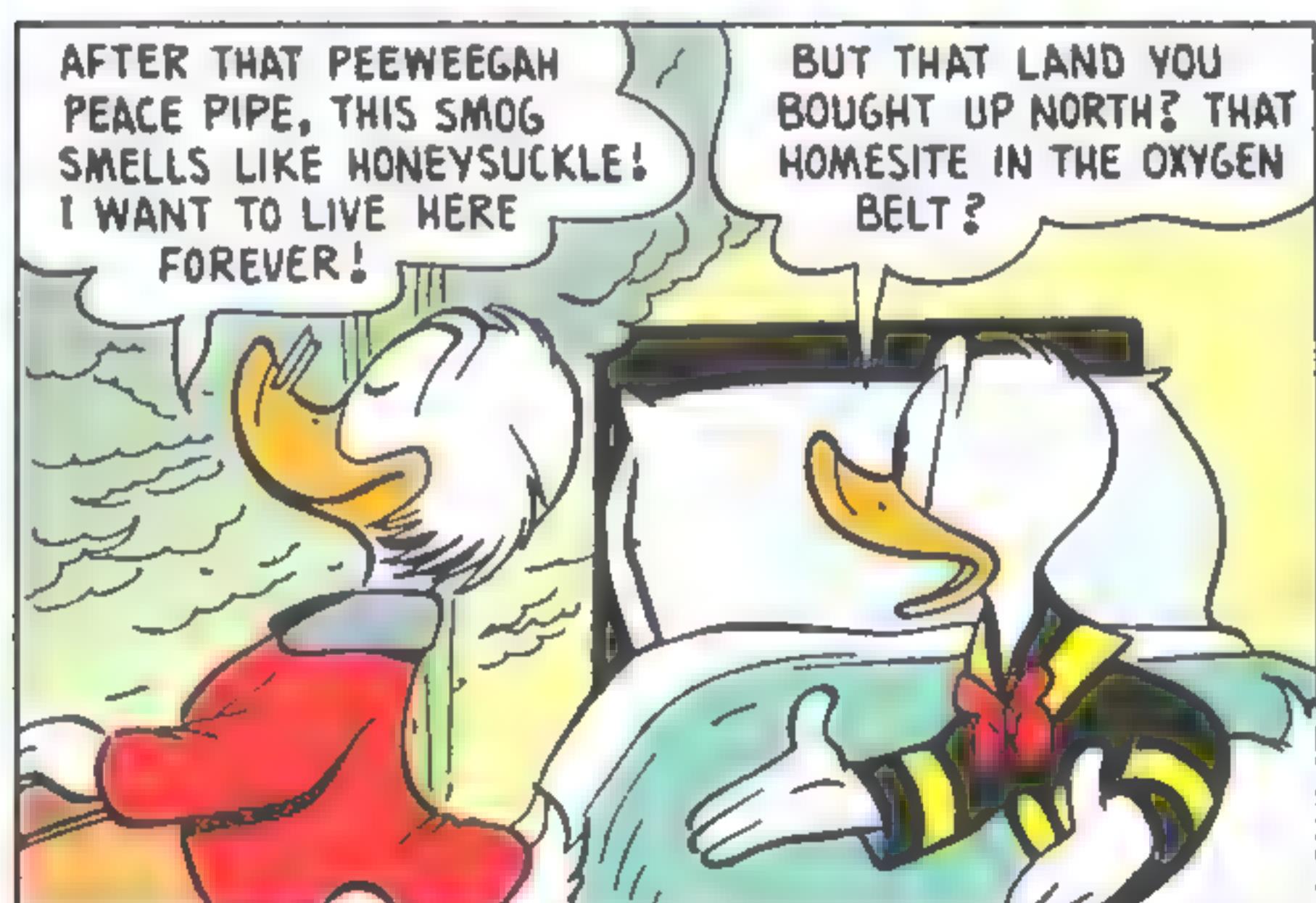
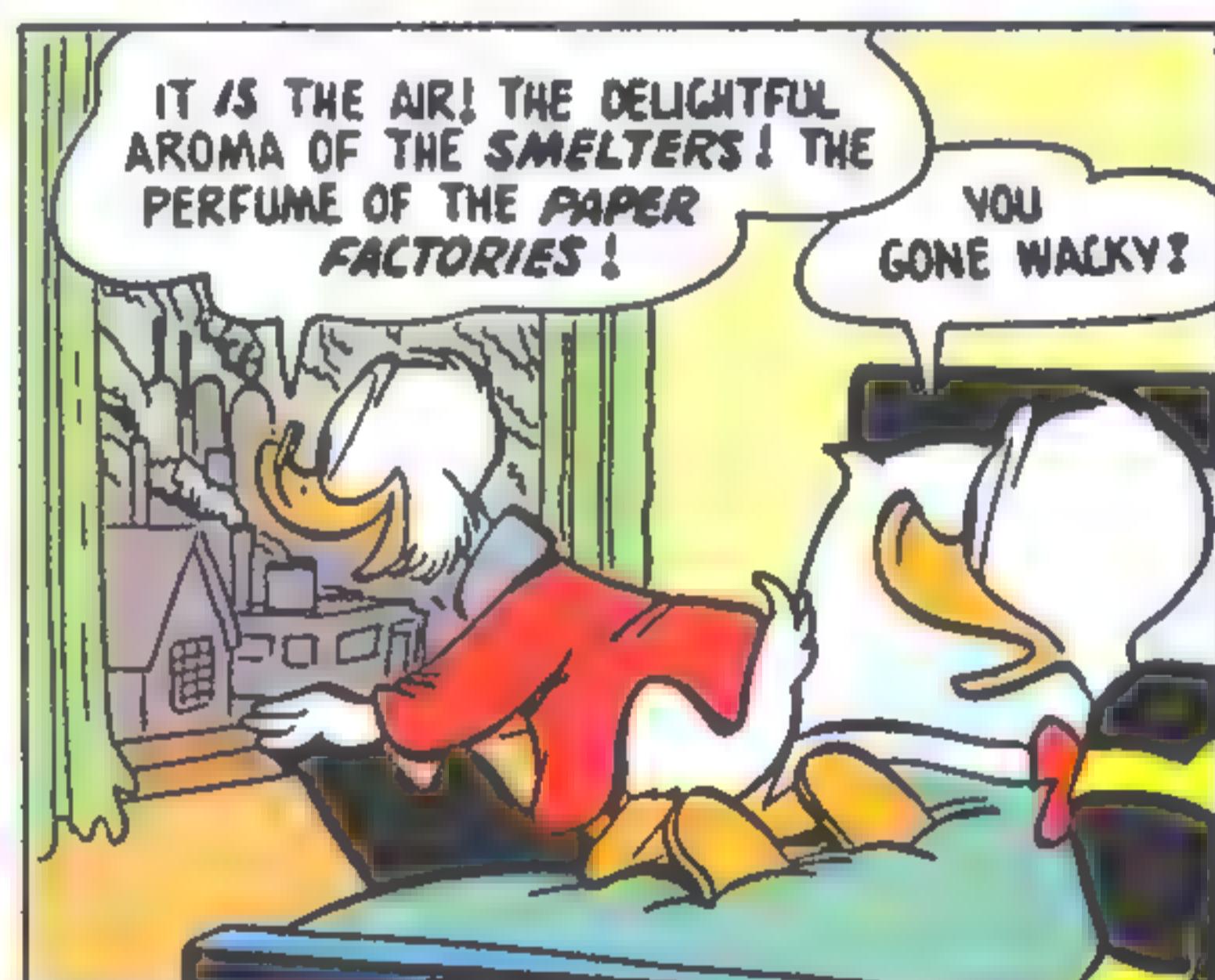
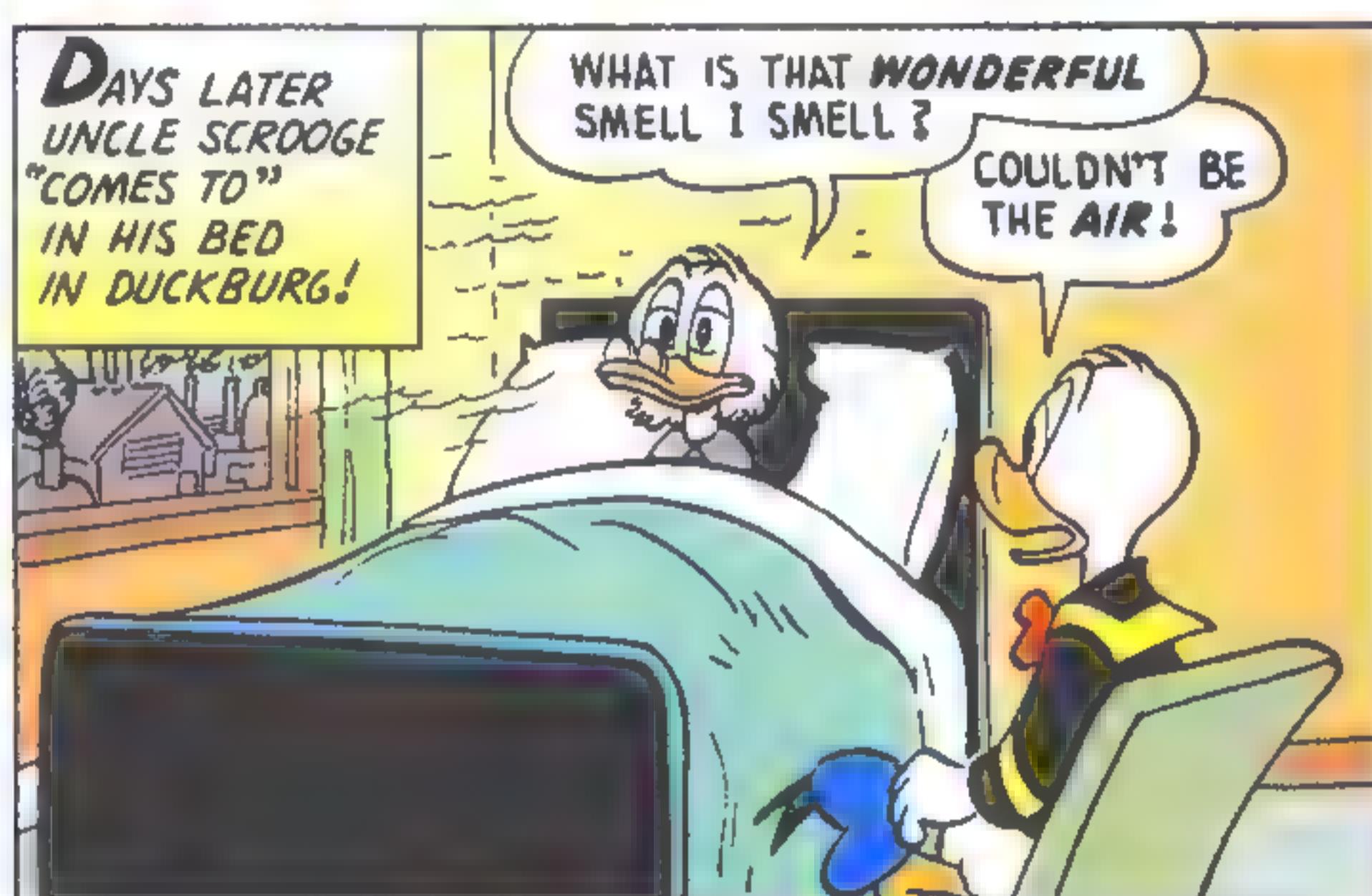
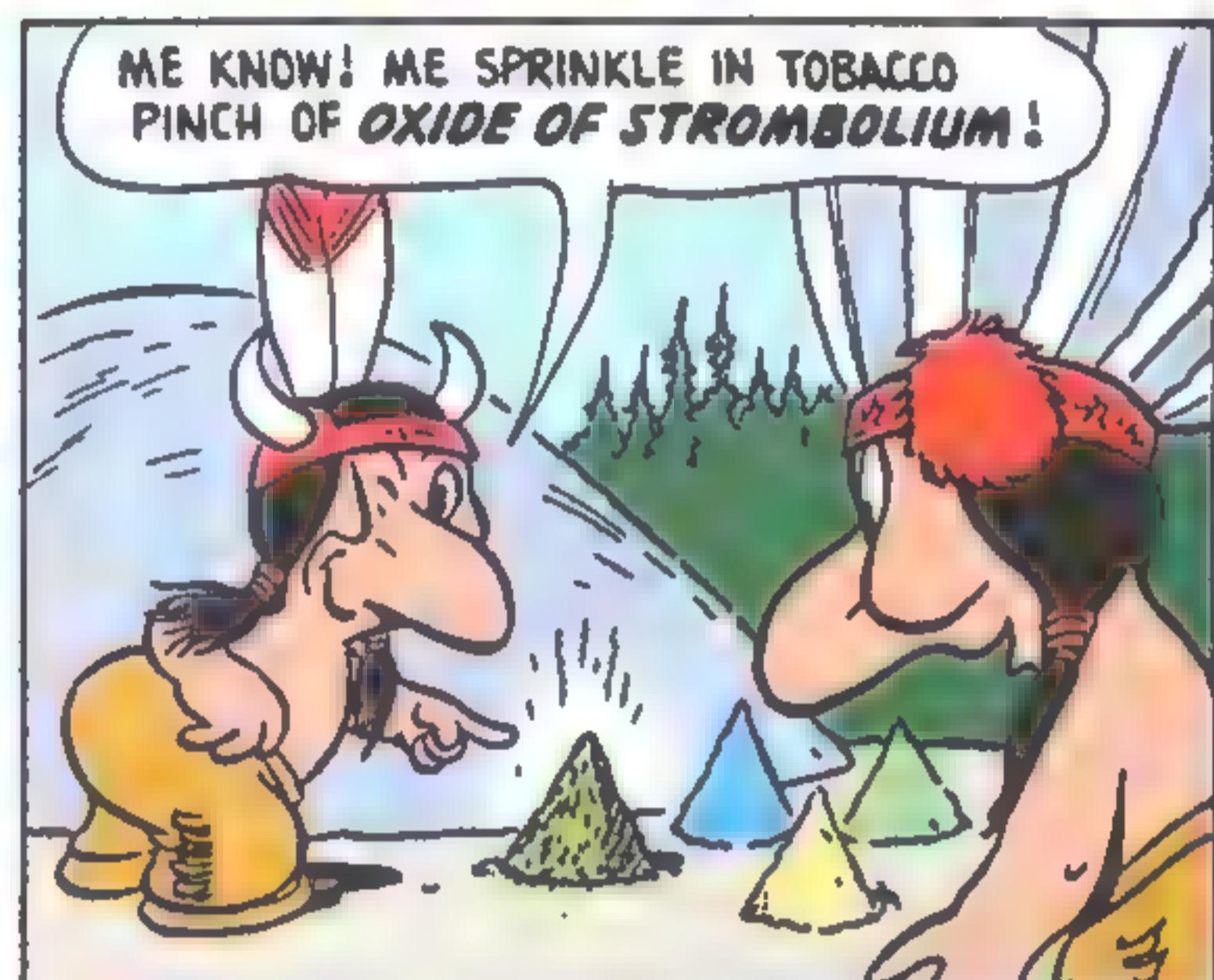
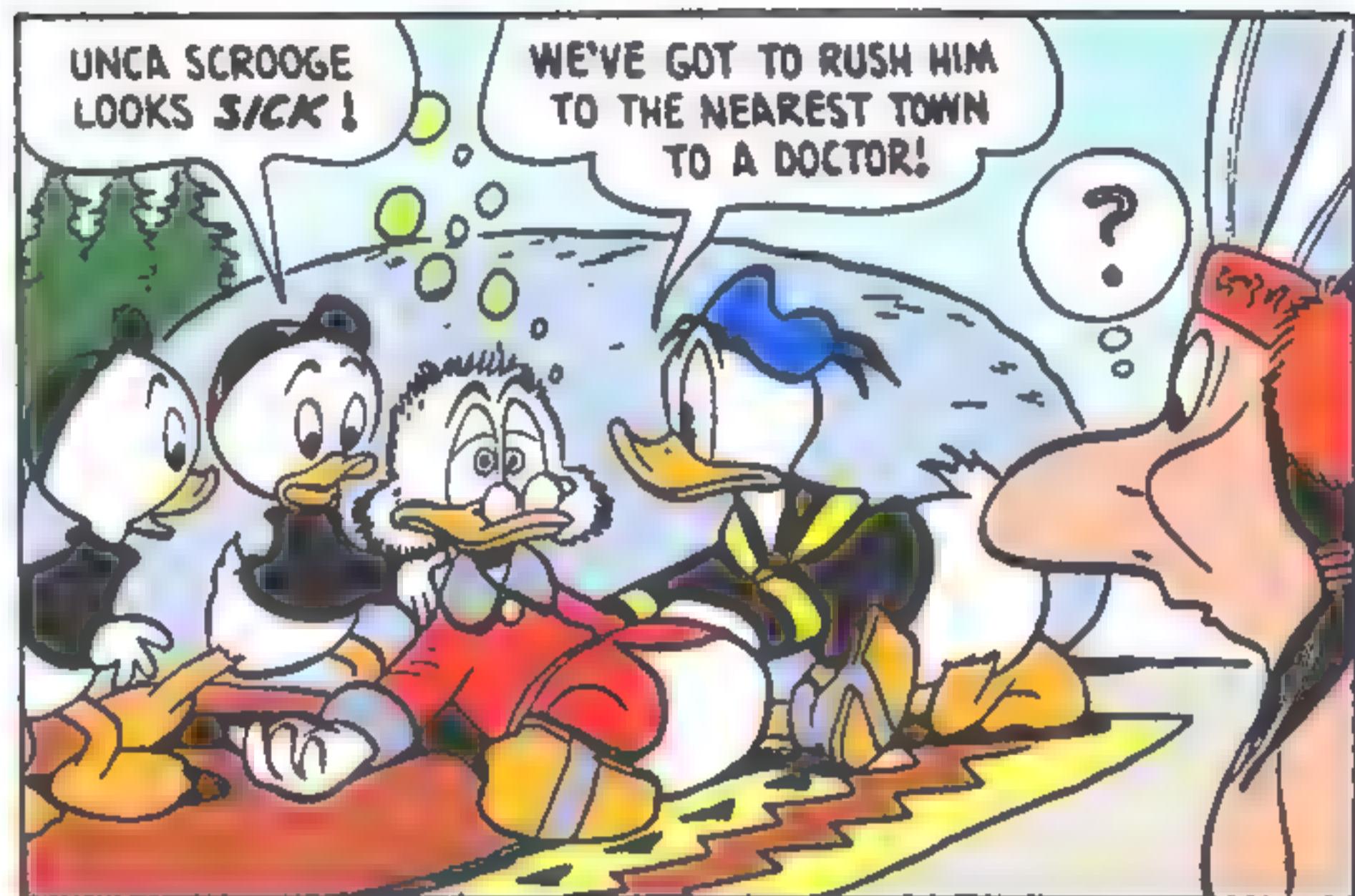
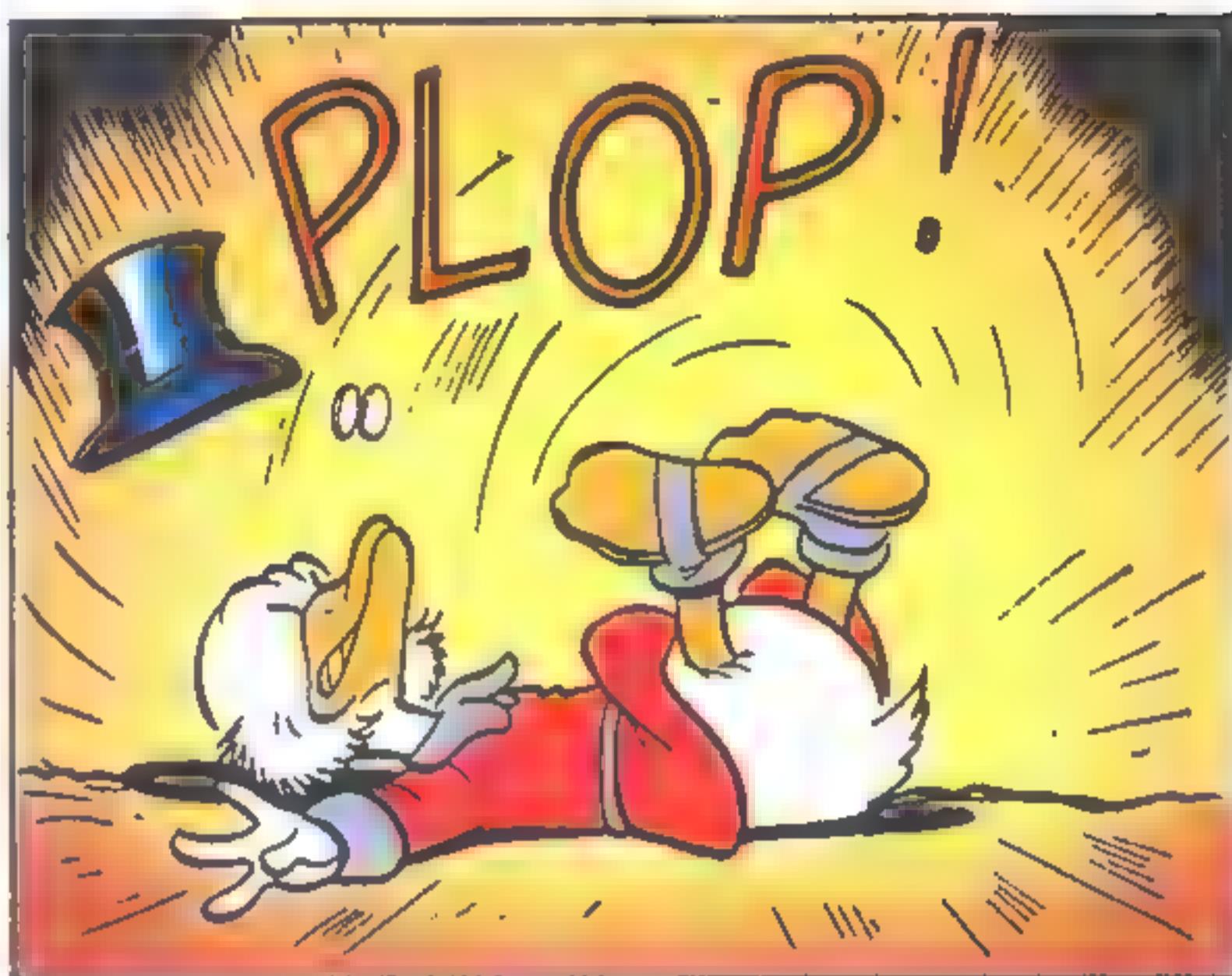
ZIRCONIUM, COLUMBIUM,
WHATTISIUM! SUCH TREASURES
OF THE EARTH!

UNCA SCROOGE!









DELL

Walt Disney's

10¢

UNCLE \$CROOGE



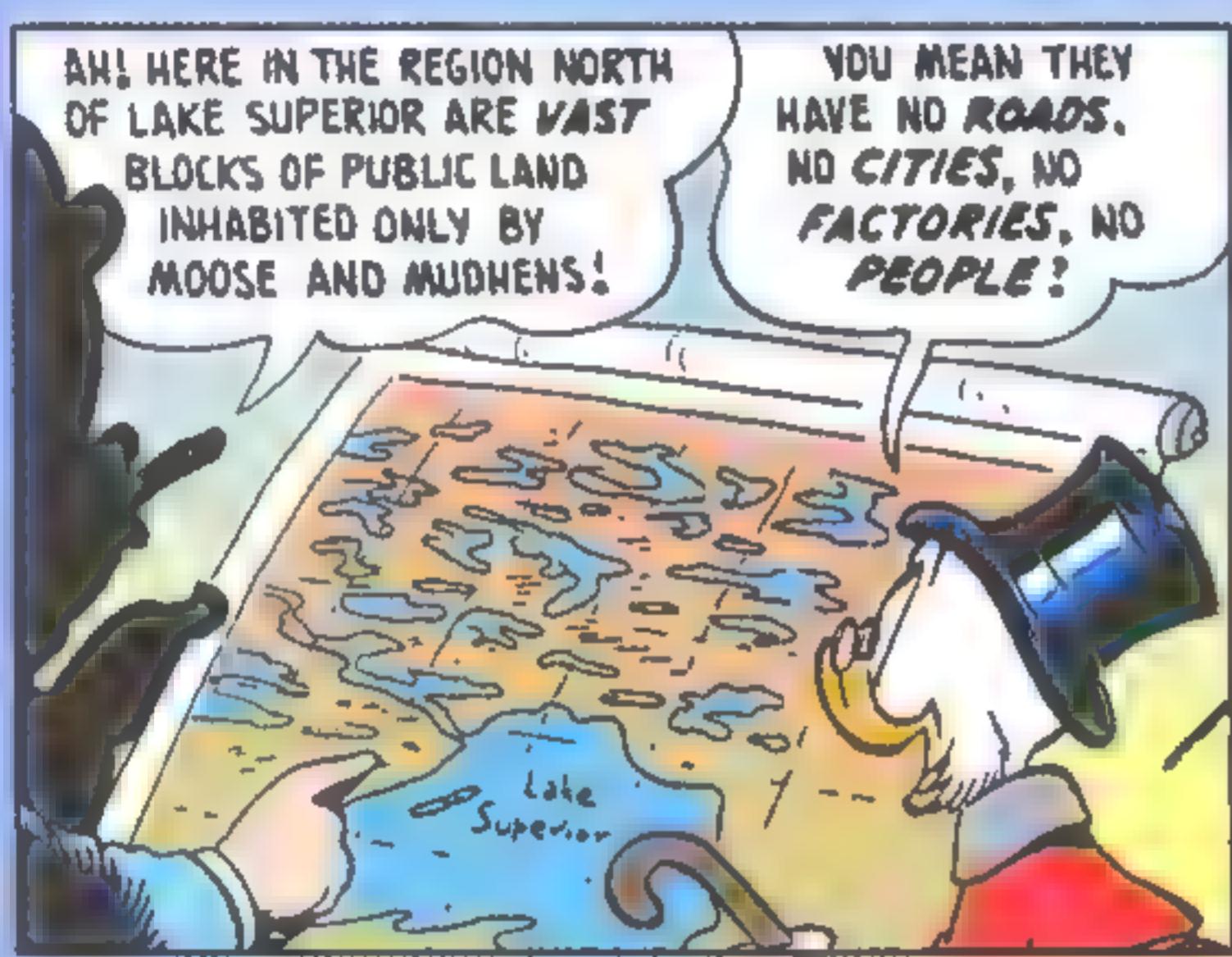
Carl Barks' cover for the original printing of "Land of the Pygmy Indians."

IN THE LAND OF THE PEEWEEGAH

by Don Rosa

"LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS"

I first saw Carl Barks' "Land of the Pygmy Indians" in my sister's brand new issue of *Uncle Scrooge* 18 in 1957, and it became one of the favorite Duck comics of my youth! I didn't know the story was Barks' remake of his own 1945 "Mystery of the Swamp" from *Donald Duck Four Color* 62. But even if I'd ever seen that original, I would have liked the remake much more! It's a far nicer story. The Gneezles were a mean-spirited bunch of miniature hillbilly hermits who wanted to feed Everglades visitors to the alligators. The Peeweegahs, on the other hand, are noble savages who preserve and protect the sanctity of their woodlands for the good of all the indigenous animals, fish, fowl, and flora, and even for worthy visitors. Scrooge's intentions for his ownership of the Peeweegah homeland are actually quite honorable. Despite his baser urges, he seems like he actually does want to preserve the land like a national park, keeping it quiet and clean and safe from pollution and industrial incursion. The Peeweegah don't claim they have a right to be the only ones to enjoy their land. They at first try to scare Scrooge and company away only due to their well-justified suspicions, but once a confrontation is forced, the Peeweegah seem willing to welcome the Ducks as "brothers to the gophers, the moose and the porcupine." As in "Mystery of the Swamp," Donald is put to a physical challenge—but in "Mystery" it was to save his life! The Peeweegah just want Donald to prove by a show of courage that the Ducks' intentions are as noble as they claim. Yes, a much kinder, gentler tale, and one that spoke to my own love of the woodlands that I gained from growing up in a remote home in the Kentucky hills with my sister's 1950's comic book collection.



This being the 50th birthday of Barks' Peeweegah adventure, another way to explain my special interest in his story is to tell you how I chose to spend my own 50th birthday! First, let me ask you this: where exactly *is* the Land of the Pygmy Indians? When Scrooge buys the property from Sidewalk Sam the Real Estate Man, Sam points to a map of the region of Canada north of Lake Superior. But he's not really pointing at the whole region... note that the shadow of his finger shows that he is touching the map at a specific point. Compare that

to your own atlas and you'll see that Sam is pointing *precisely* to the Quetico Wilderness Provincial Park of Ontario. Probably a coincidence, and besides, that park has been in existence for nearly a century and the land could not have been for sale in 1957. Nonetheless, this is a region (as the story says) of thousands of lakes into which no one is allowed to venture except in unmotorized canoes. No hunting, limited fishing, and very limited camping is allowed only in designated sites. It is a region that is being preserved as close as possible to the way it was a thousand years ago, just as the Peeweegah want to preserve their land. And since travel in the park is limited to canoes and certain campsites, the interior of the land and islands has seldom been explored even by the 18th and 19th century French trappers. There is plenty of room there to hide hundreds of Peeweegah villages.

But, as to my 50th birthday activities: in honor of Barks' Peeweebah story, my wife and I spent two weeks canoe-camping in the Quetico Wilderness. Just the two of us. And believe me, it's not as easy as the Ducks make it look! Aside from hardly being able to transport such a roomy tent, pots, pans, tables and a cooking stove (with *legs* yet) as the Ducks did, to travel that region by canoe involves paddling leisurely for a half-hour, followed by an hour of portaging the canoe on your (my!) back between lakes, with more trips back and forth for the bags of gear! Repeat as needed *all day long!* And the mosquitoes! Barks portrayed

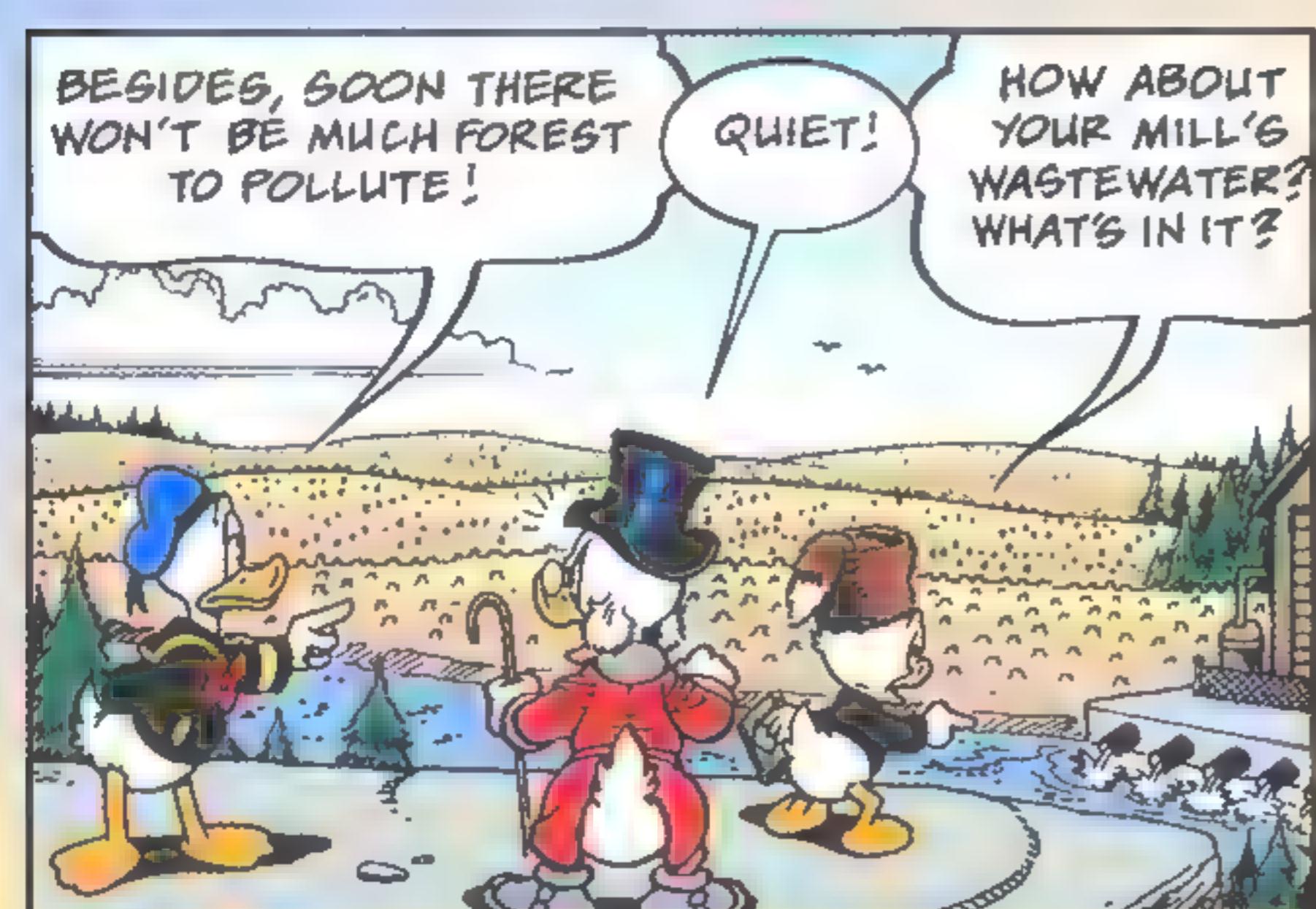
such mosquito attacks in other stories but could have easily included such a scene in this Peeweebah tale. Just before sunset every night we would start to hear from the direction of the woods what sounded like a distant jet. It was the beating of untold trillions of mosquito wings as they took flight from their hidey holes. We learned to always be inside the tent by sundown. Forget wildcats and king sturgeons—if the Peeweebah merely sent their mosquito pals after unwanted visitors, they'd be safe and secure forever!



"Oh no! Our camp stuff has been dumped into the lake by the Peeweebah! Everything is ruined but the canoe!"

"WAR OF THE WENDIGO"

As with several of the other stories I've done for Egmont, this adventure was created in 1990 at the request of an editor of one of their European branch publishers. In this instance, an editor wanted me to do a Duck story concerning the terrible "acid rain" problem that is plaguing the forests of Scandinavia. Of course, we have the same problem here in North America where industrial pollution causes acid to rain down on the lovely woodlands of Canada, and since my stories take place in America, that's the situation with which I would be dealing. Well, the subject of the pollution of the Canadian wilderness immediately causes any Barks fan to think of the plight of the Peeweebahs in his "Land of the Pygmy Indians"! And other Egmont editors had already mentioned that old story as one of the Barks classics to which the readers had long been requesting a sequel. So, this was the *perfect* opportunity to see how the Peeweebahs had been doing!



I was rather pleased with the result, and it's not all that often that I am totally happy with one of my stories. I showed how Scrooge was unthinkingly destroying the Peeweebah forest refuge that he had promised to protect in Barks' original story, and I made the point without trivializing the acid rain problem. If I'd had Gyro Gearloose pop in and invent some goofy solution to acid rain, I wouldn't have been dealing honestly with a very real and very serious situation. My story does not offer a

Gearloosian solution but only shows that we must constantly redouble our efforts to preserve the environment because so much of what we do has unimagined effects on even wilderness areas far from our homes and industries.

There were three elements of this story which caused difficulties to myself, Euro-editors and Gladstone Publishing. First was the extra difficulty in writing the Peewegah dialogue in the same rune-o-meter poetic rhythm used by Barks, emulating Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." I created this story for Egmont, meaning that I knew my dialogue would be translated into a few dozen other languages and all of my extra work would be a complete waste of time. Many of those translators wouldn't even bother to carefully rewrite my dialogue into a rune-o-meter translation—they'd just use the general meanings of each balloon. But my efforts would not be wasted since the story would be eventually used in America by Gladstone Comics, right? Think again!

But before that problem manifested itself a few years later, the more immediate second problem came when some Euro-editors disliked my description of how the villain was retaliating against the animals that were attacking his pollution factory. Europeans are very sensitive to mistreatment of animals. But I felt it was important to vividly depict the cruelty and thoughtlessness of the greedy polluter. My aim was to show how we can only live on this planet with the help and permission of the flora and fauna, and how tough it would be for us if nature ever realized who its worst enemy was.

The third problem arose when Gladstone wanted to print this story. The timing was such that publication approval was not granted. It seemed Gladstone would not be able to print "War of the Wendigo," though they did manage to do so just before their license expired.

I apologize for two elements in the original design of the story. For one thing, we have those redundant and annoying half-page panels occurring on pages 10 and 19. As you may know, Egmont only allows long stories to appear serialized in short chapters, so these panels were necessary. (My current method is to create extra full-page opening-chapter recaps that can be completely left out of one-part printings.) Also, the fact that the Wendigos in my story are actually the Peewegahs was supposed to be the "surprise ending" of chapter one. But I guess it's pretty obvious who the mysterious Wendigo are since this is a "Peewegah Special."

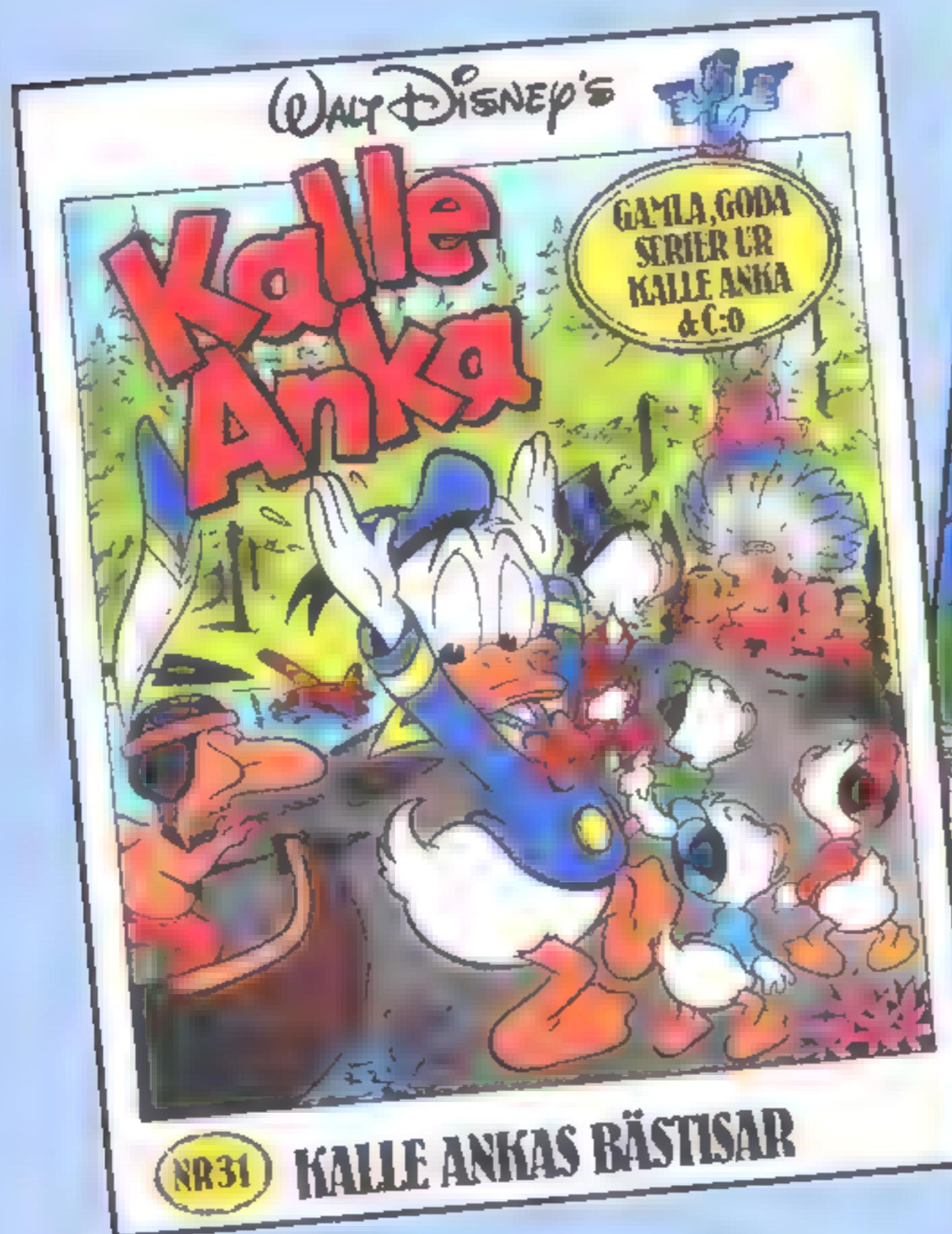


Don Rosa on his 50th birthday in the Land of the Pygmy Indians

WORLD OF THE WENDIGO

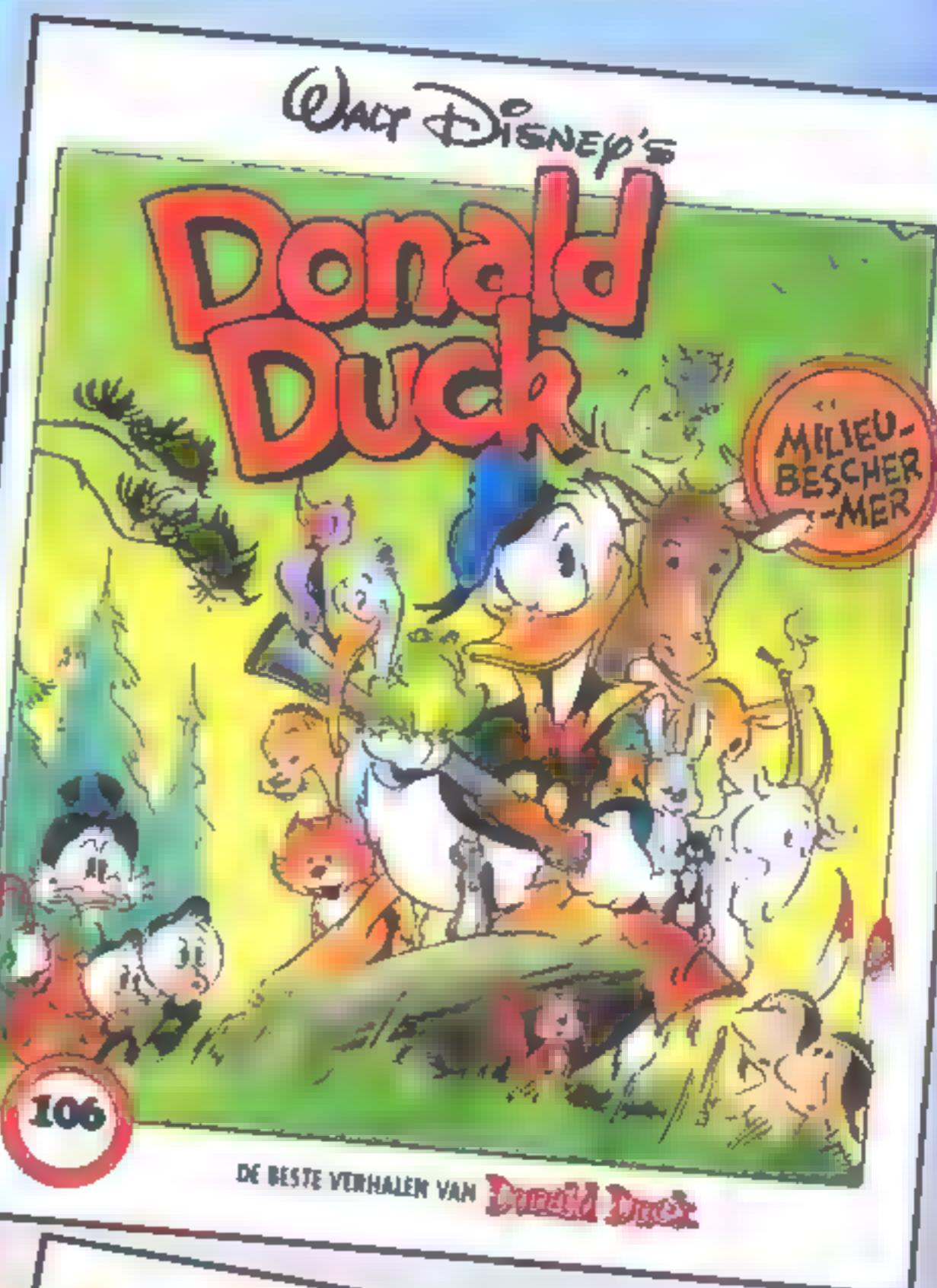
by David Gerstein

Despite its popularity, Carl Barks never drew a cover for "Land of the Pygmy Indians," and until the publication of this book, Don Rosa had not created a cover for "War of the Wendigo." Instead, local publishers employed other noted Duck talent to illustrate cover artwork. A collection of those covers is presented here.



Cover to Swedish *Kalle Ankas Bästisar* 31 (1990), art by Daniel Branca.

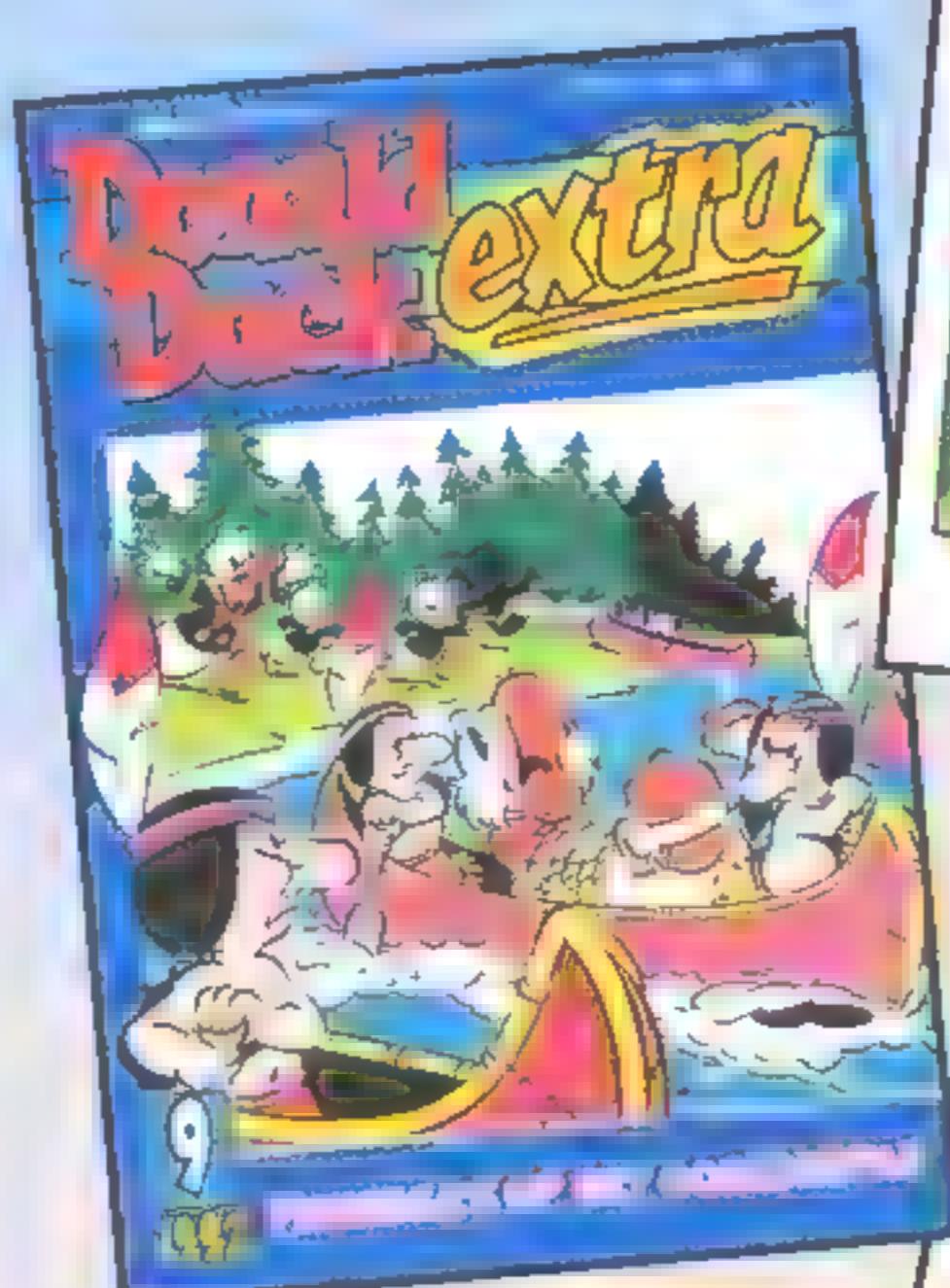
Cover to Danish *Anders And & Co.* 45/1991, art by Busen.



Cover to Dutch *Beste verhalen van Donald Duck* 106 (2001), art by Daan Jippes. See page 64 for Jippes' most famous Peewegah cover.

Cover to Dutch *Donald Duck Extra* 9/1992, art by Michel Nadorp.

Cover to Dutch *Oom Dagobert* 61 (1999), Rosa art adapted and reinked by Viktor Venema.



Front cover drawing and back cover vignette from Italian *Zio Paperone* 84 (1996), art by Marco Rota.

DUCK TALES BEFORE DUCKTALES

LAND CONGATH ↔ GROUND



ON SALE NOW

BACK to the KLONDIKE



LEMURS with the
LOCKET



MICRO-DUCKS
from
OUTER SPACE



T²² LOST CROWN
of
CONGRUUS
KHAN



HOUND
of the
WHISKERVILLES



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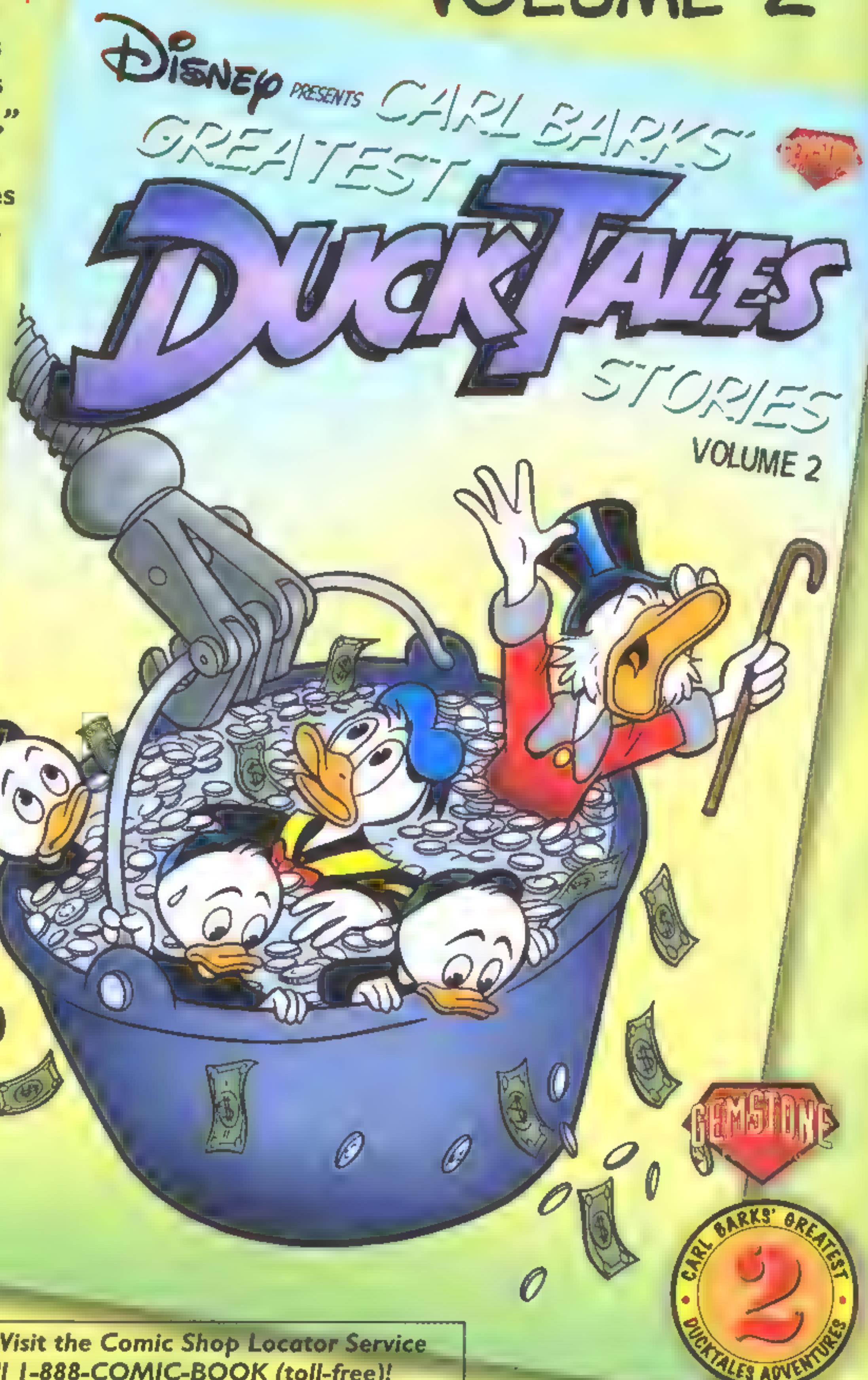
Here's what you can expect:

- Relive Uncle Scrooge's Himalayan bottlecap adventure "Tralla La"
- Travel along with Scrooge as he searches for glittering wool in "The Golden Fleecing"
- Discover every kind of diamond imaginable (Carl Barks kind of imaginable) in "The Status Seeker"
- The Beagle Boys are at it again, this time taking on "The Unsafe Safe"
- What? Someone else after Scrooge's money in "The Horseradish Story"?
- "Giant Robot Robbers" run wild in Duckburg with one particular Money Bin in their sights!

Enjoy!

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before
they were
DuckTales
by Carl Barks
VOLUME 2



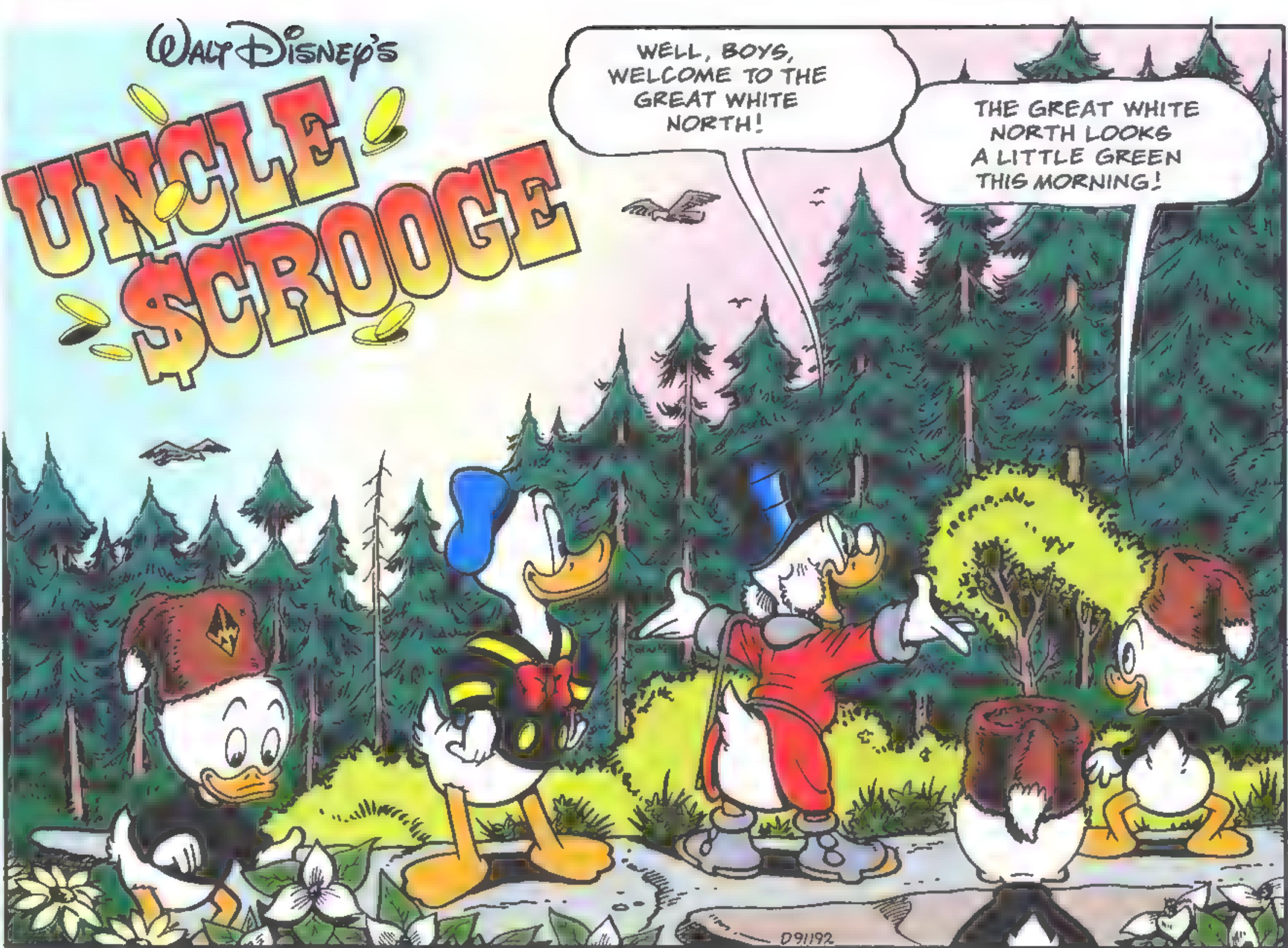
Need help finding a comic shop near you? Visit the Comic Shop Locator Service at <http://csls.diamondcomics.com> or call 1-888-COMIC-BOOK (toll-free)!

(W)alt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE

WELL, BOYS,
WELCOME TO THE
GREAT WHITE
NORTH!

THE GREAT WHITE
NORTH LOOKS
A LITTLE GREEN
THIS MORNING!



WHITE OR GREEN, IT WAS NICE
OF YOU TO BRING US ON YOUR TOUR
OF YOUR CANADIAN MILLS, UNCA
SCROOGE!

WE MIGHT EARN OUR
MERIT BADGES IN
LEARNING THE
SQUAWKS OF THE
COMMON LOON!

SEEMS LIKE YOU COULD
DO THAT BACK HOME,
LIVING WITH YOUR
UNCLE DONALD!

WE CAN DO SOME
NATURE STUDIES!

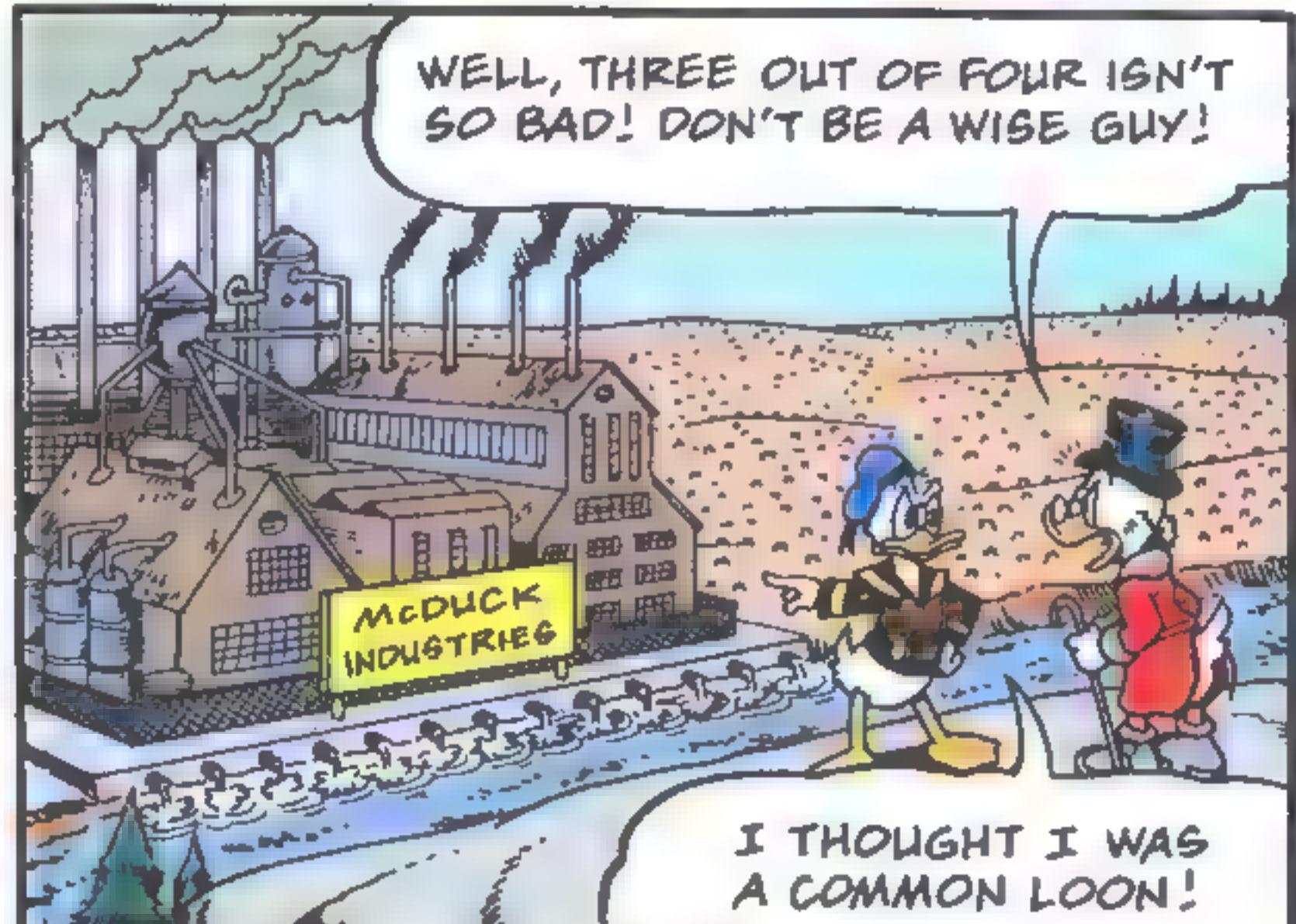
JUST LOOK AT THE BEAUTY
THAT SURROUNDS US ON ALL
SIDES! CLEAN, UNSPOILED
VISTAS!

PARADISE TO
ALL FOUR COMPASS
POINTS —

TAP!
TAP!

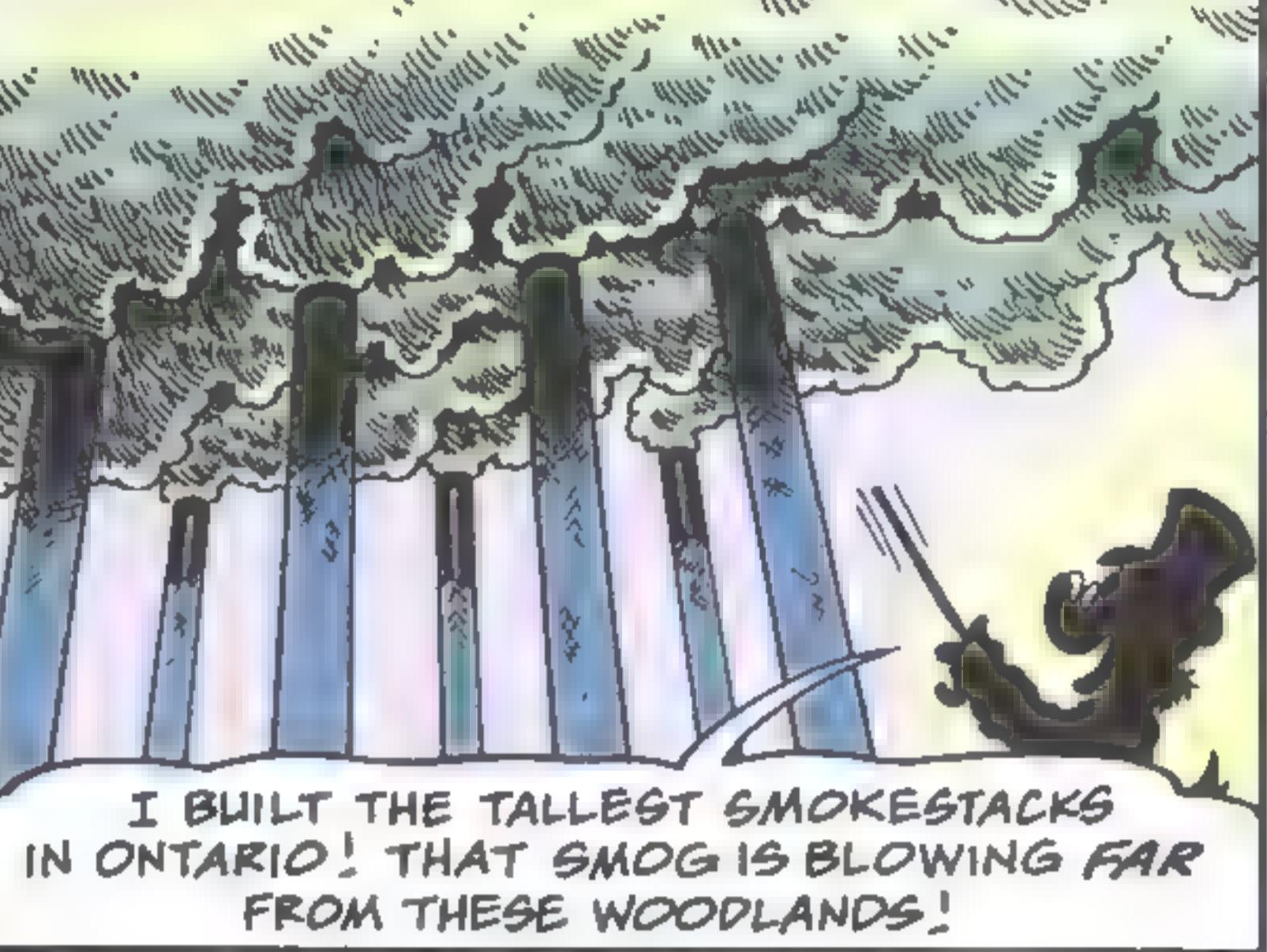
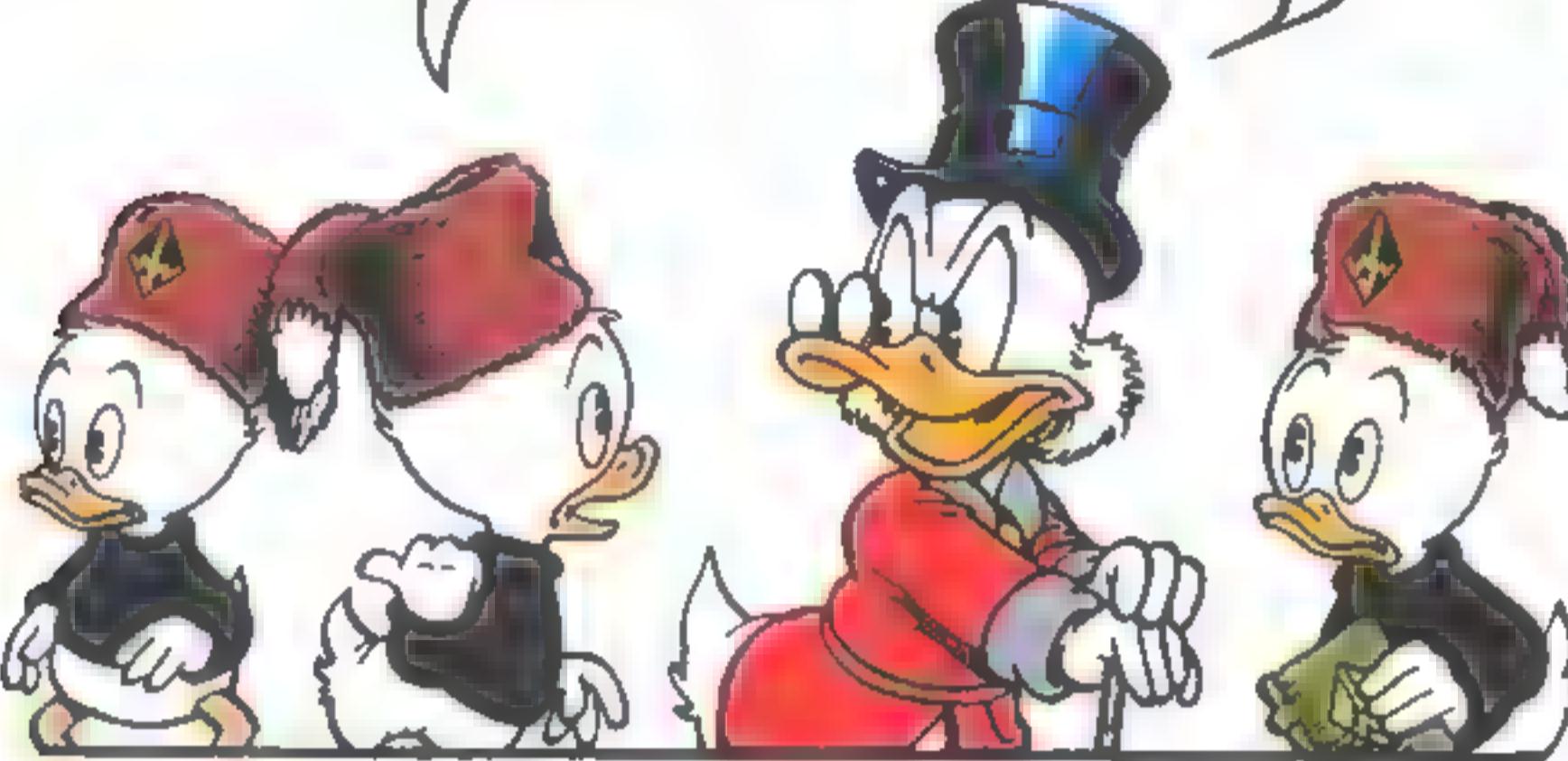
WELL, THREE OUT OF FOUR ISN'T
SO BAD! DON'T BE A WISE GUY!

I THOUGHT I WAS
A COMMON LOON!



YOU AREN'T POLLUTING
THE FOREST WITH THAT PULP
MILL, ARE YOU, UNCA SCROOGE?

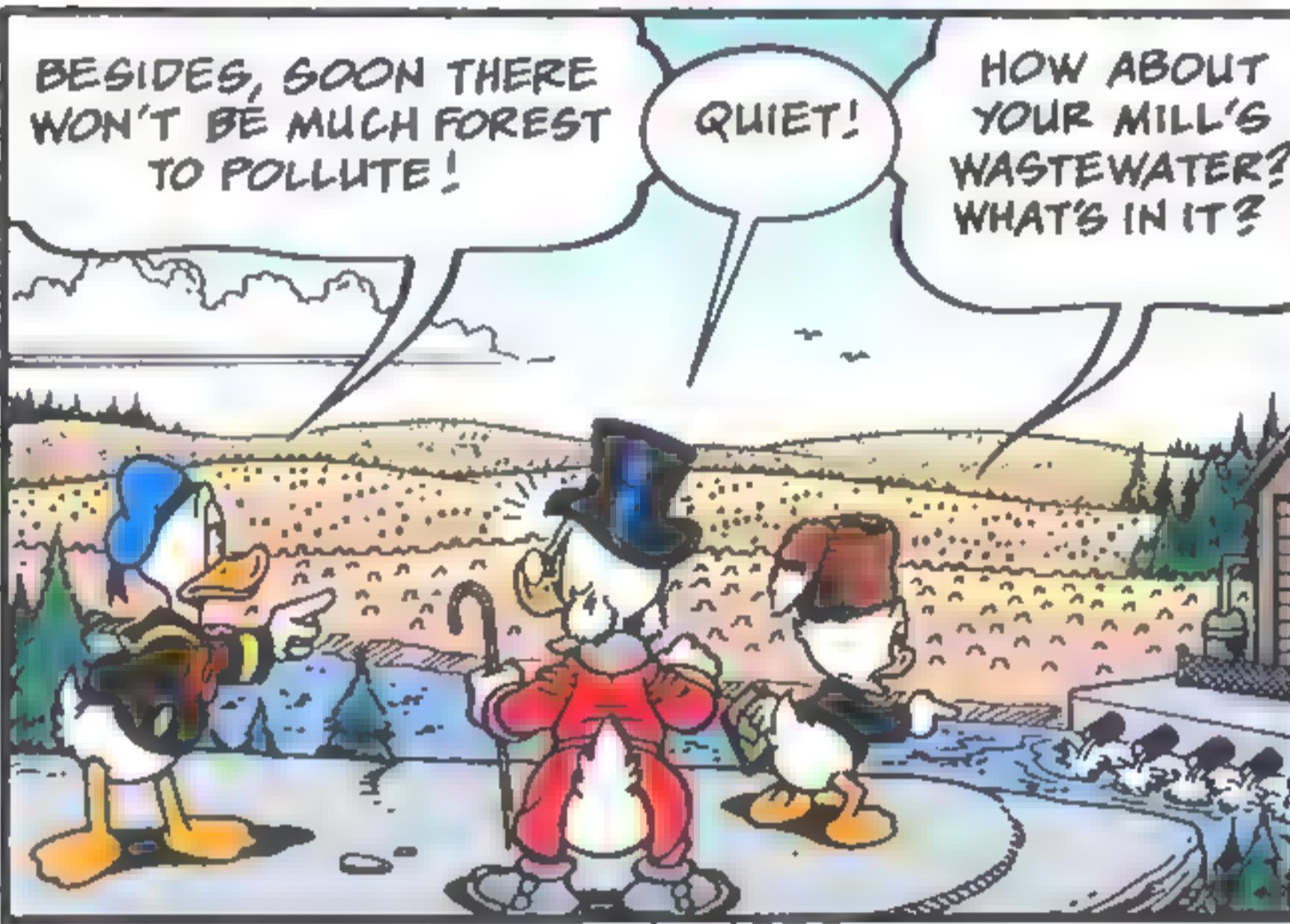
OF
COURSE
NOT!



BESIDES, SOON THERE
WON'T BE MUCH FOREST
TO POLLUTE!

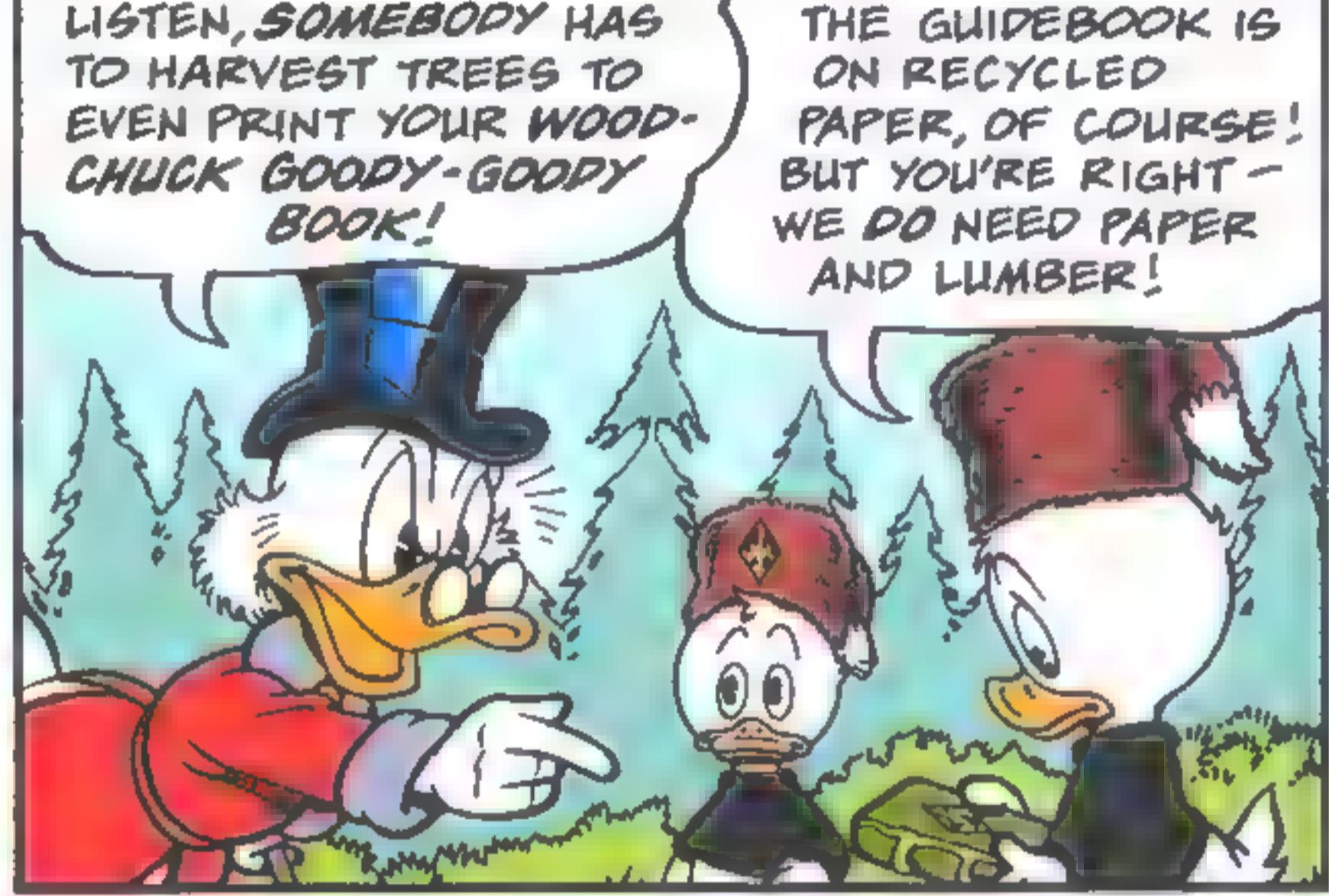
QUIET!

HOW ABOUT
YOUR MILL'S
WASTEWATER?
WHAT'S IN IT?



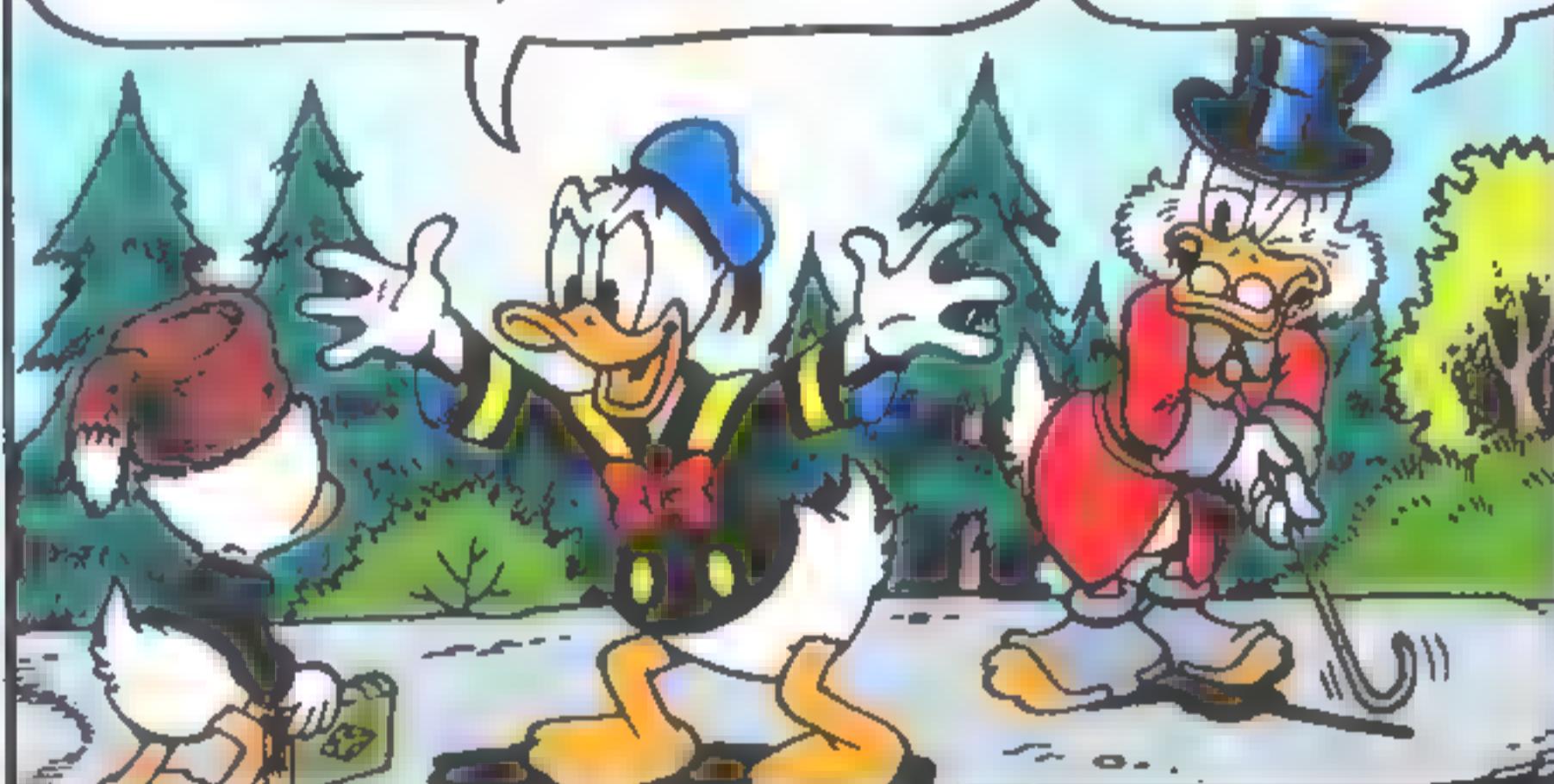
LISTEN, SOMEBODY HAS
TO HARVEST TREES TO
EVEN PRINT YOUR WOOD-
CHUCK GOODY-GOODY
BOOK!

THE GUIDEBOOK IS
ON RECYCLED
PAPER, OF COURSE!
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT—
WE DO NEED PAPER
AND LUMBER!

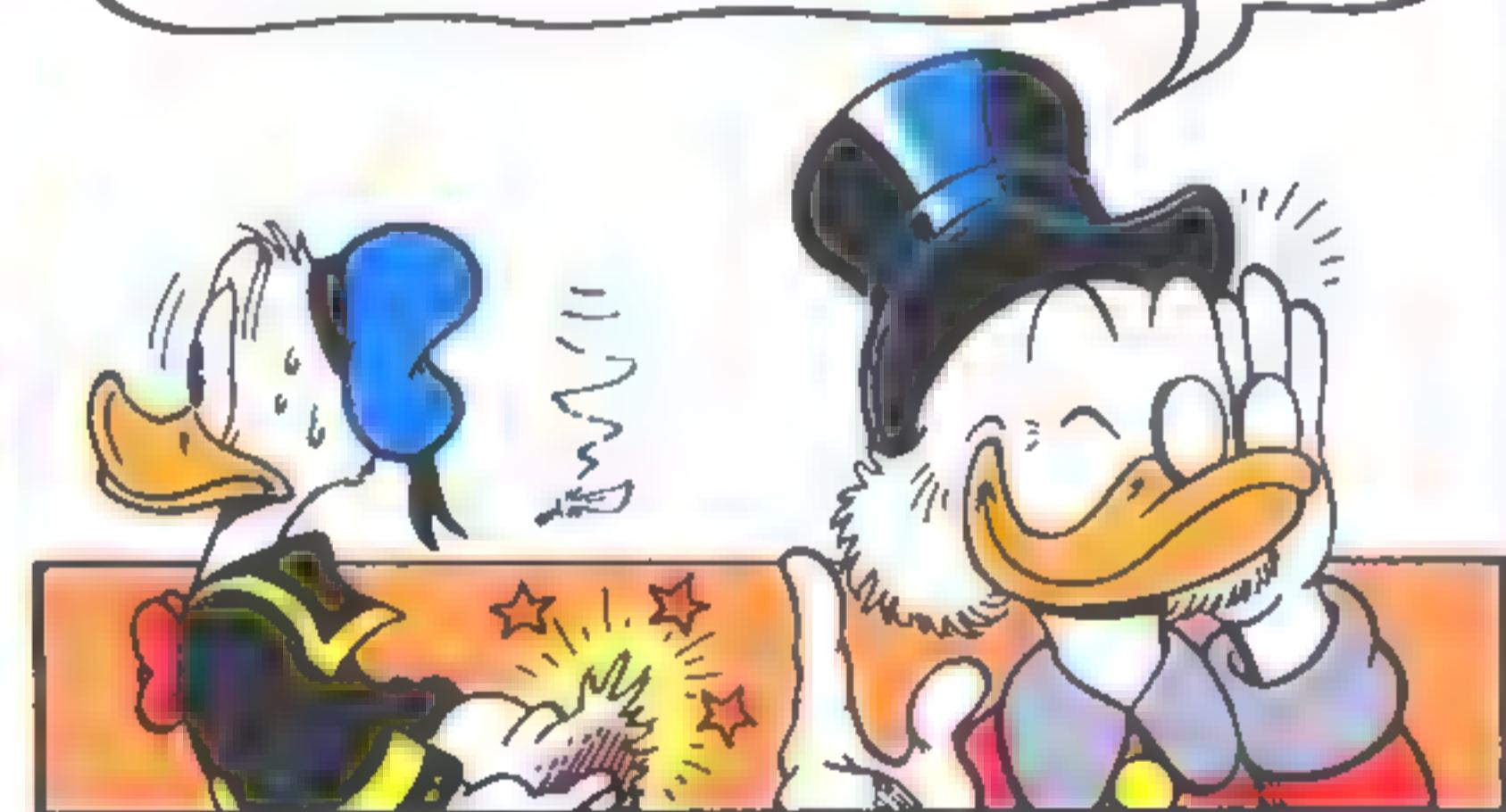


GIVE POOR UNCLE SCROOGE A
BREAK! MAKING LUMBER ISN'T
EASY! WOOD DOESN'T GROW
ON TREES, Y'KNOW!

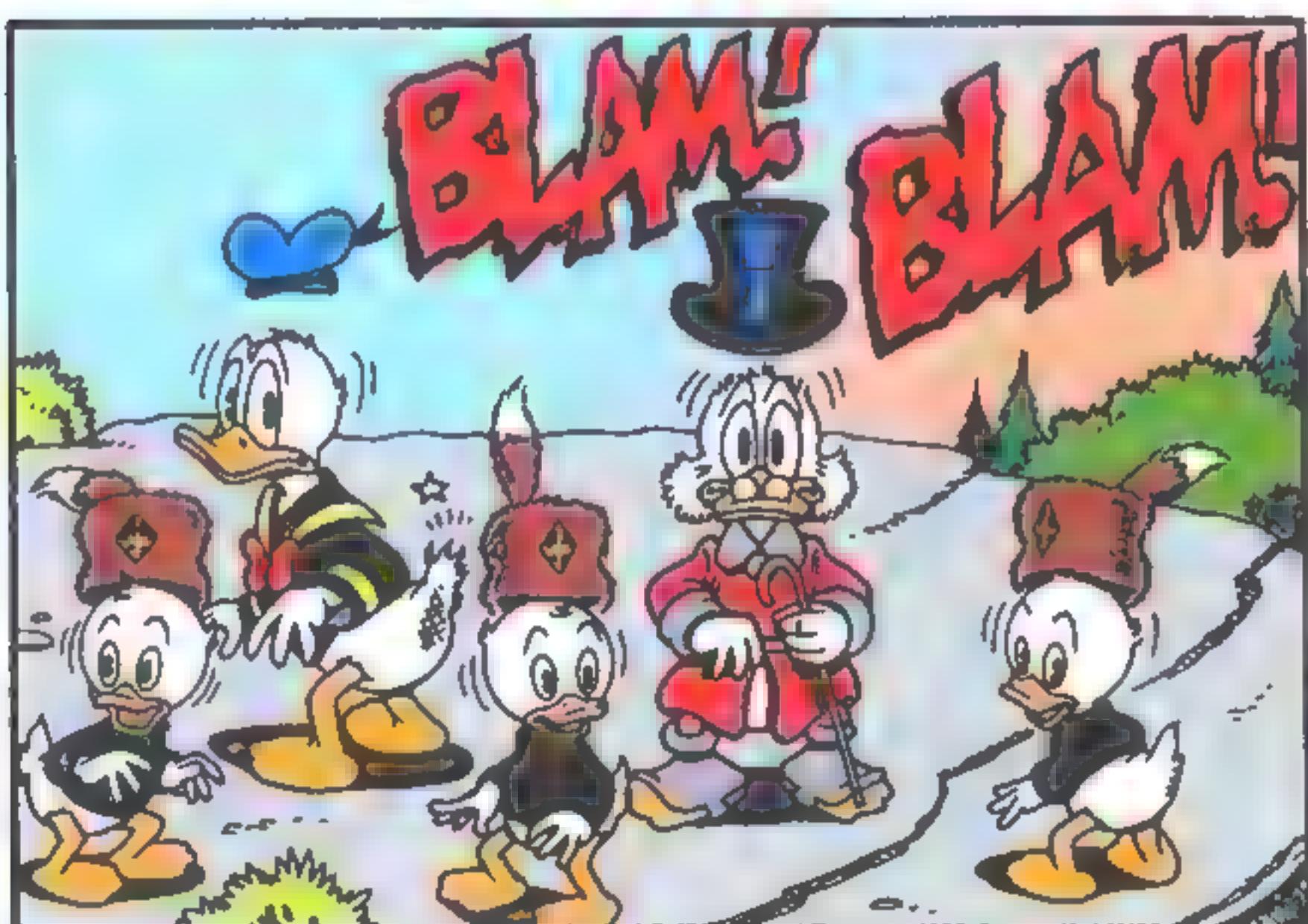
WHEN I WANT
YOUR HELP,
I'LL ASK FOR
IT!



IF YOU DON'T LIKE SEEING MY MILL,
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND ENJOY THE
PEACE AND QUIET! SO RESTFUL, SO—

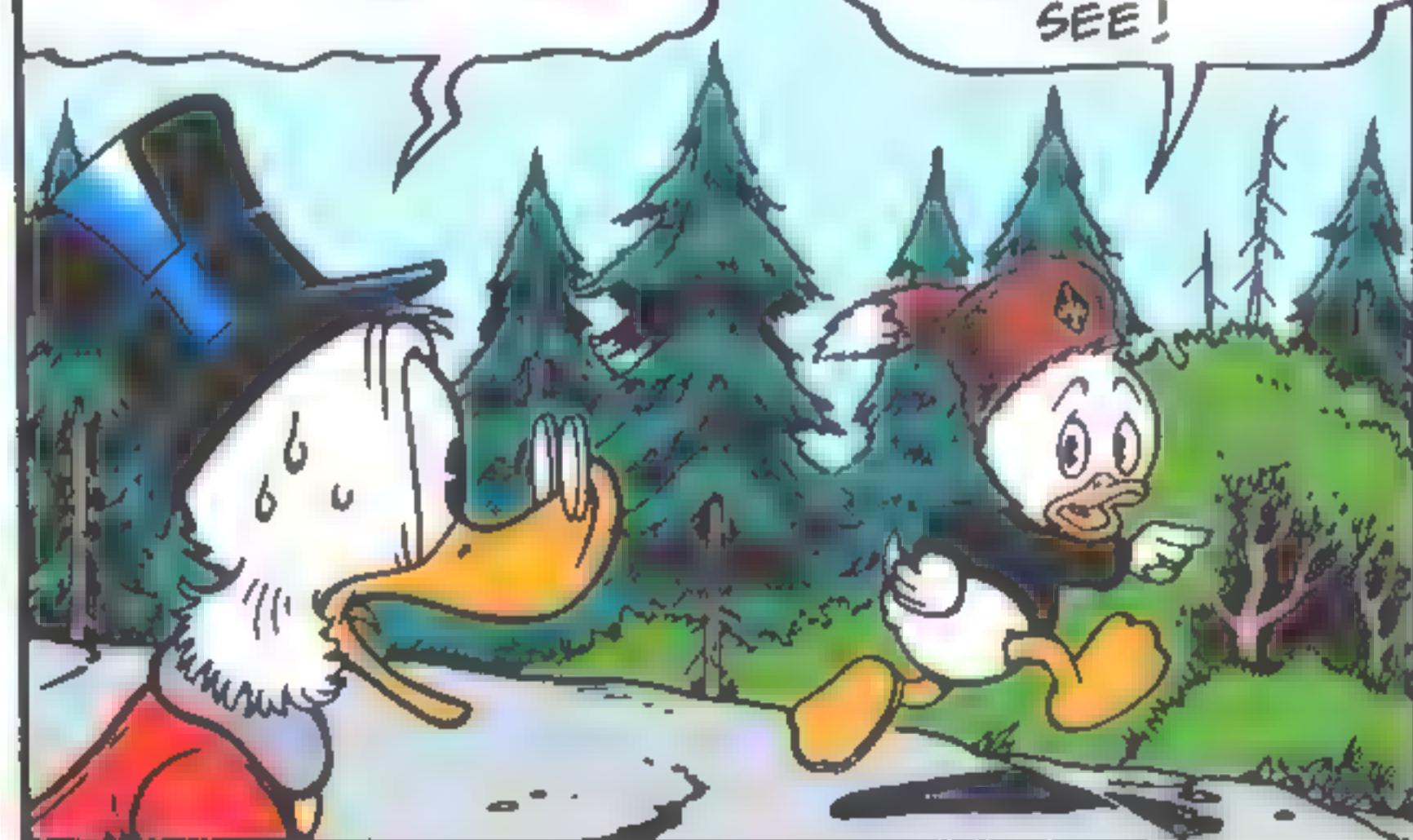


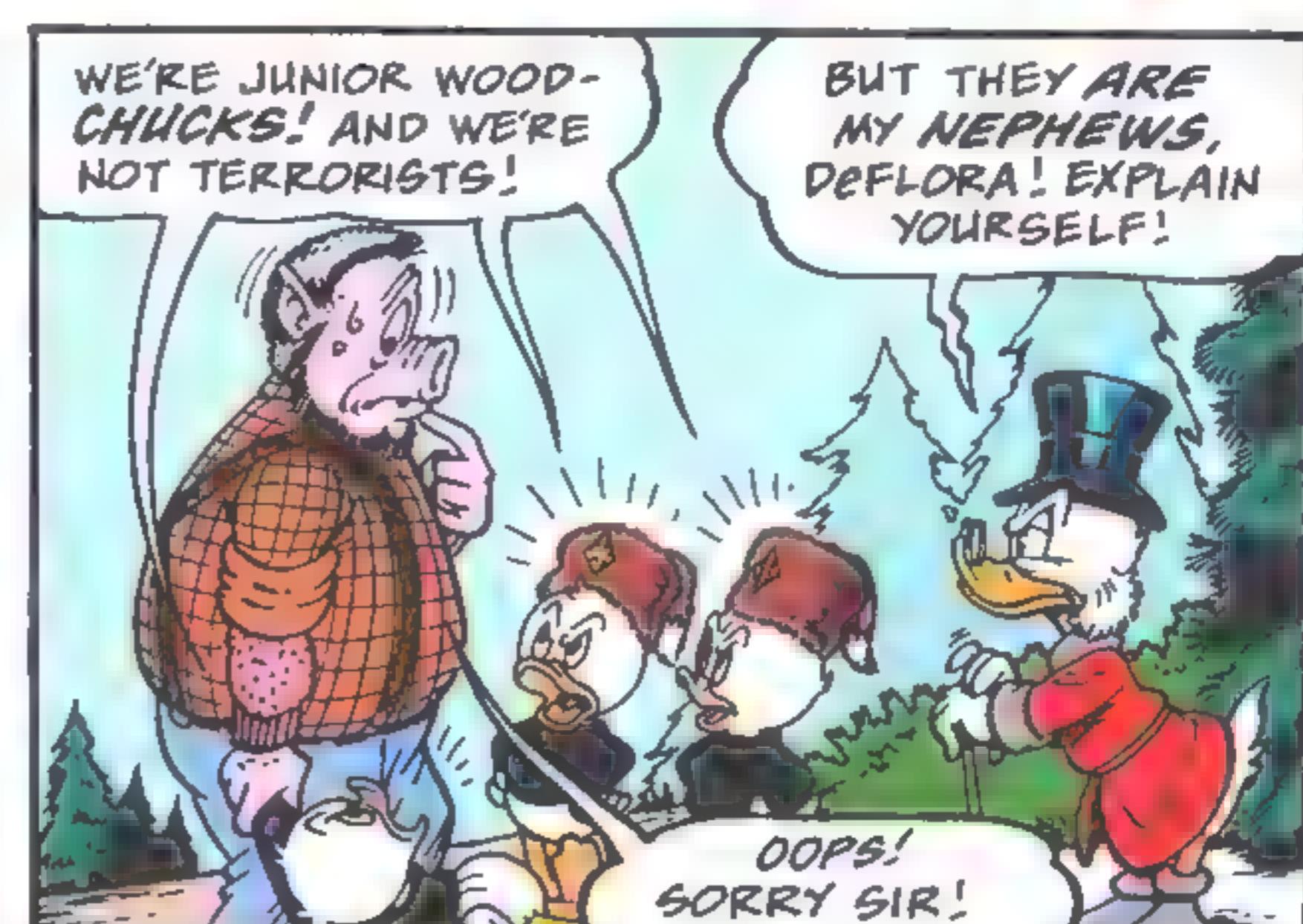
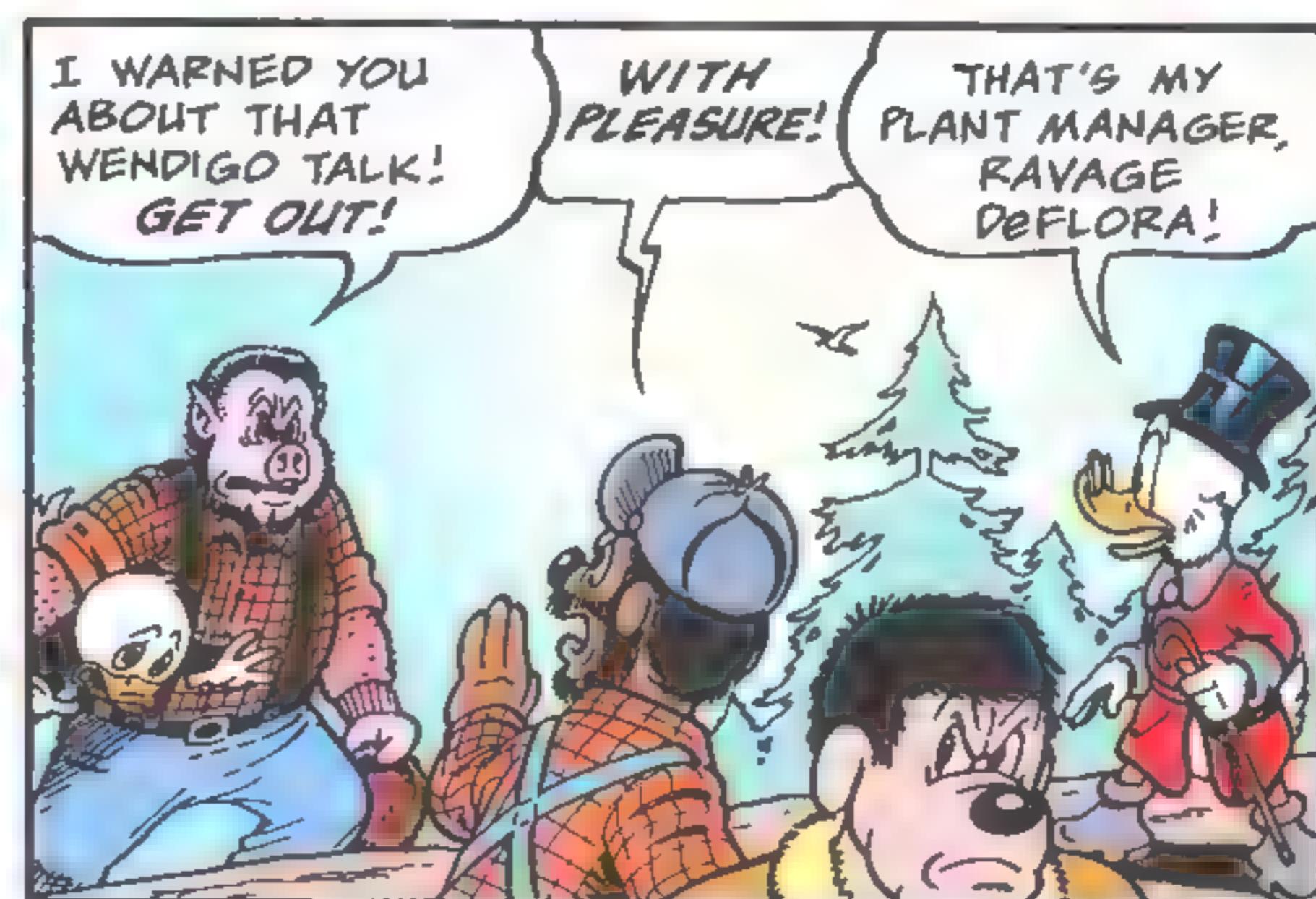
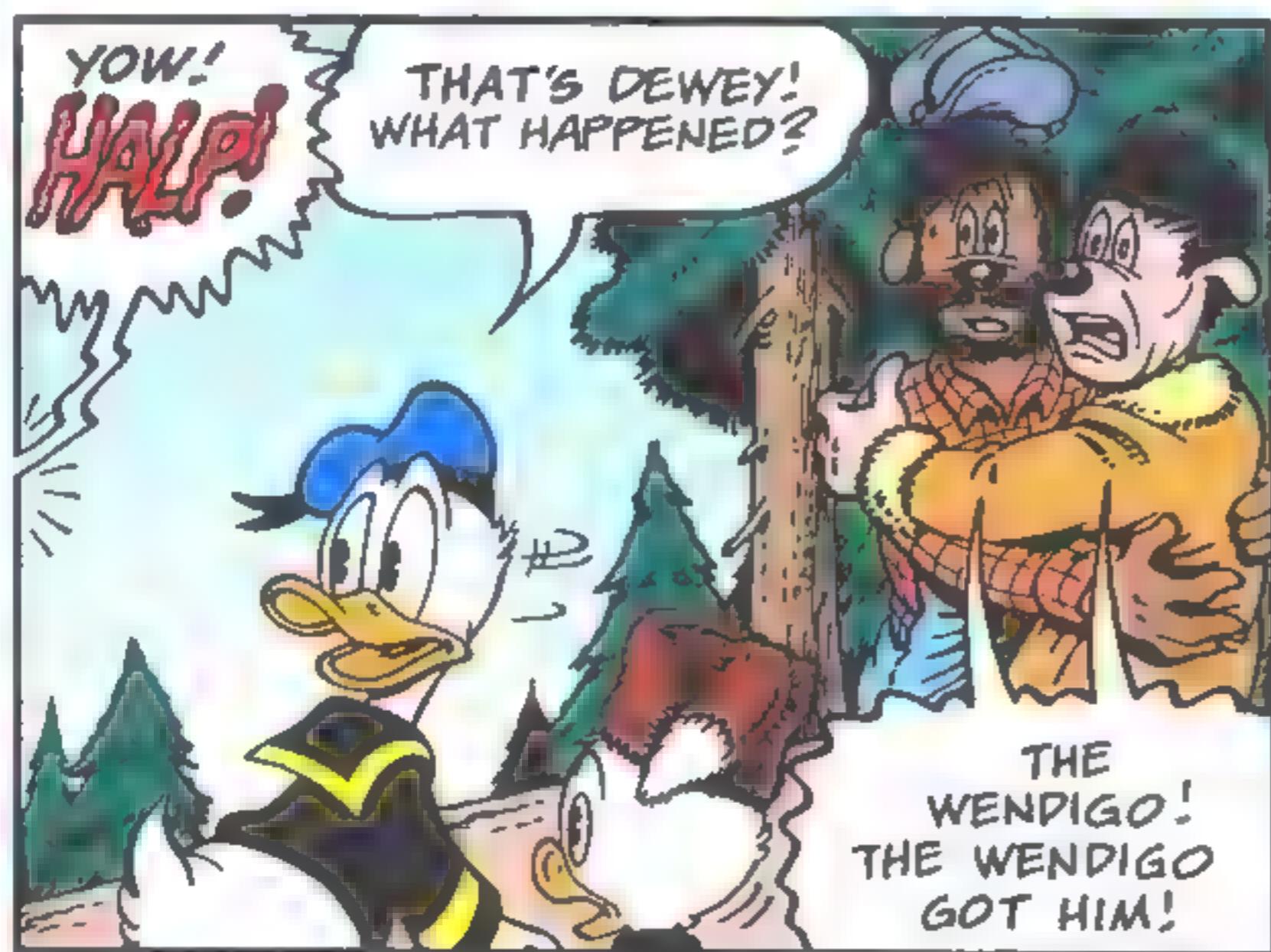
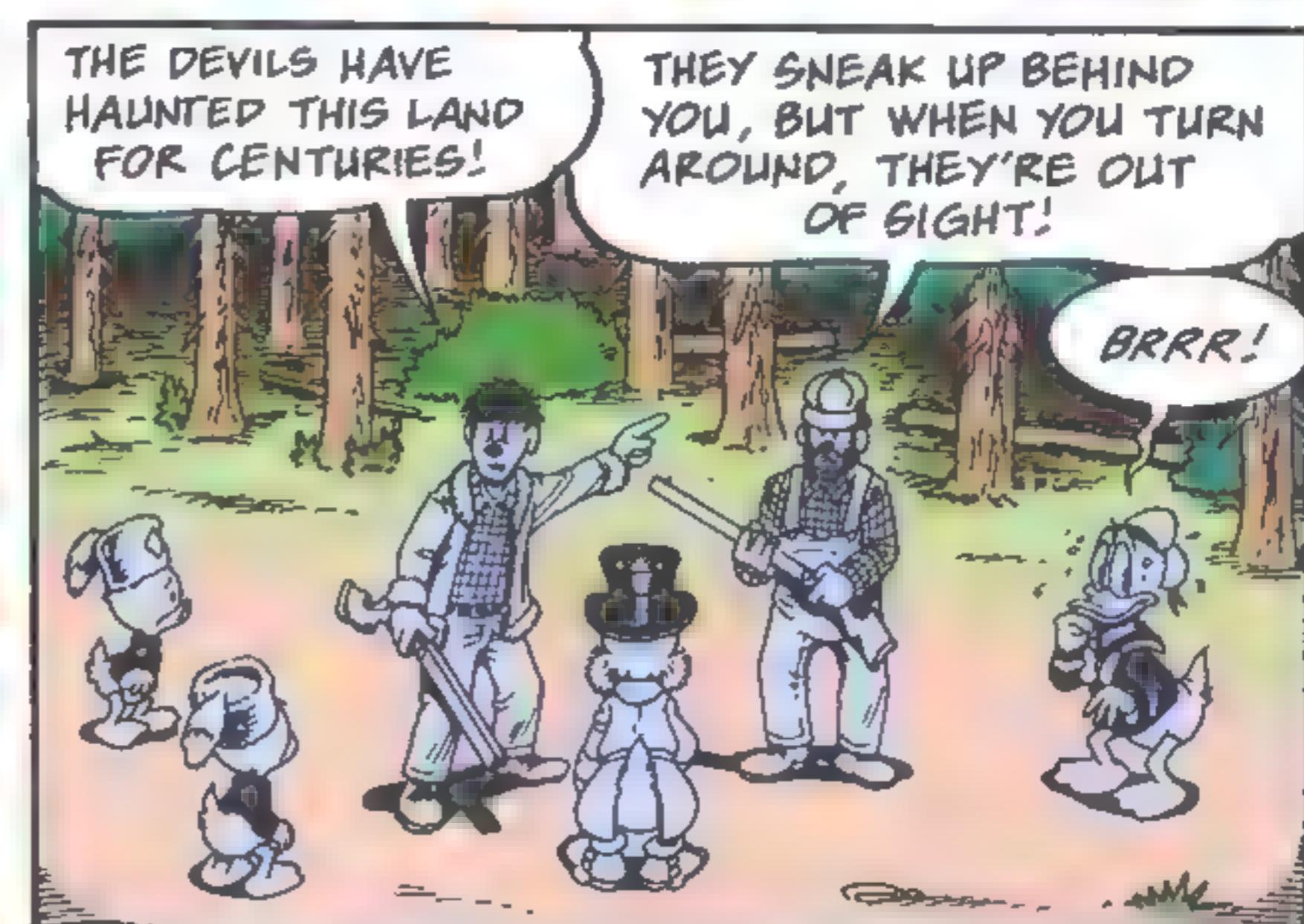
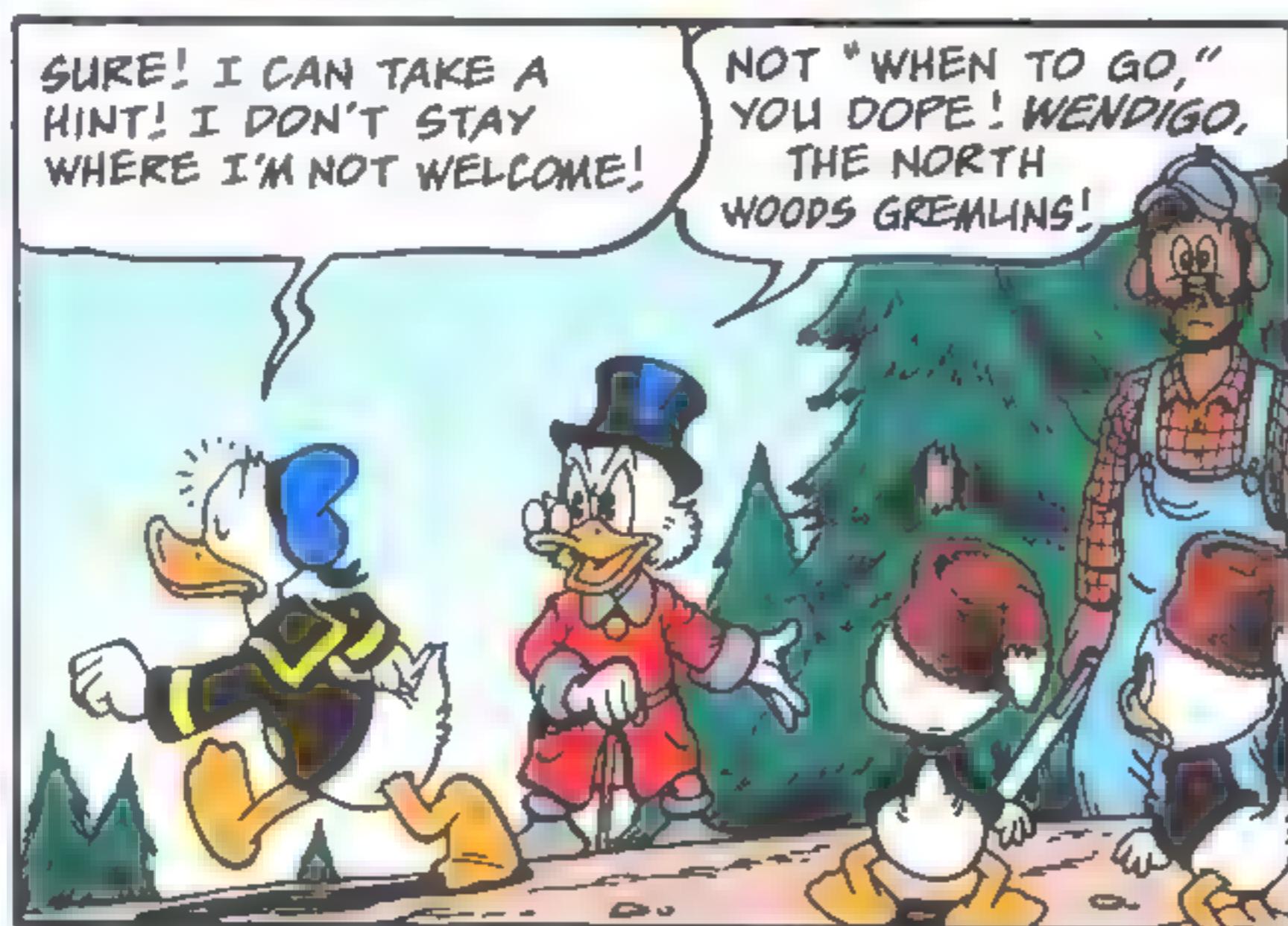
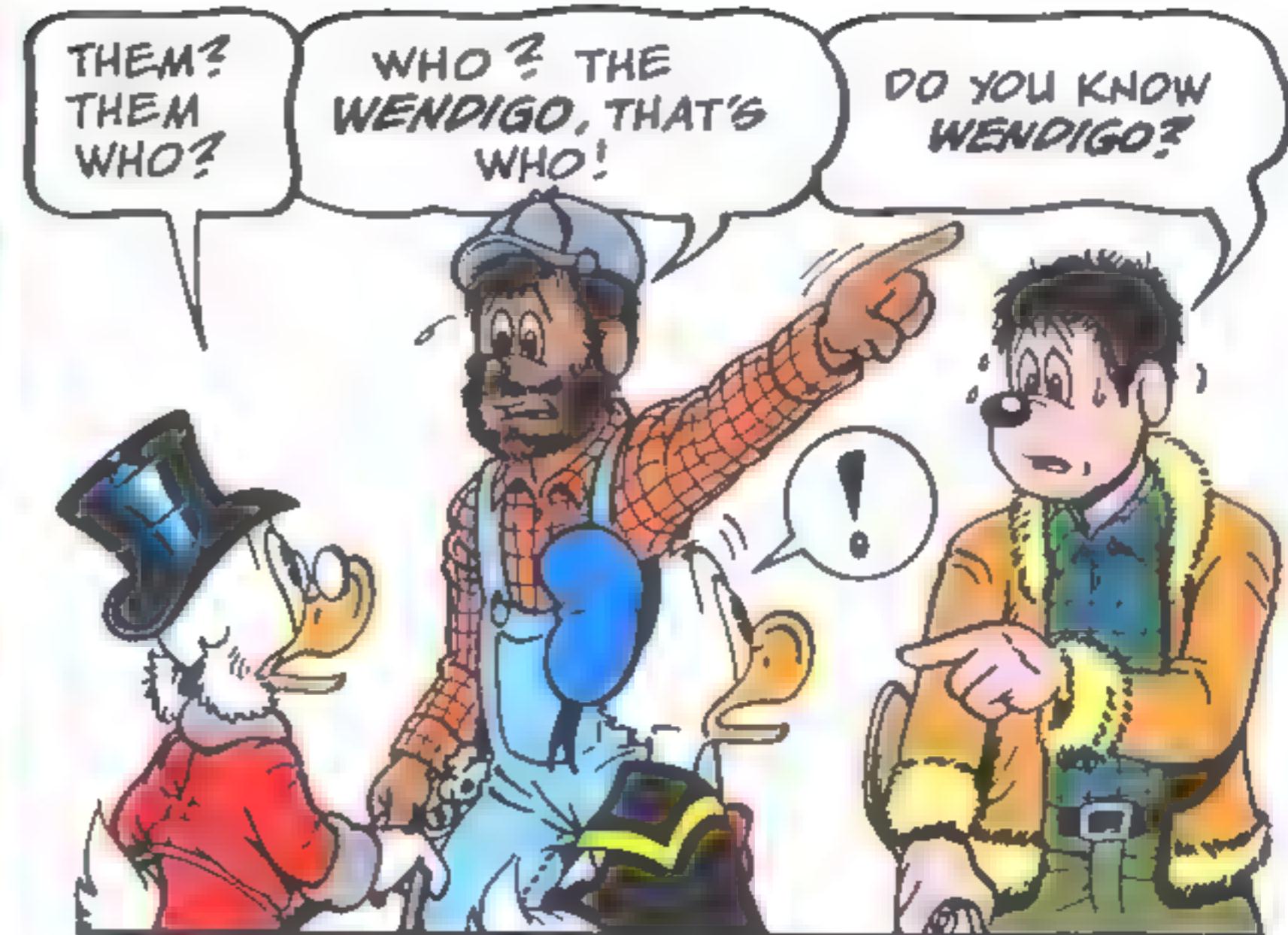
BLAM!
BLAM!



WHAT THE DOOZLE-
FEATHERS WAS THAT?

SHOTGUN
BLASTS! LET'S GO
SEE!





FOR YEARS WE'VE GOTTEN MAIL FROM THESE MINIATURE NATURE BOYS ABOUT HOW WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY SPOILING THEIR PRECIOUS WOODS!



LOOK, KID, SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT IS FINE AND DANDY, BUT NOT IF IT COSTS ME MY JOB! HOW CAN YOU EVEN COMPARE THE TWO?



ANIMAL LOVERS - BAH! GIVE BAMBI HALF A CHANCE AND HE'LL TAKE YOUR ARM OFF WITH HIS FANGS!

WOODCHUCKS OR WENDIGO - WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THEM?



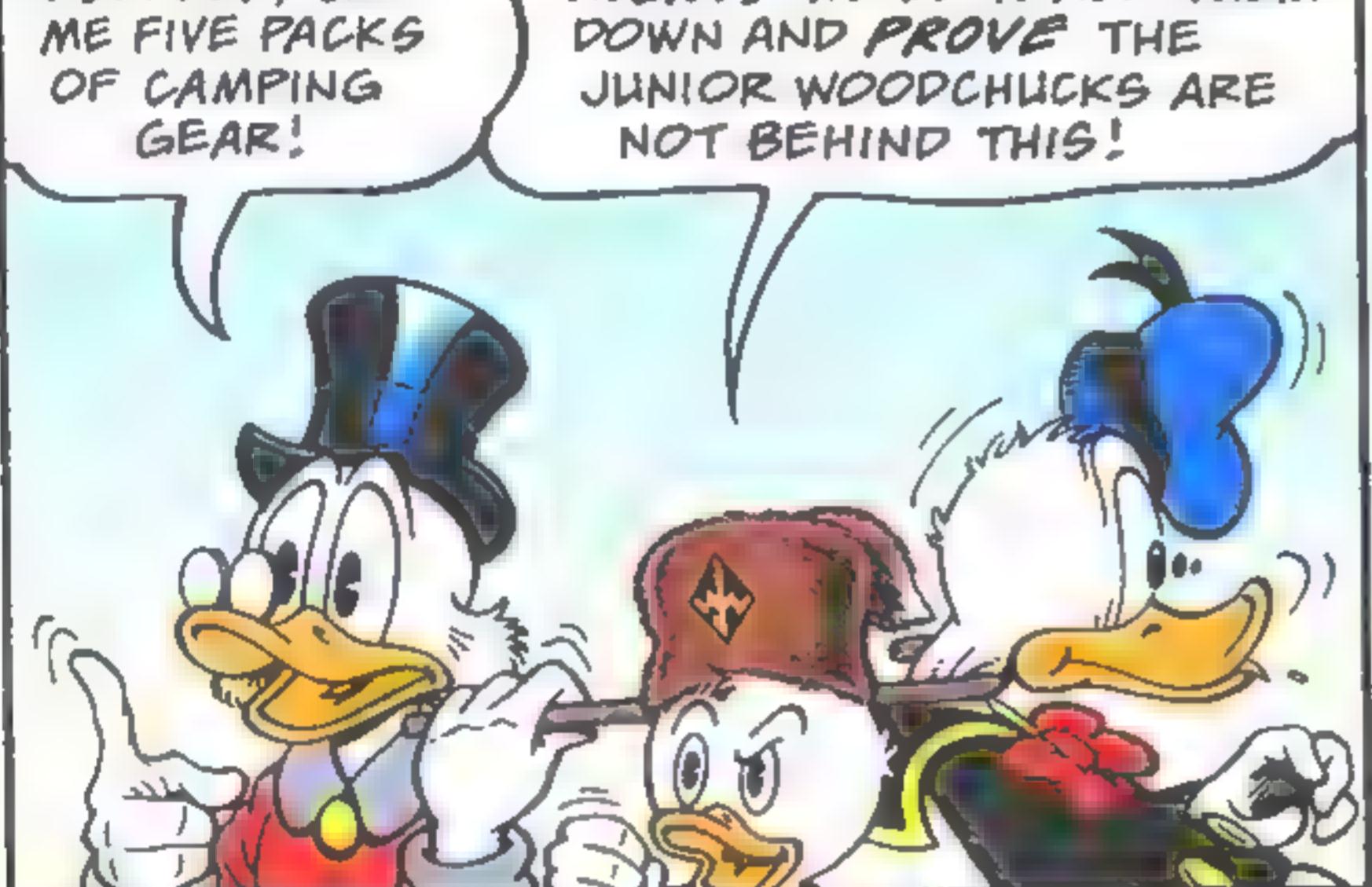
MY GUARDS ARE WIMPS! THEY WON'T TRACK THOSE VANDALS INTO THE WOODS AND CATCH THEM!

HMM... UH-OH!



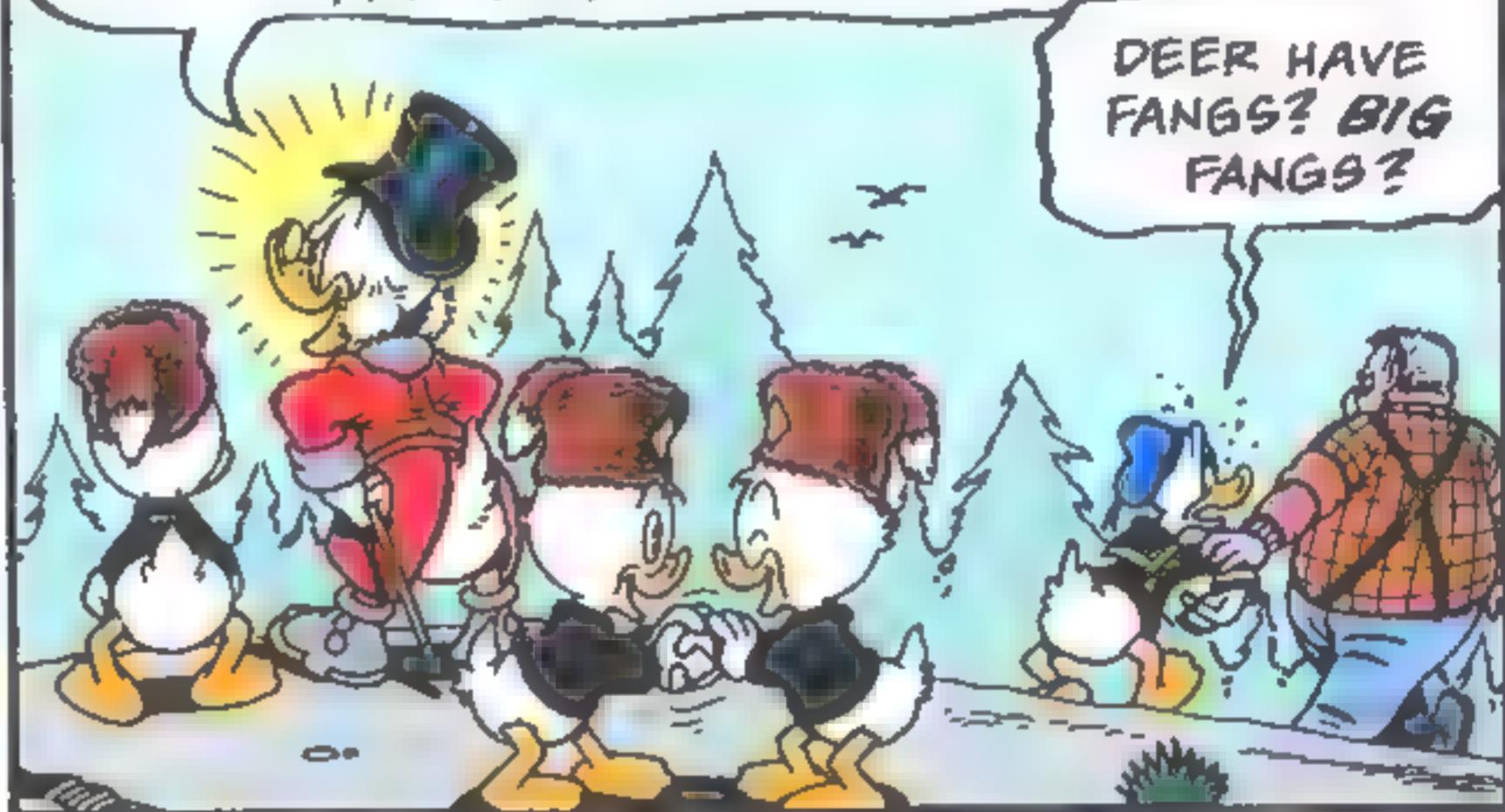
DEFLORA, GET ME FIVE PACKS OF CAMPING GEAR!

RIGHT! WE'LL TRACK THEM DOWN AND PROVE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS ARE NOT BEHIND THIS!

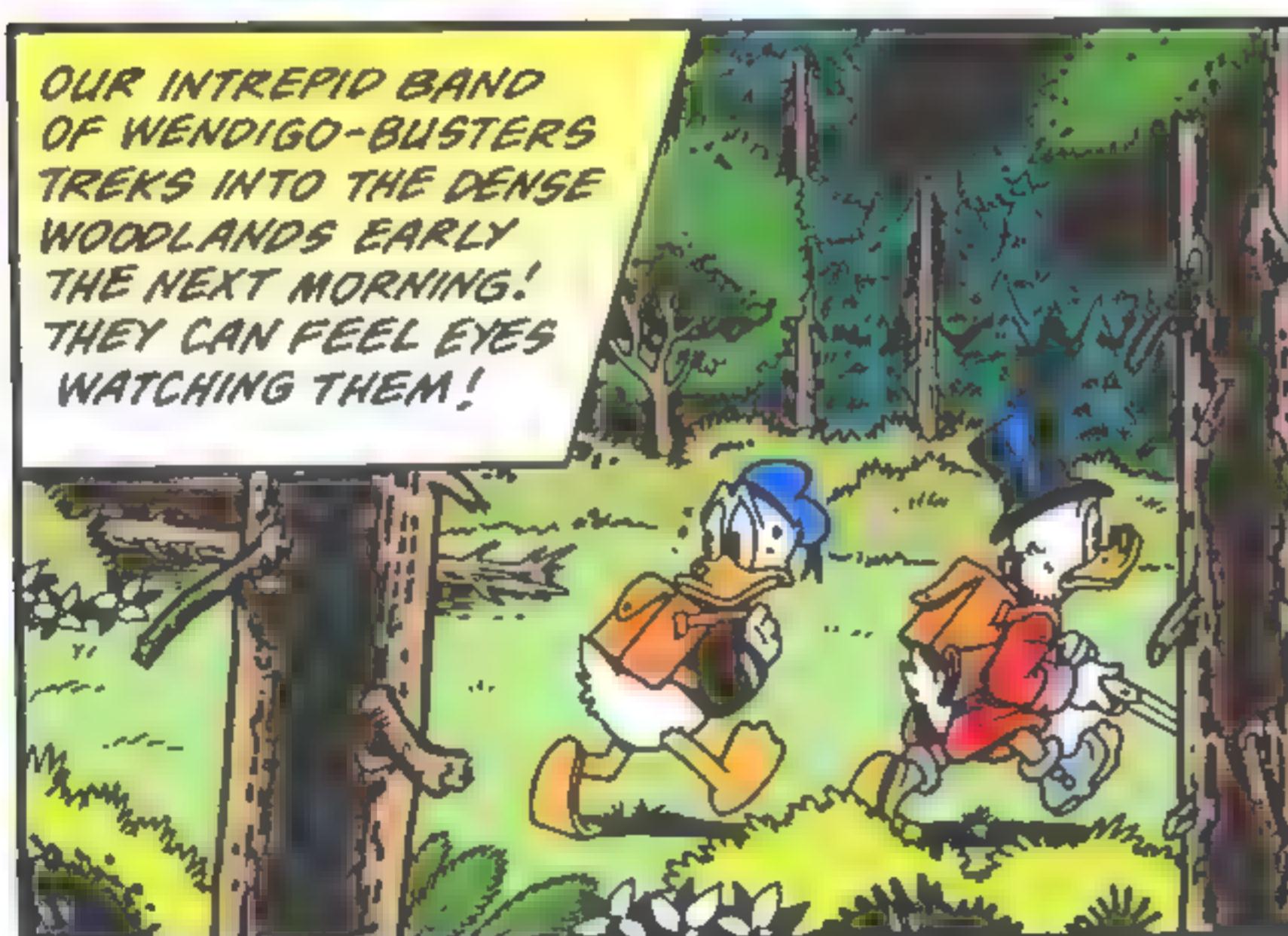


I'VE MATCHED WITS WITH MY SHARE OF LEGENDARY CREATURES! YETI, HARPIES!... THERE'S NOTHING IN THESE WOODS I CAN'T HANDLE!

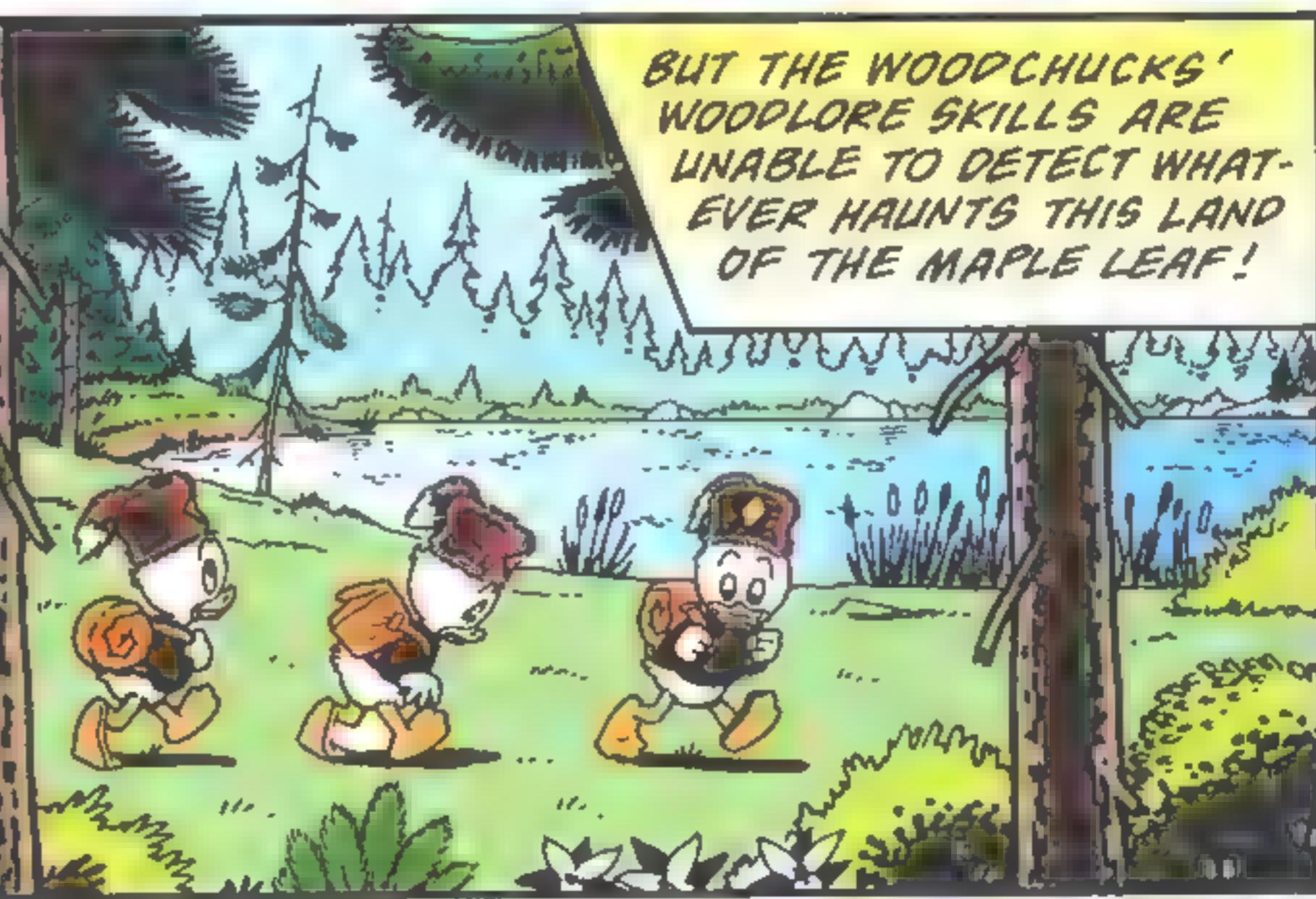
DEER HAVE FANGS? BIG FANGS?



OUR INTREPID BAND OF WENDIGO-BUSTERS TREKS INTO THE DENSE WOODLANDS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING! THEY CAN FEEL EYES WATCHING THEM!



BUT THE WOODCHUCKS' WOODLORE SKILLS ARE UNABLE TO DETECT WHAT-EVER HAUNTS THIS LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF!



I KNOW THE WENDIGO ARE FOLLOWING US! I CAN FEEL IT! AND EVERY SO OFTEN I CAN HEAR A--!

HA!

I'VE BEEN SEEING SOMETHING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE ALL DAY!

SO HAVE I, BUT NO MATTER HOW FAST YOU TURN AROUND, THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

THE WENDIGO ARE SUDDENLY VERY EASY TO FOLLOW! I WONDER IF...

BUT THIS TIME THEY LEFT TRACKS!

TINY TRACKS! LIKE CHILDREN!

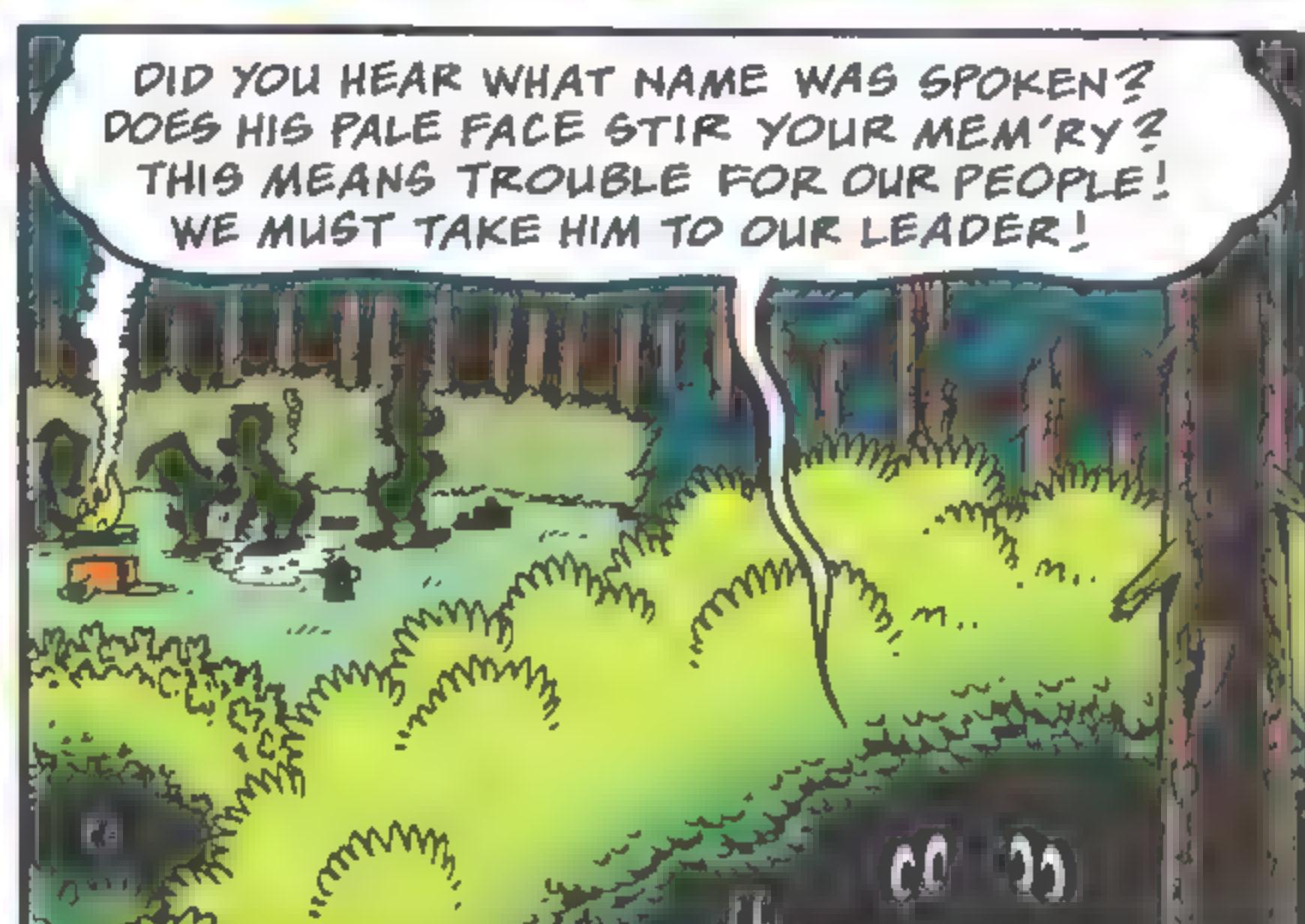
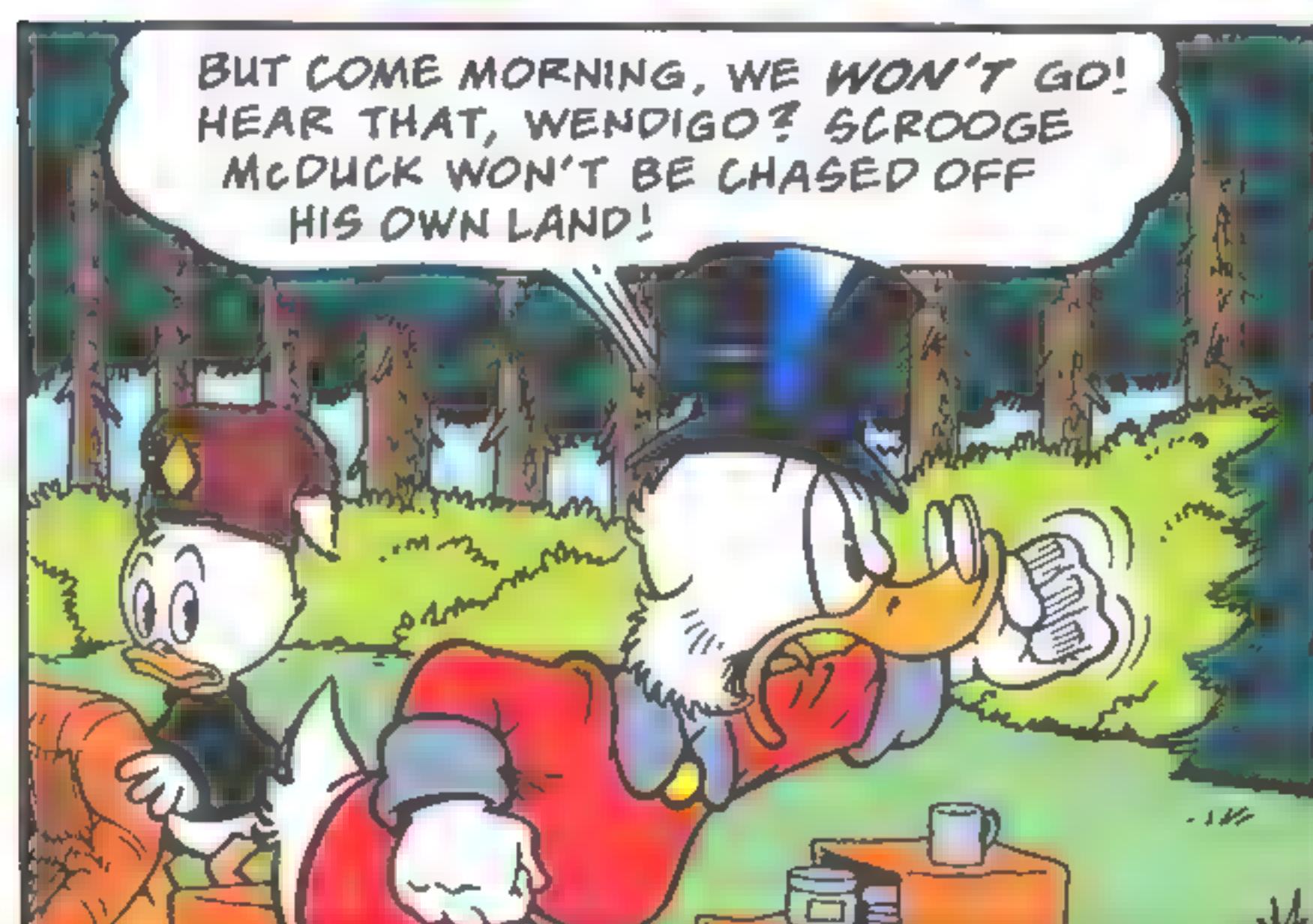
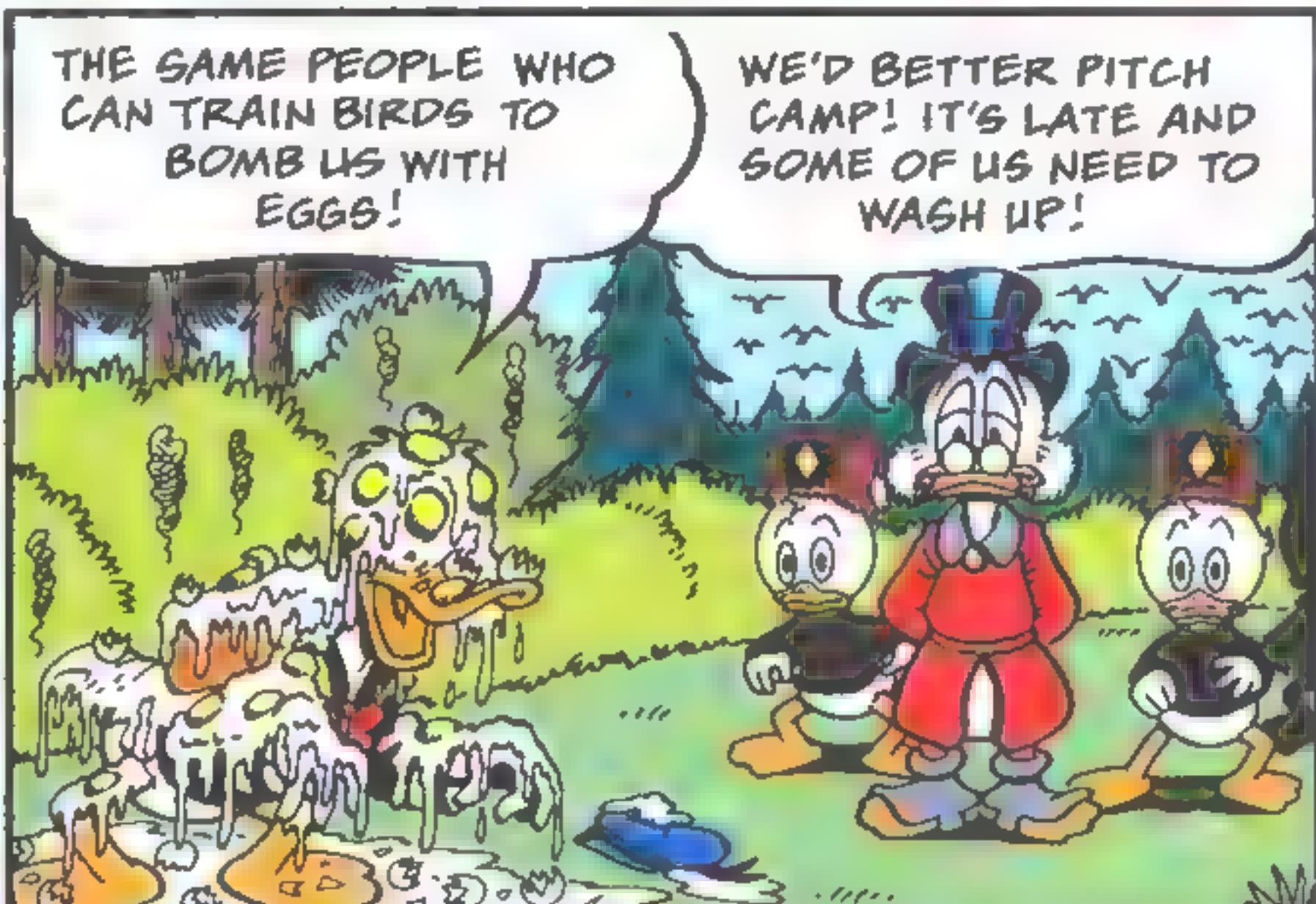
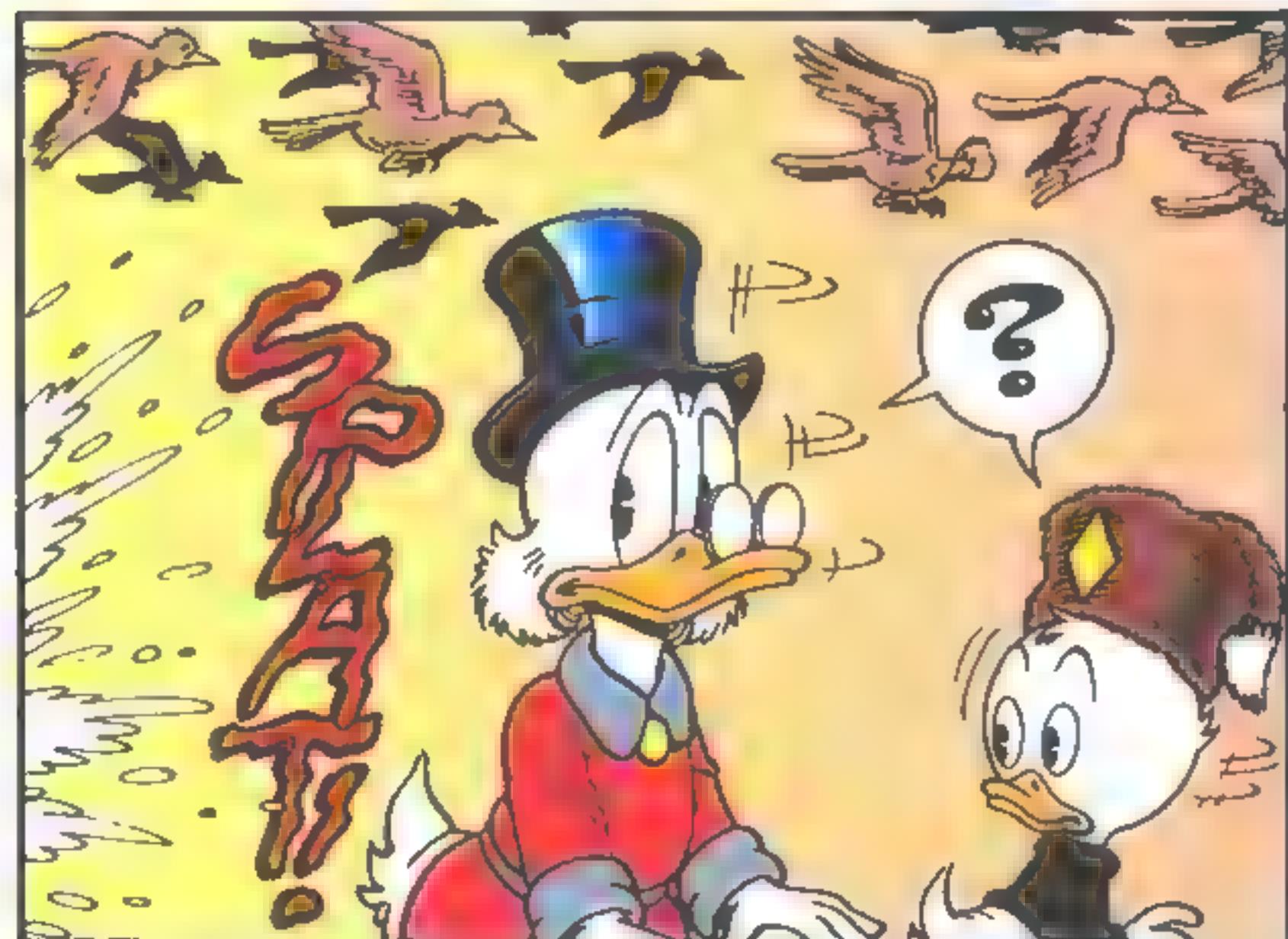
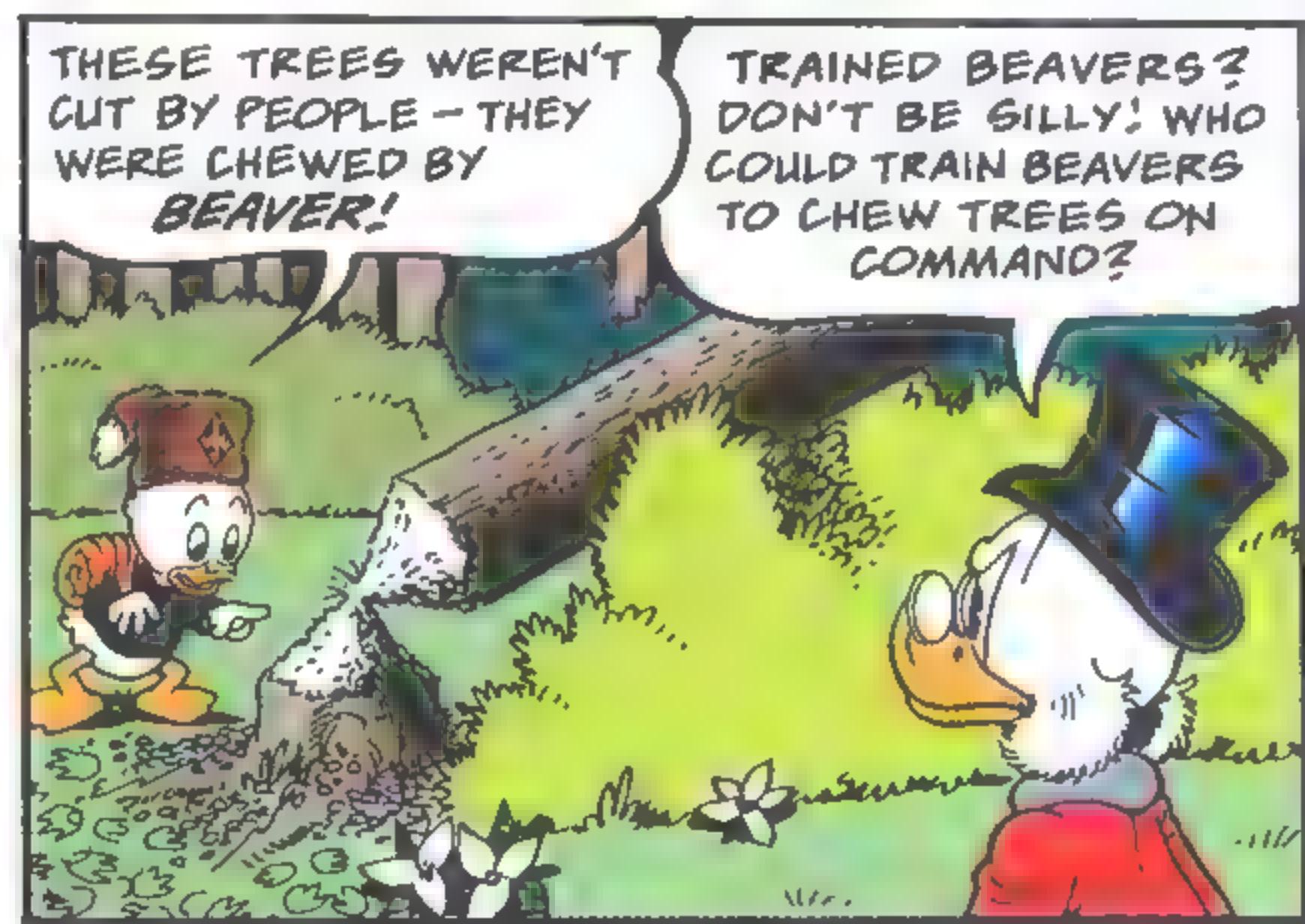
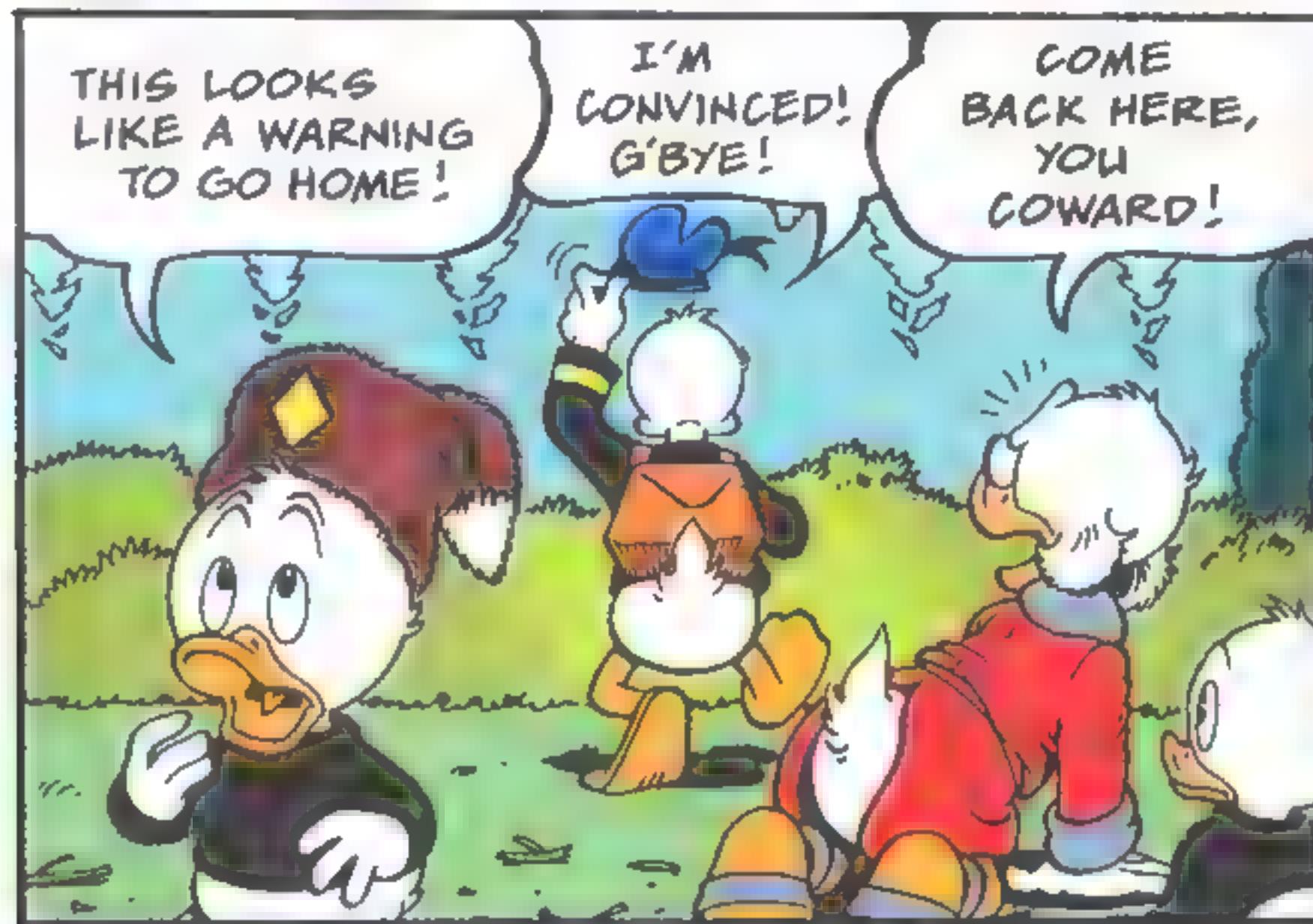
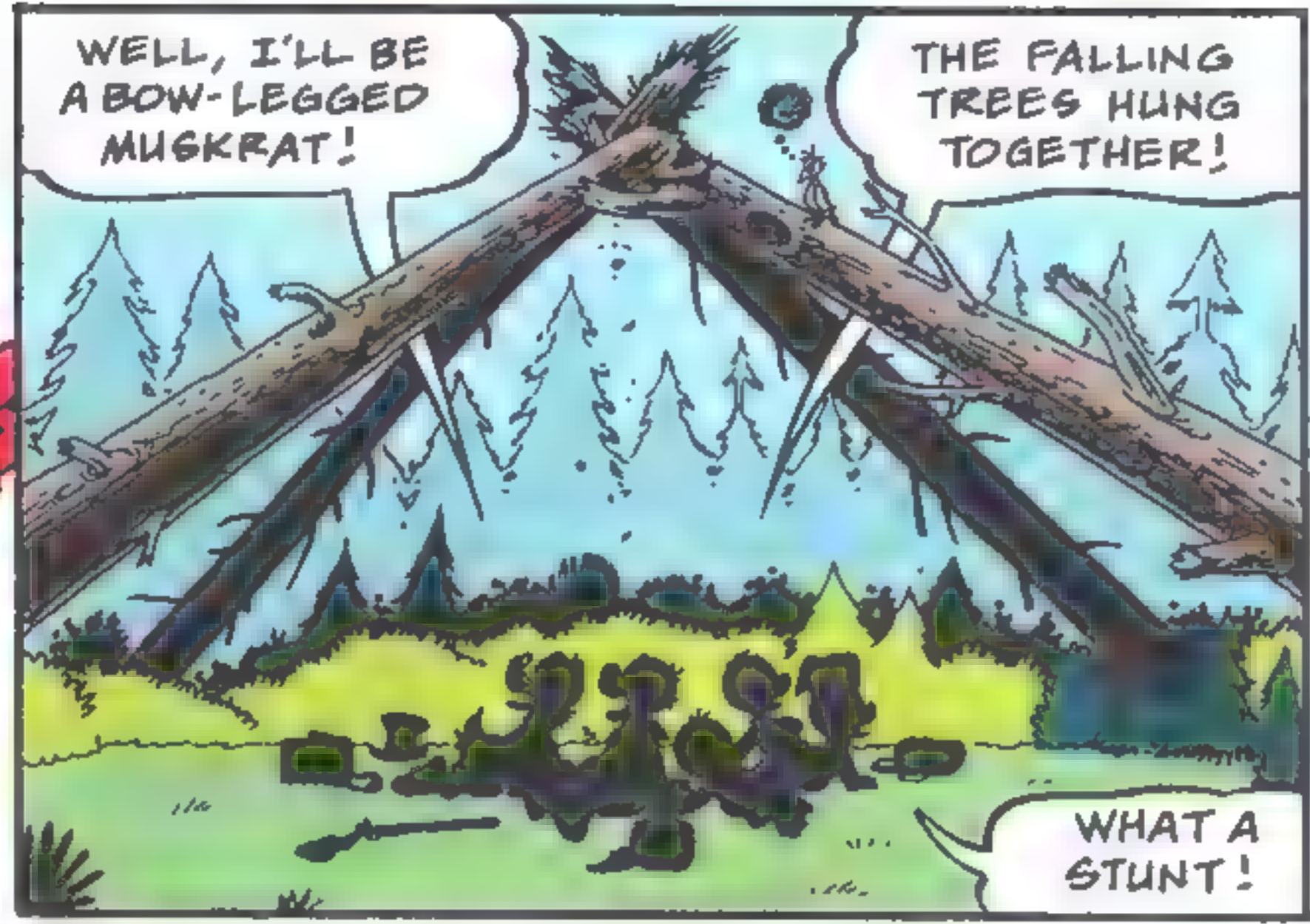
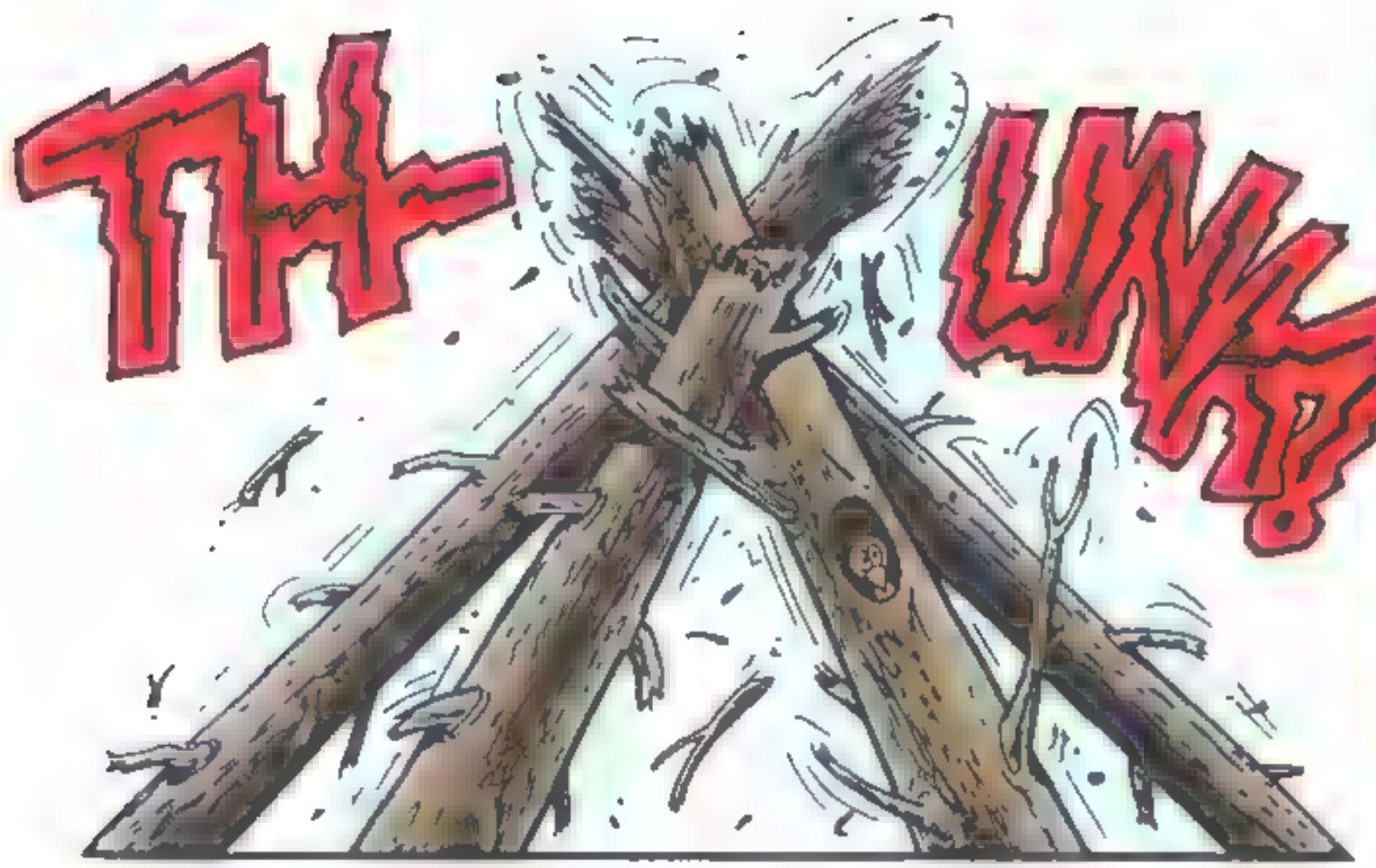
MAN-EATING DEER! EEK!

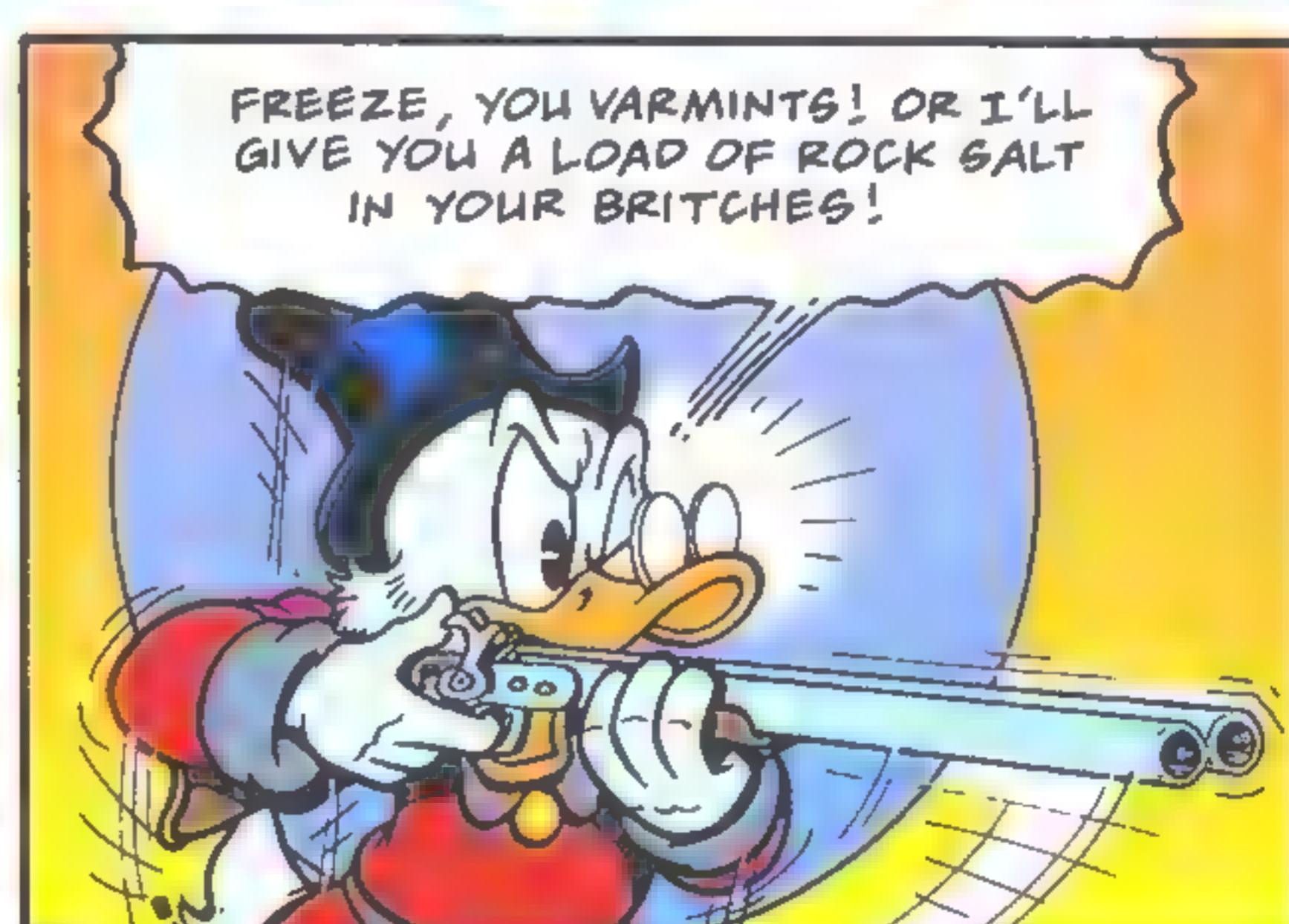
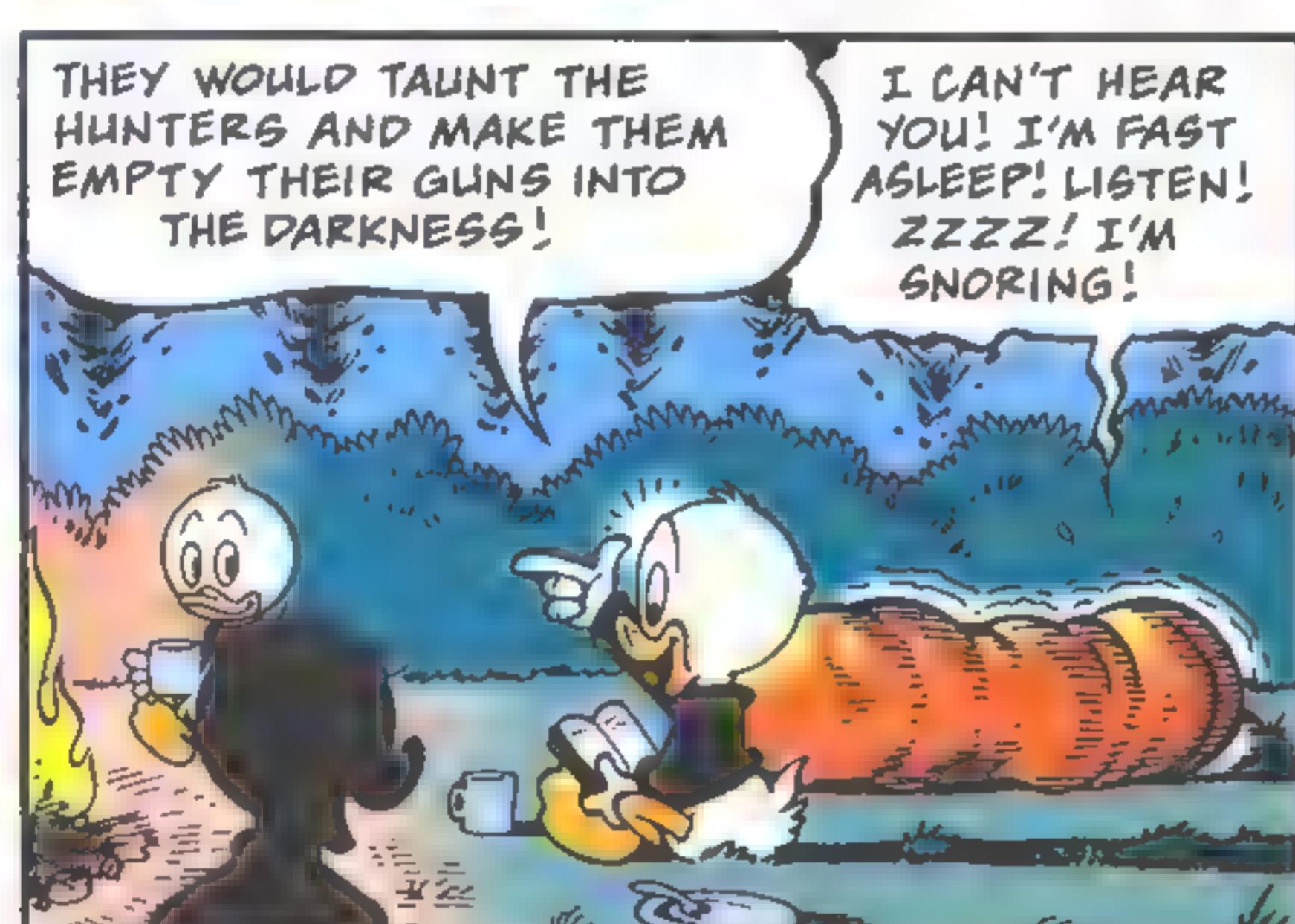
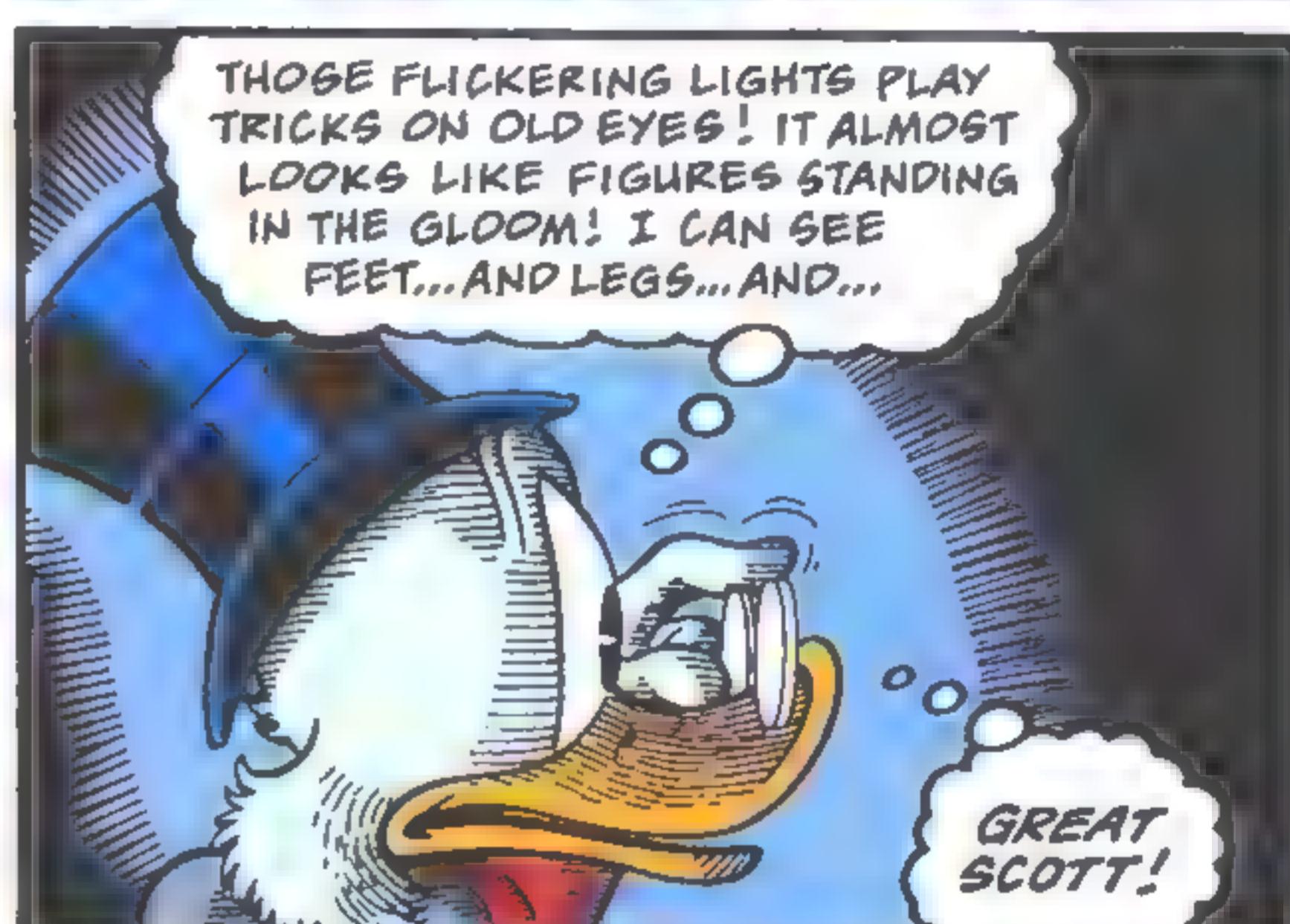
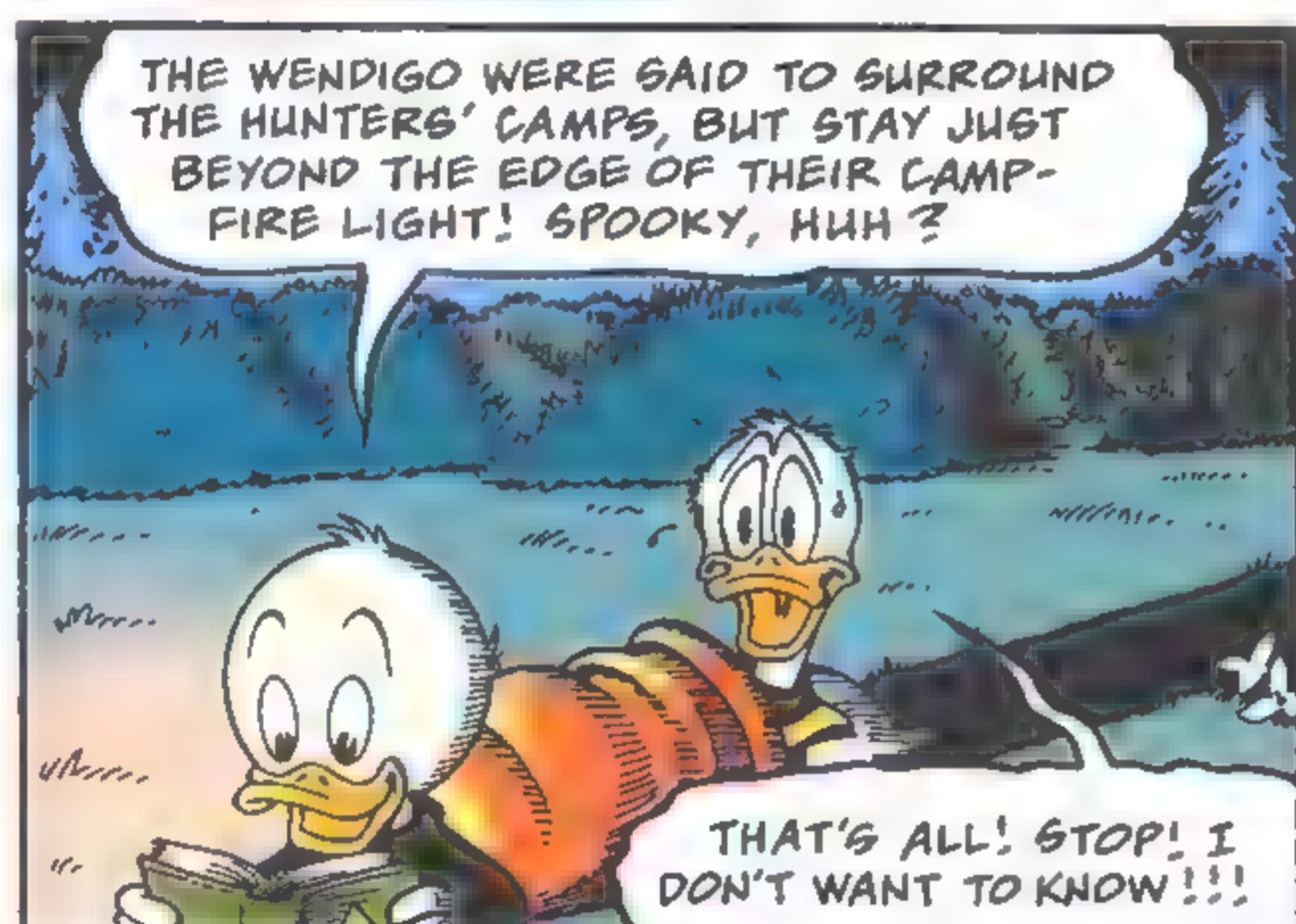
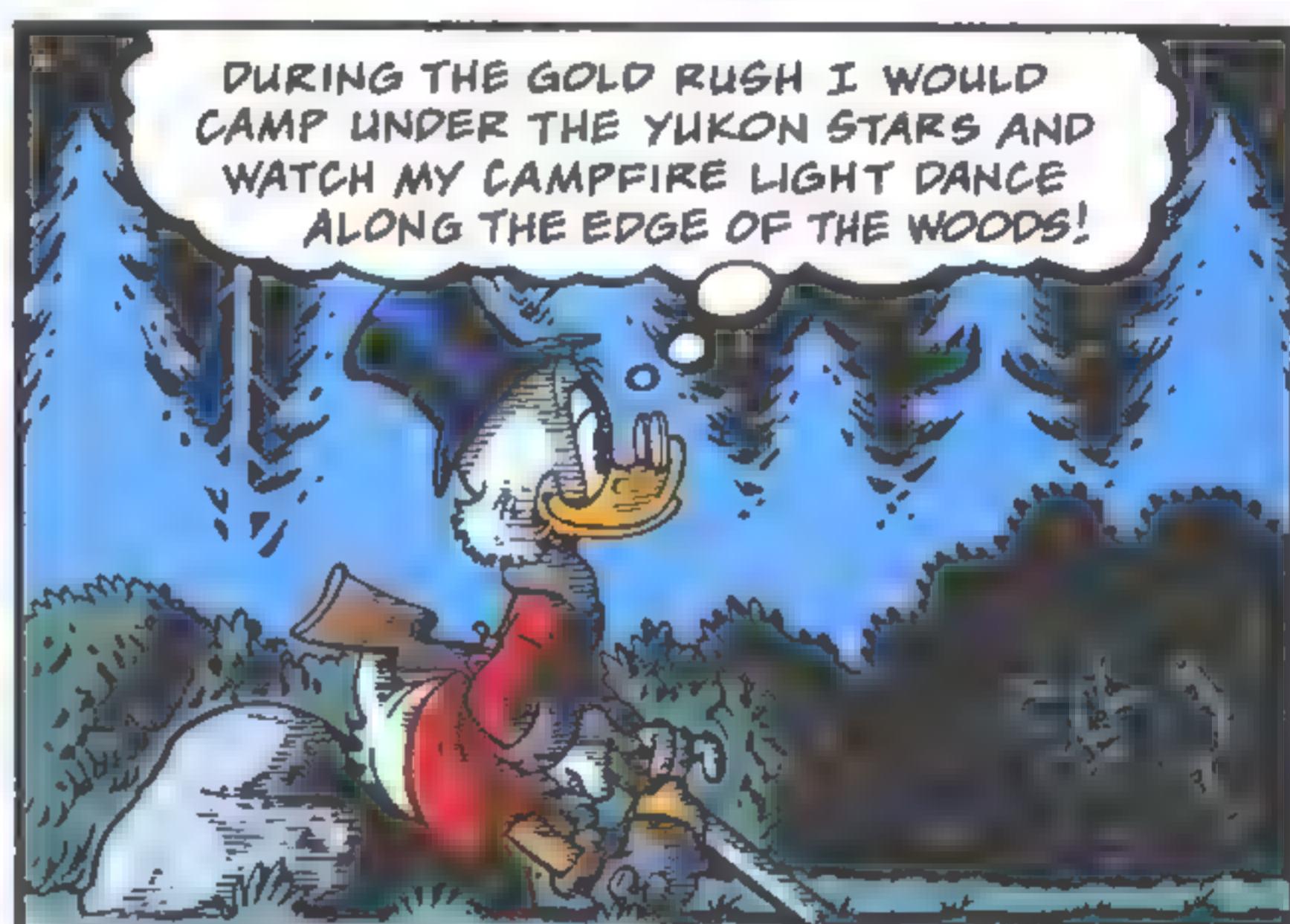
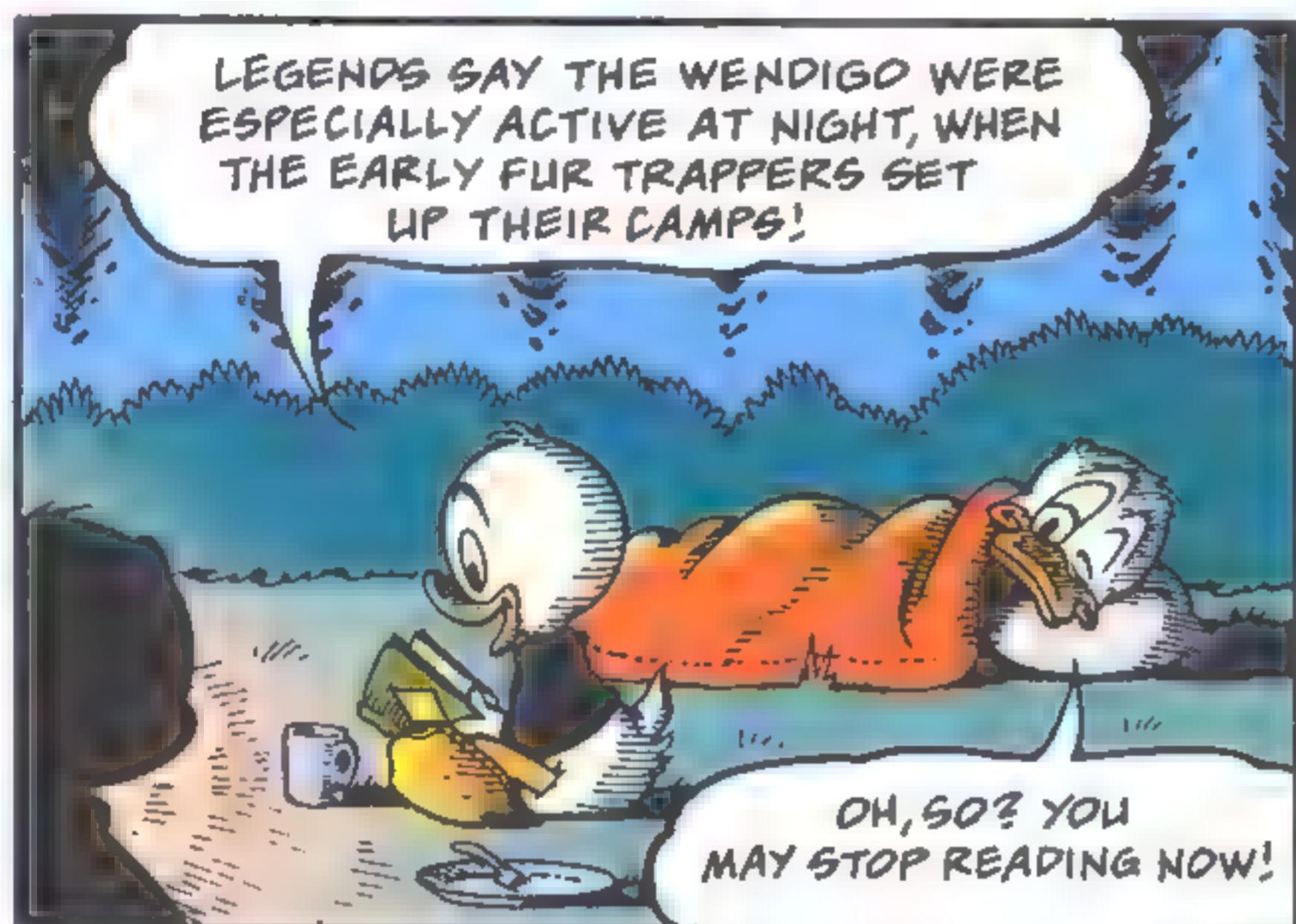
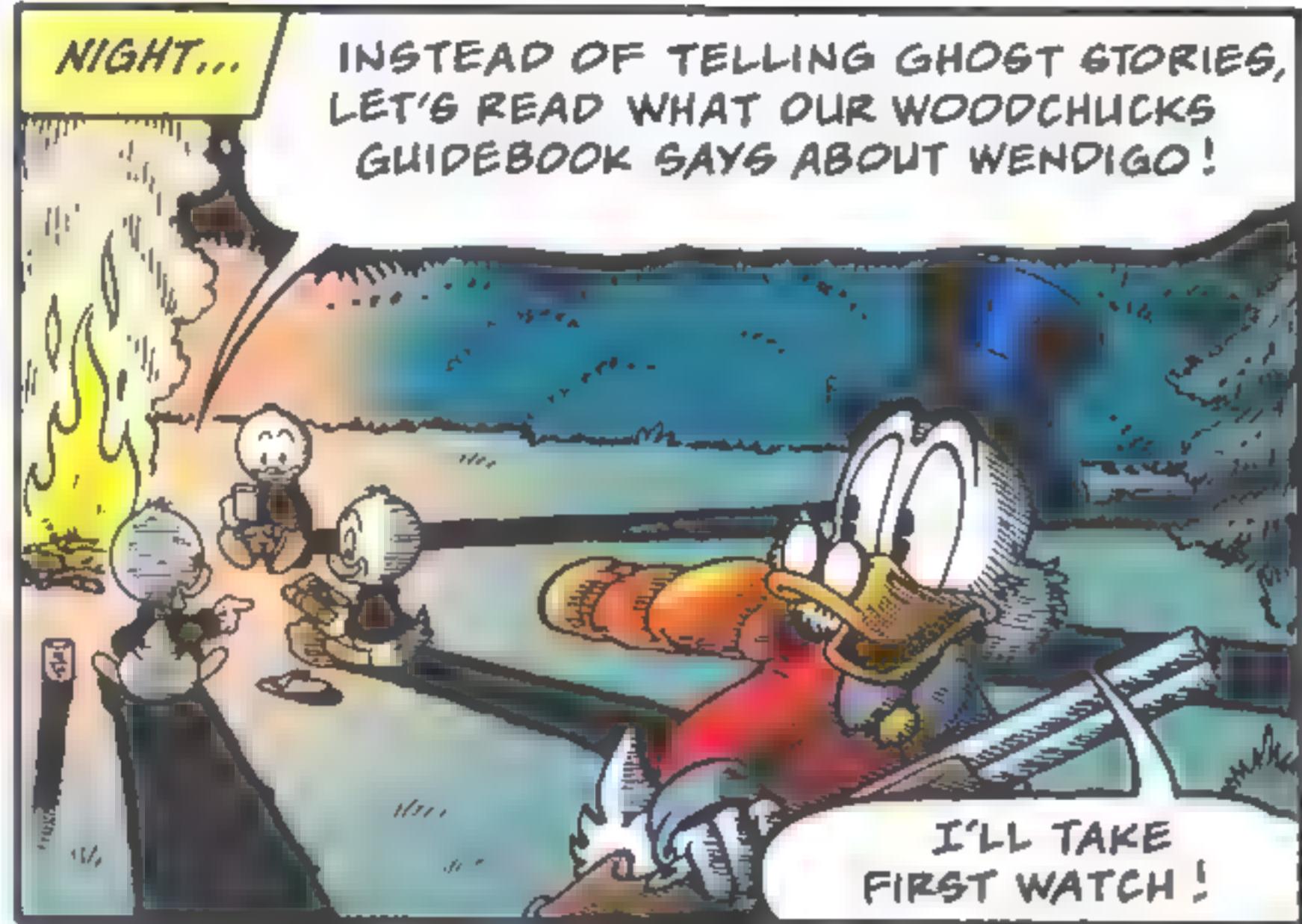
NO! LOOK! THOSE TREES!

LOOK OUT!

YIPES!







WORST OF ALL, THE WENDIGO WOULD CALL TO THE HUNTERS IN FAMILIAR VOICES, LURING THEM INTO THE WOODS, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT UNCA DONALD?

HUH? YOU? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
WHY ARE YOU...

WAIT!
DON'T GO!

UNCA DONALD'S NOT
REALLY ASLEEP! HE'S
FAINTED!

GAY... WHO'S UNCA
SCROOGE TALKING
TO?

HOLY COW! HE THREW DOWN
HIS GUN! HE'S CHASING SOMEONE
INTO THE WOODS!

WAKE
UP, UNCA
DONALD!

STOP!
WAIT FOR
ME!

UNCA SCROOGE COME
BACK! YOU'RE BEING
TRICKED BY WENDIGO!

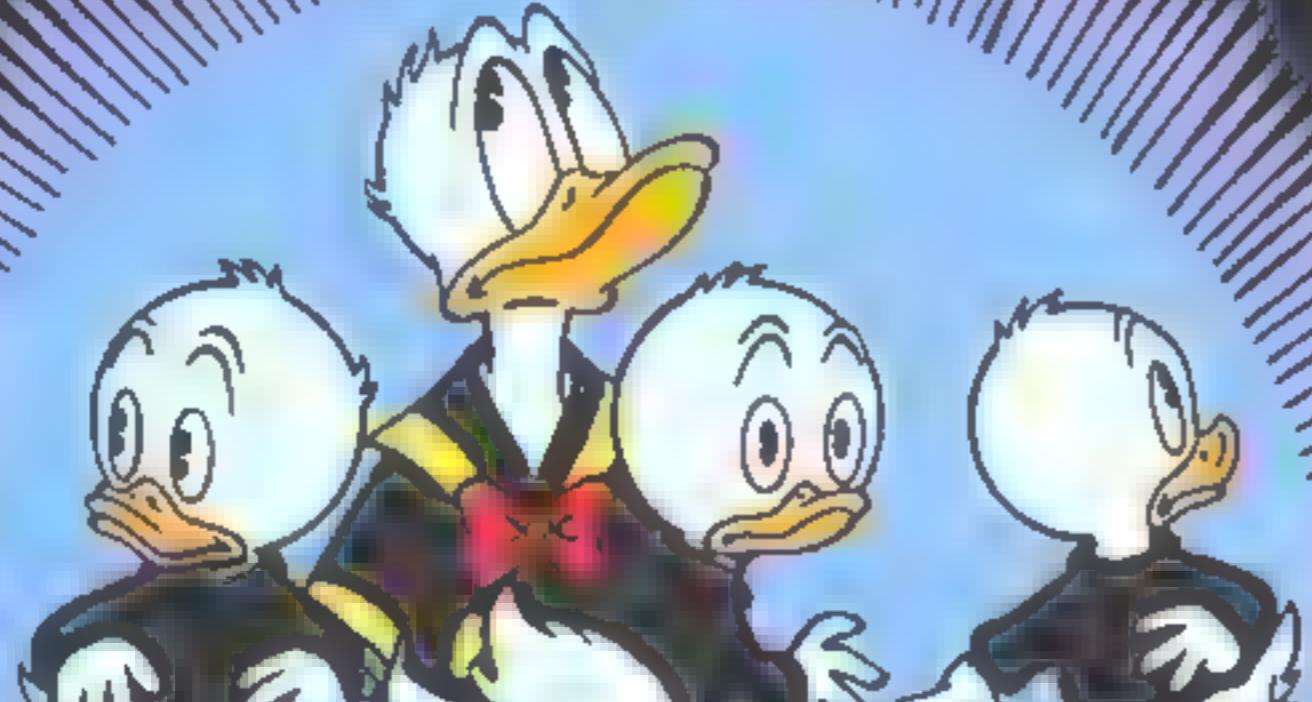
STOP!
YOU'LL BE LOST
FOREVER!

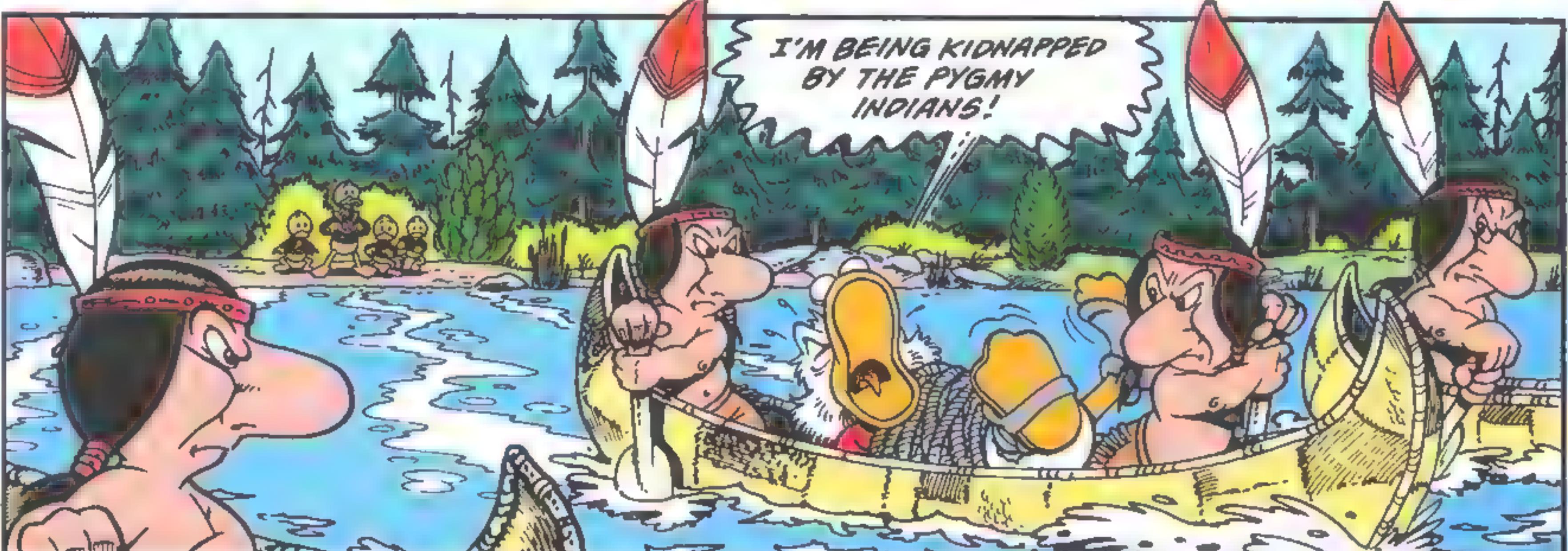
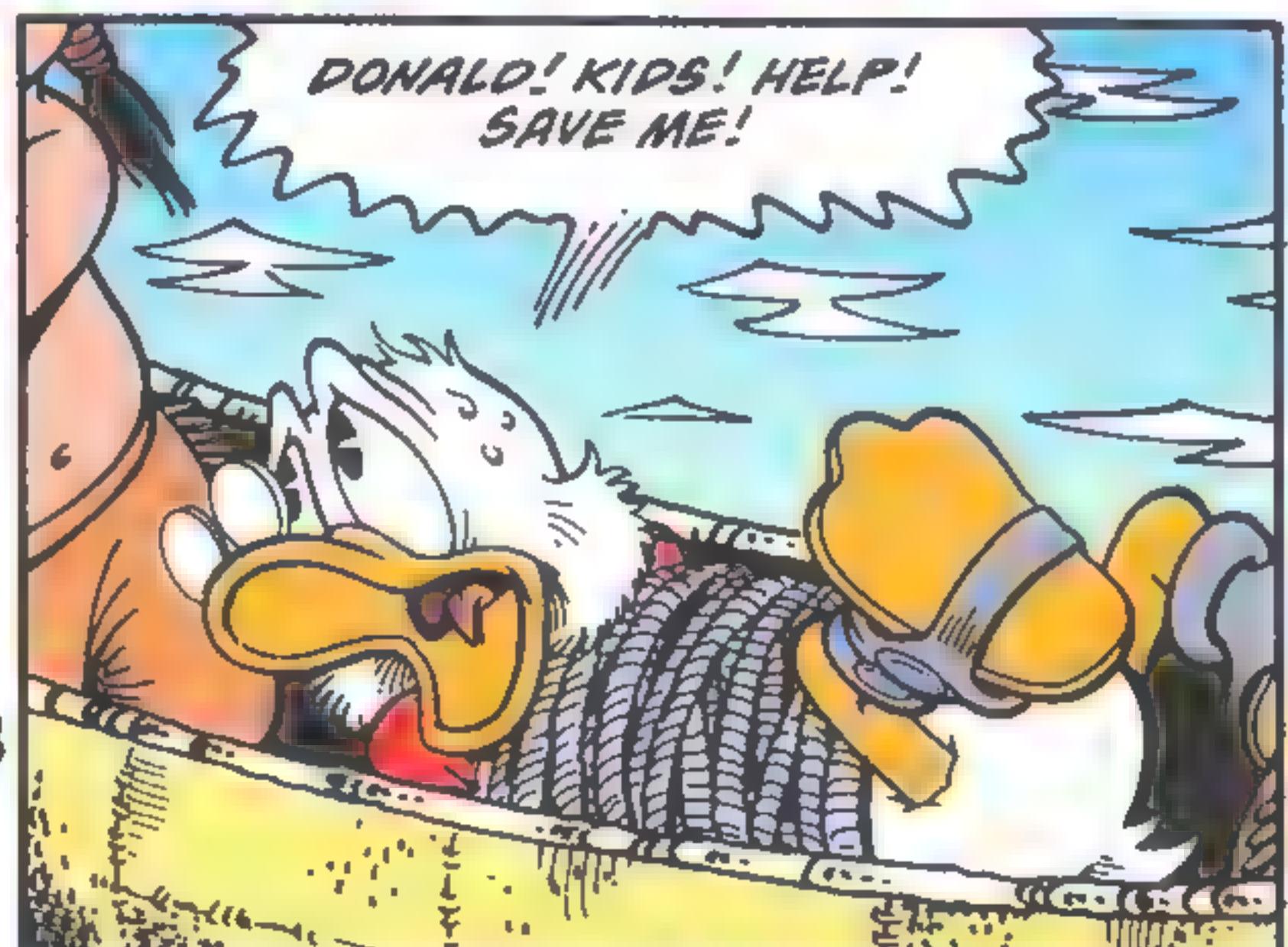
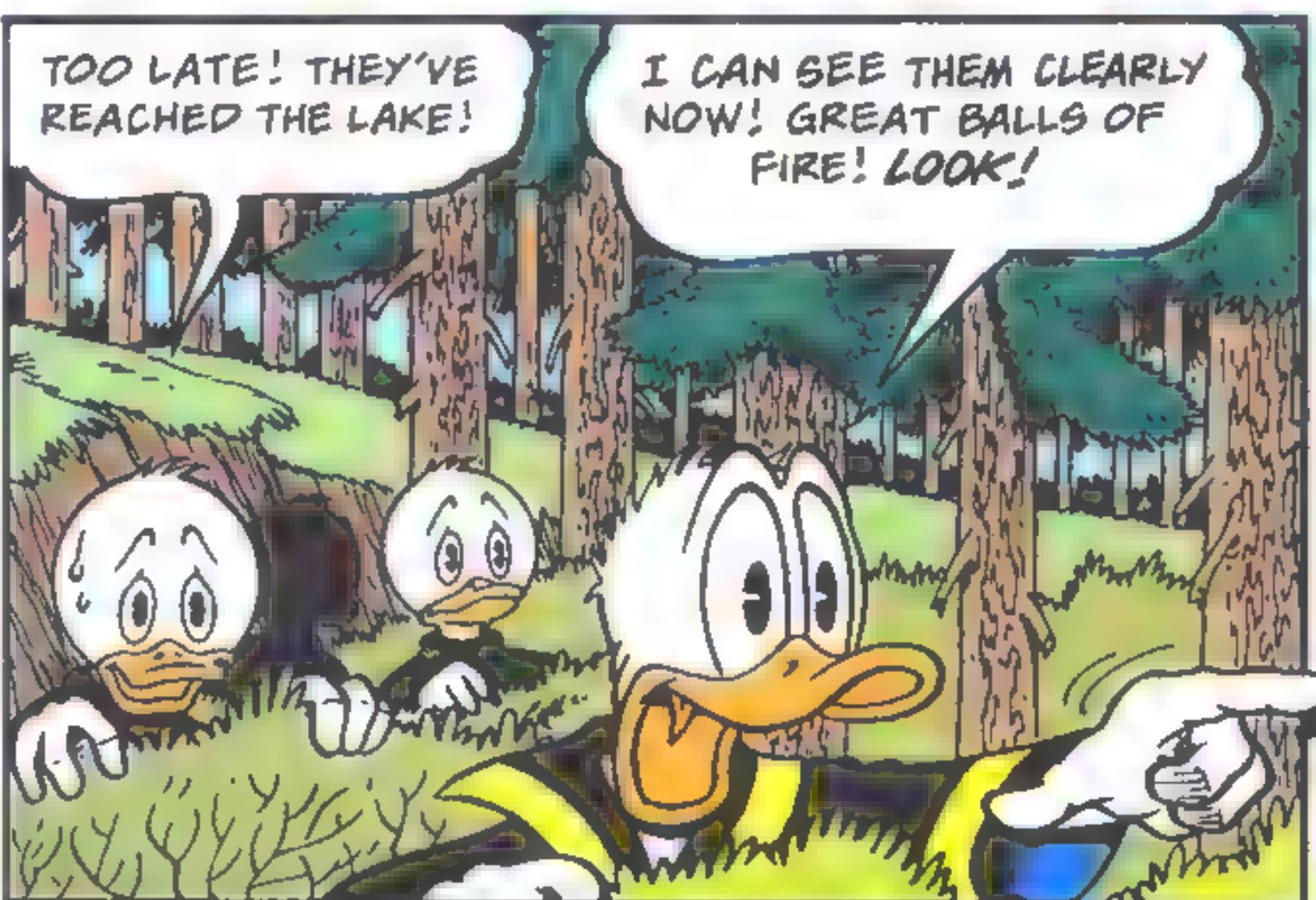
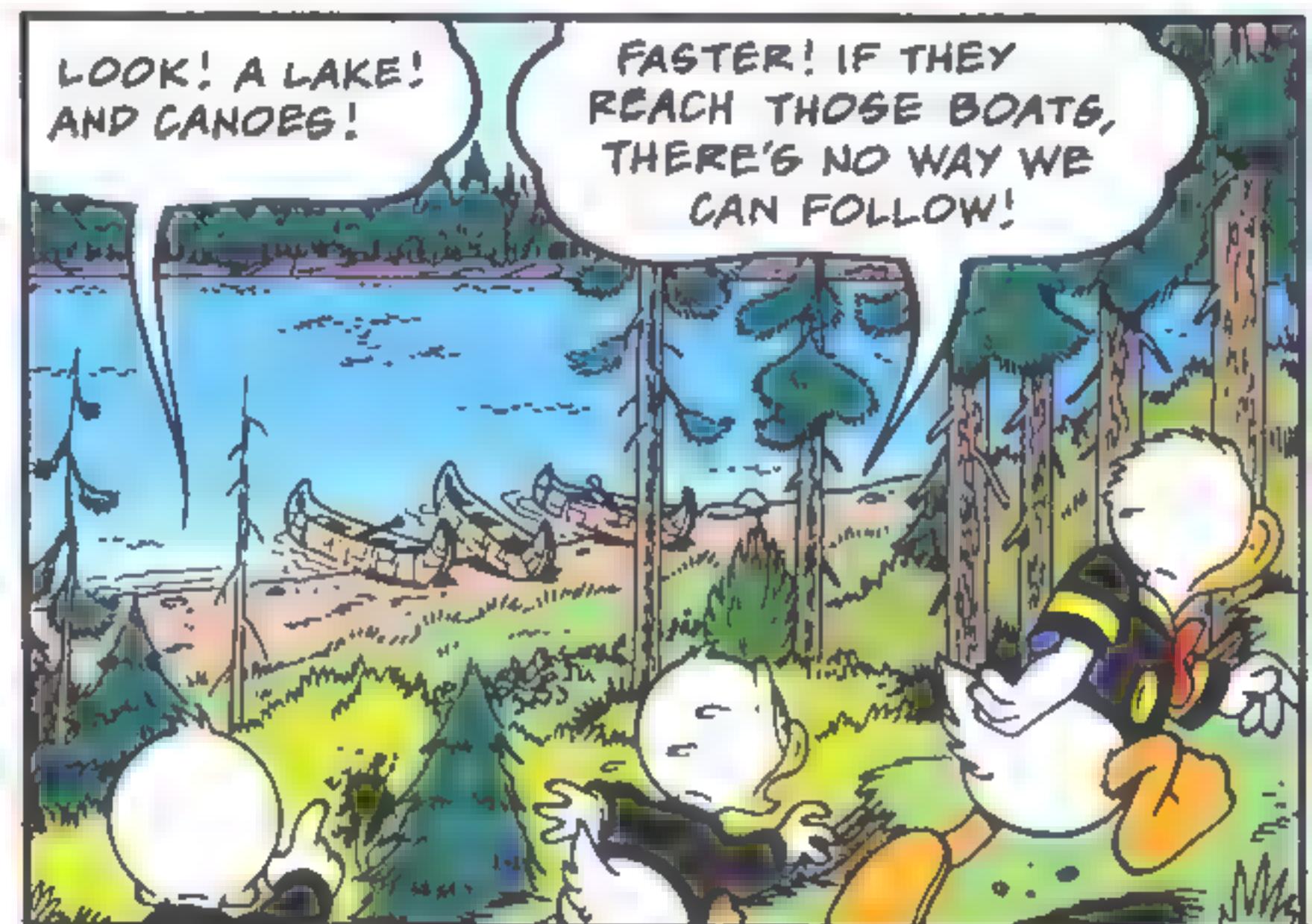
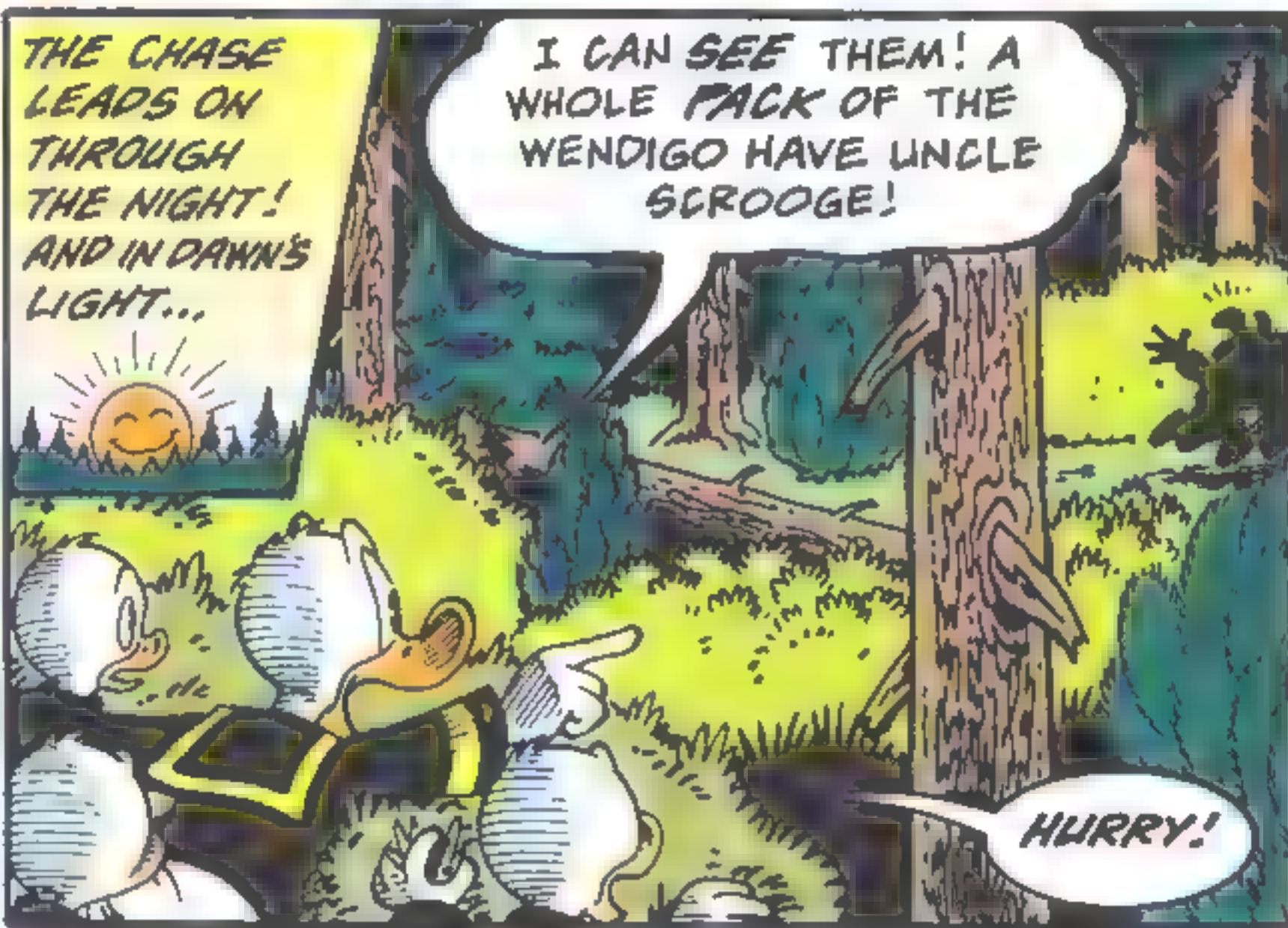
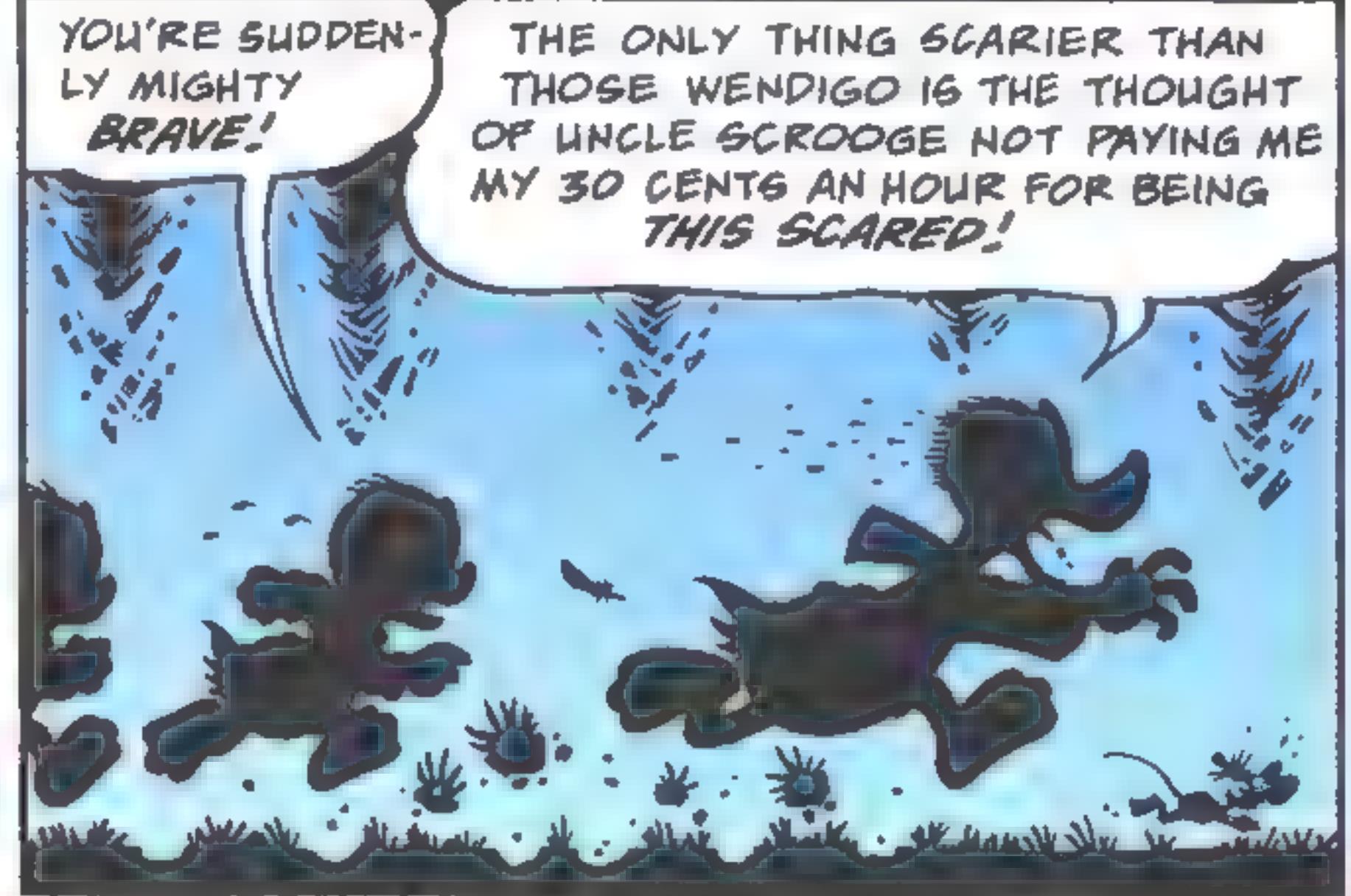
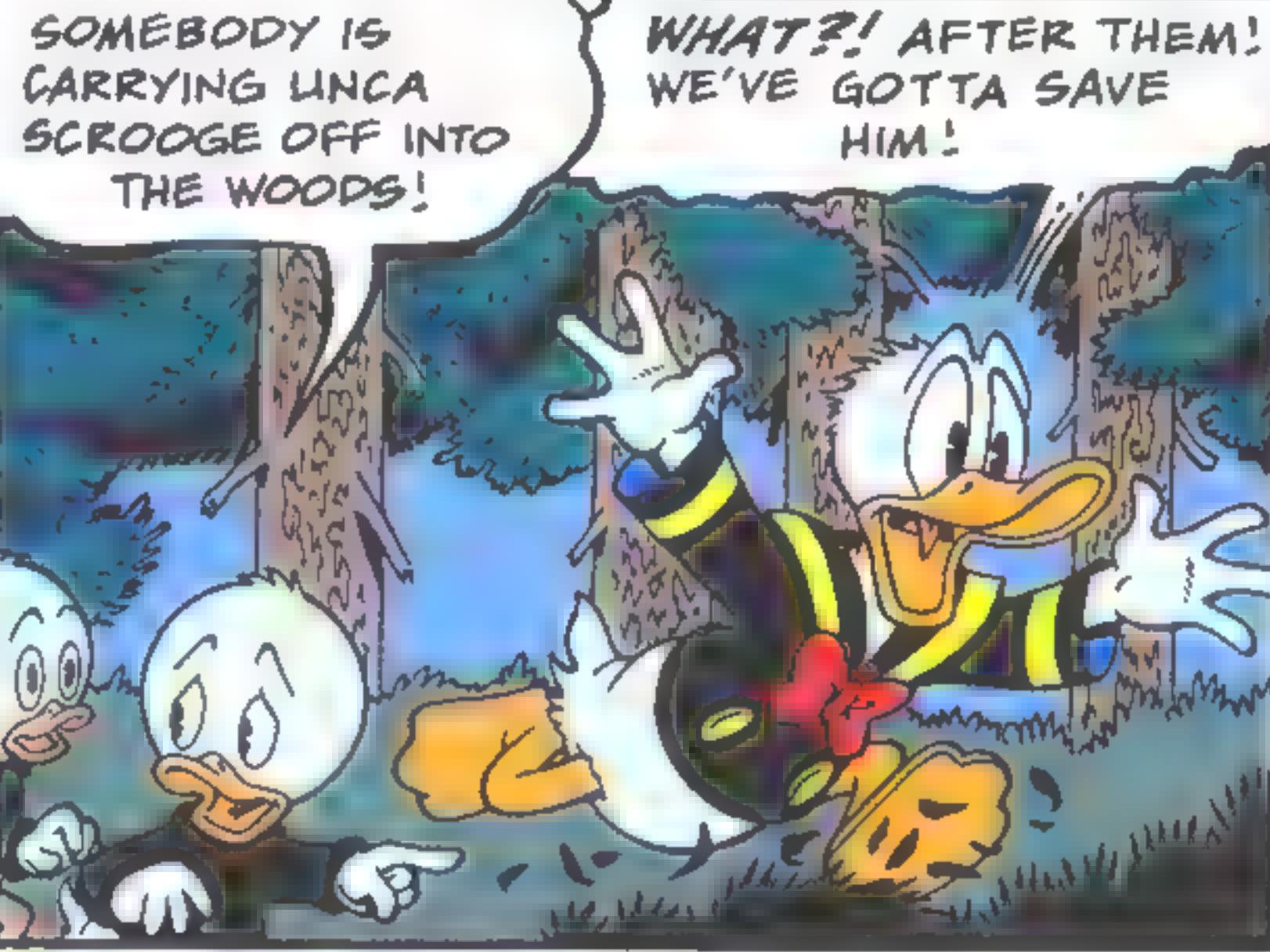
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
HOW WILL WE FIND HIM?

SH... LISTEN!
I CAN
HEAR HIS
VOICE!

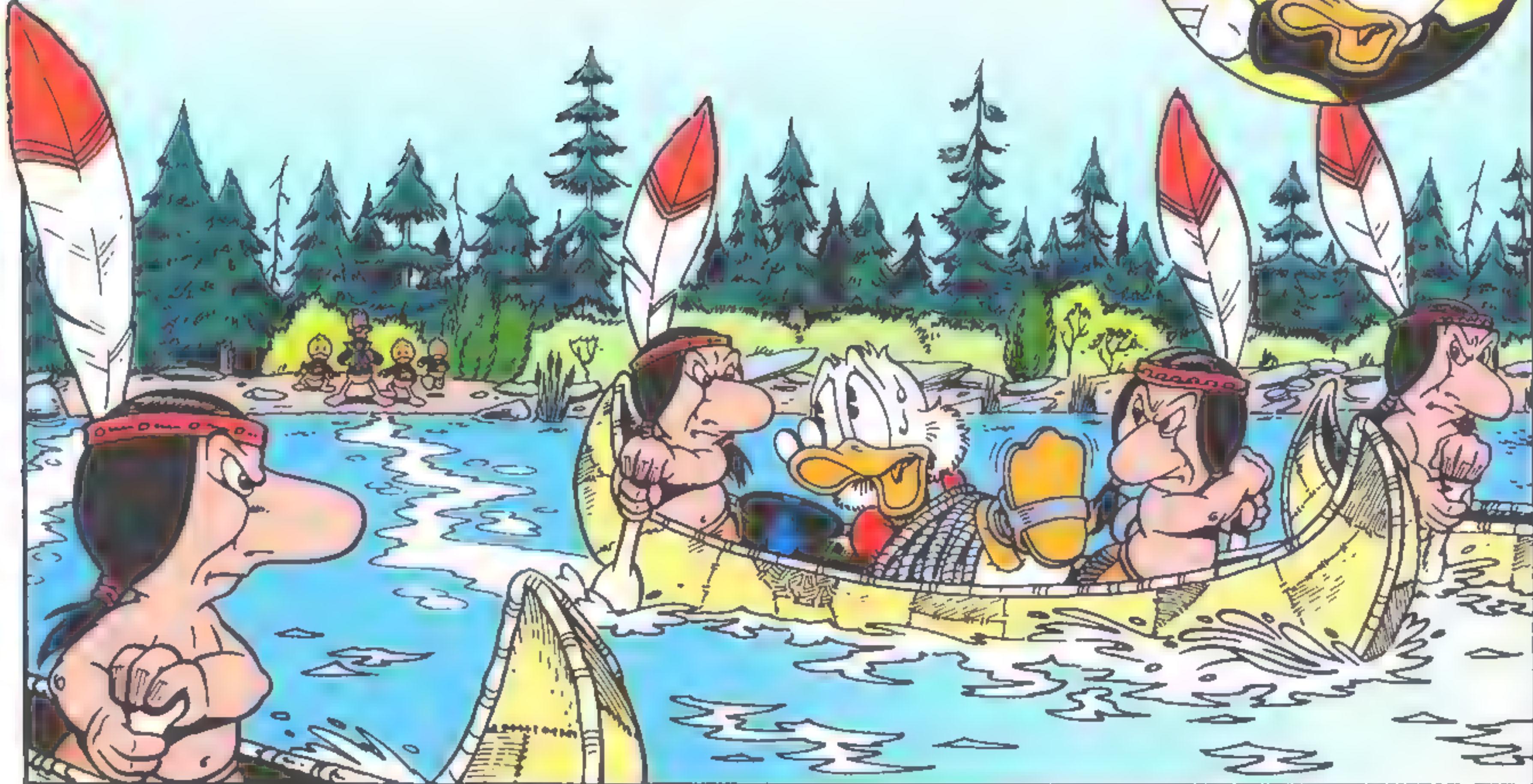
DONALD! KIDS! DON'T WORRY! I'M
WITH THE — HEY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LET GO
OF ME!

HALP! SAVE
ME!!





THE UNSEEN GREMLINS THAT ARE TERRORIZING UNCA SCROOGE'S PULP MILLS HERE IN CANADA ARE NOT THE WENDIGO! THEY'RE THE PEEWEEGAH! AND THEY TOOK UNCA SCROOGE CAPTIVE!



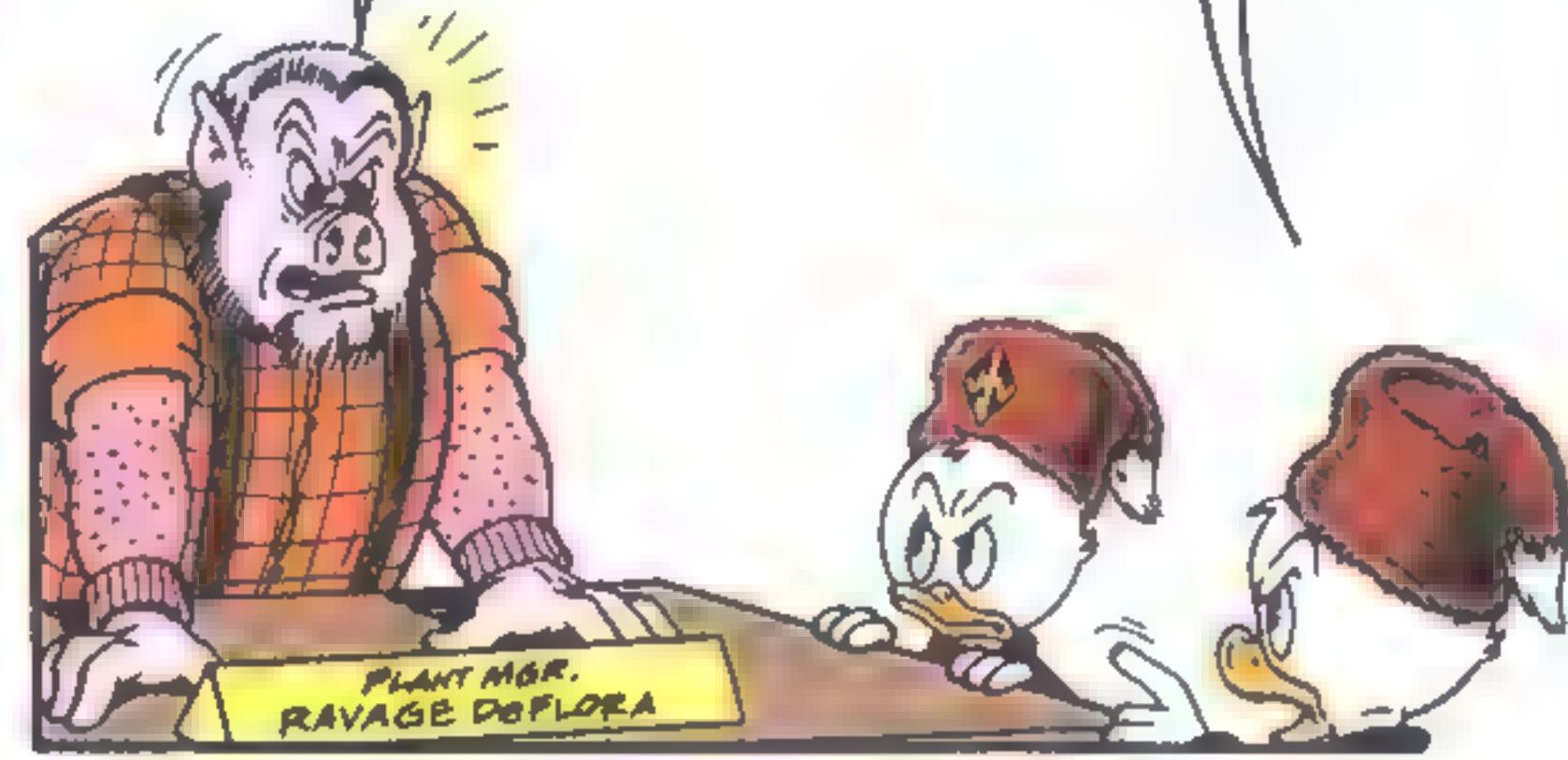
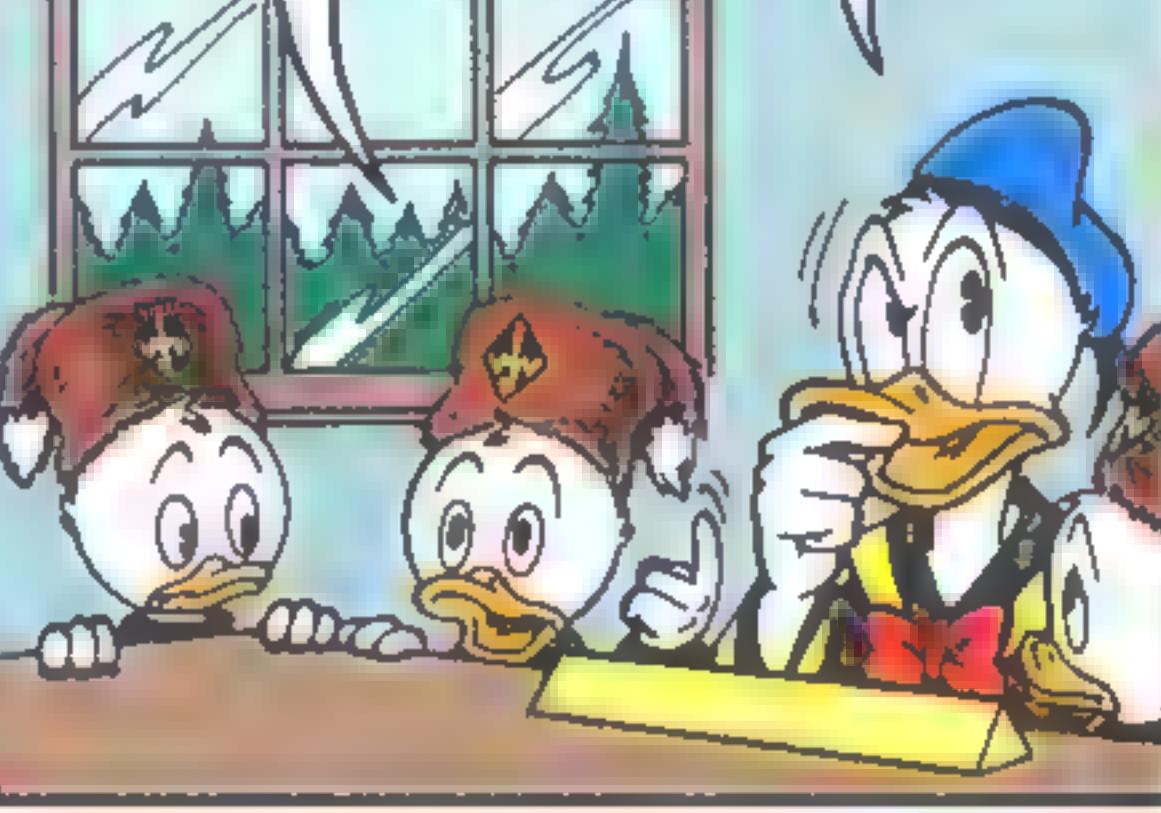
PEE-WEE-WHAT?

PEEWEEGAH! THEY'RE A TRIBE OF PYGMY INDIANS THAT LIVE ON UNCA SCROOGE'S NATURE PRESERVE UP NORTH!

WHY ARE THEY WAY DOWN HERE?

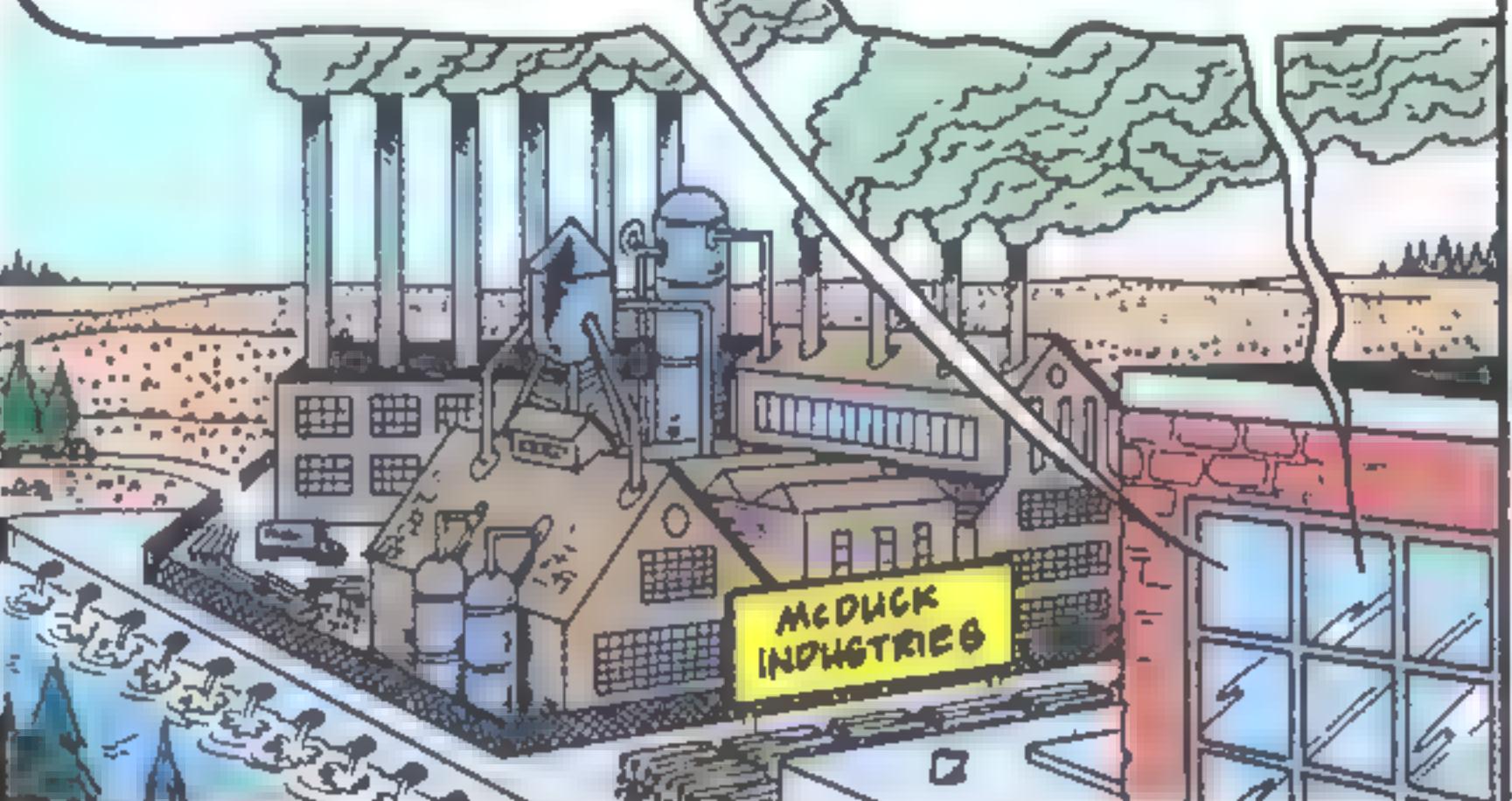
TO TERRORIZE MY PULP MILL! THAT'S WHY!

THEY'RE PEACEFUL NATURE LOVERS! THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT... WITHOUT A REASON!



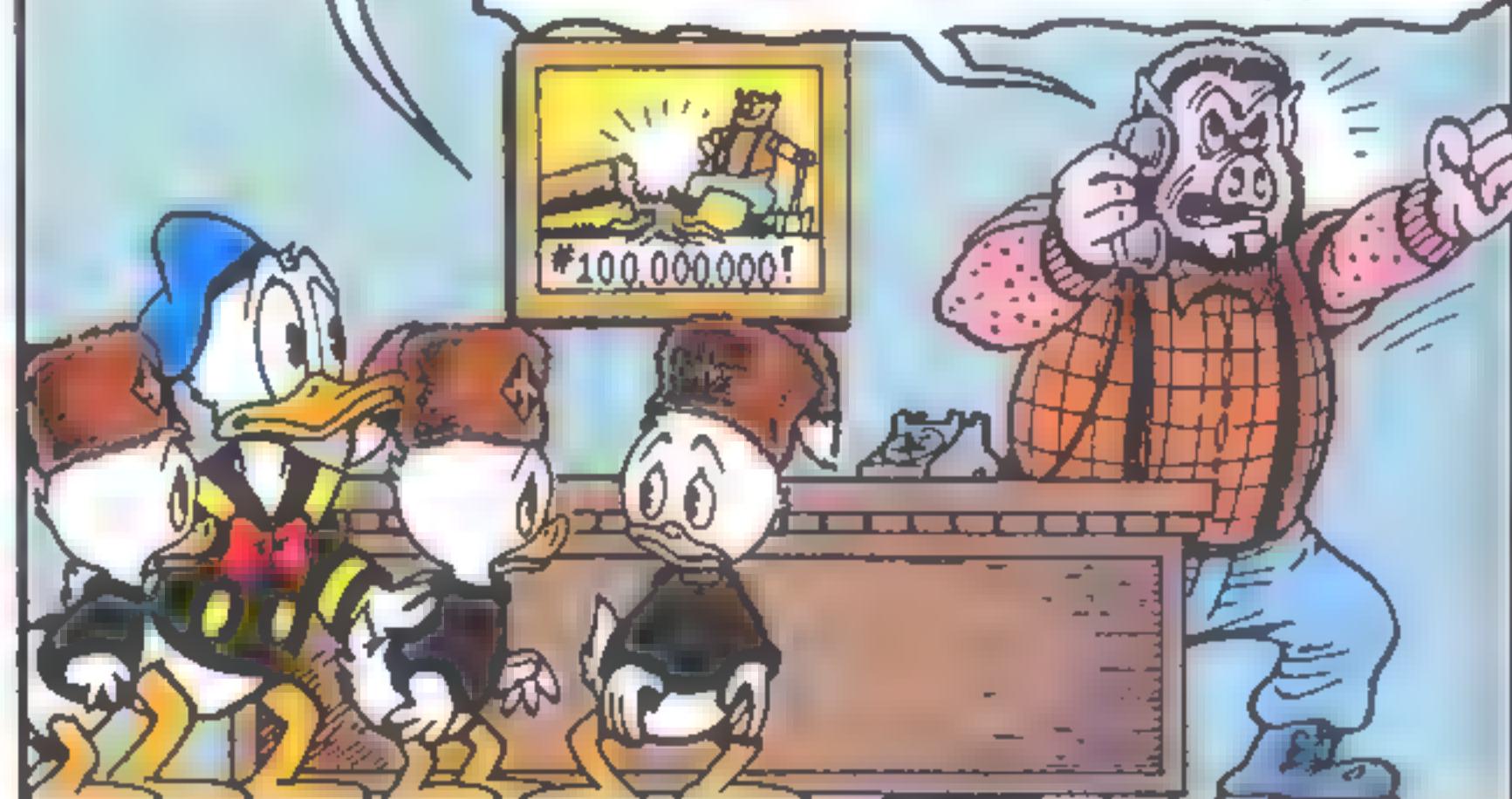
WHAT HAS THIS MILL BEEN DUMPING INTO THE AIR AND WATER, MR. DEFLORA?

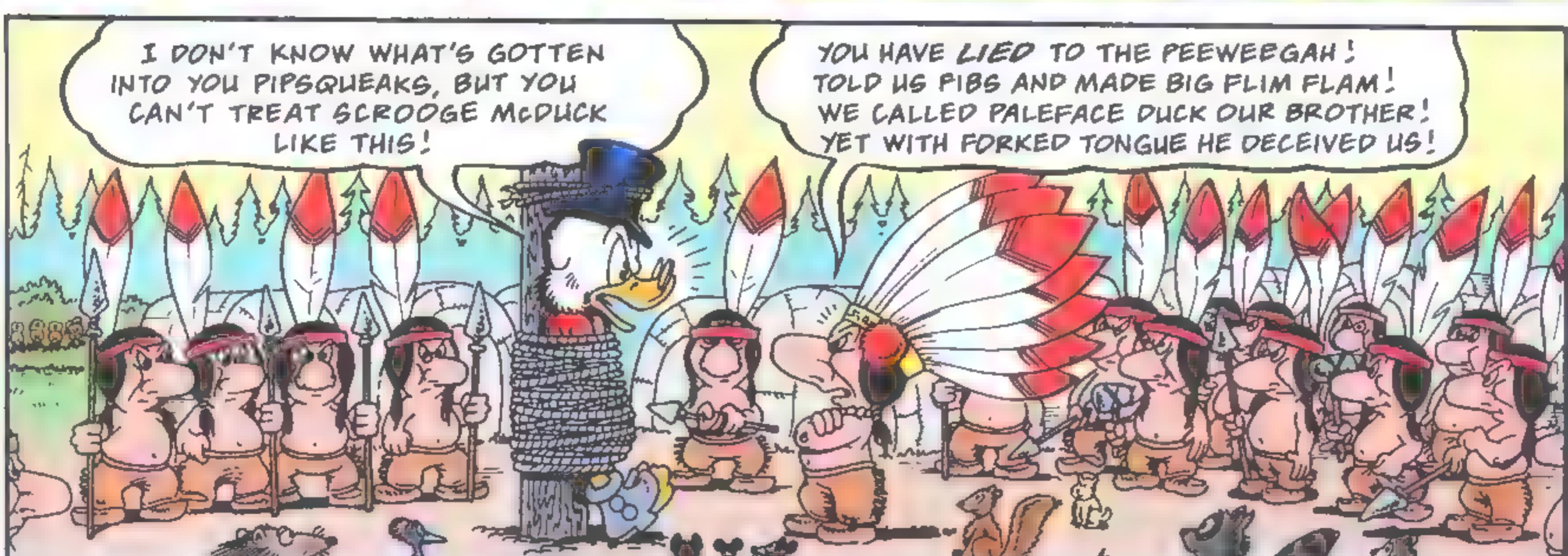
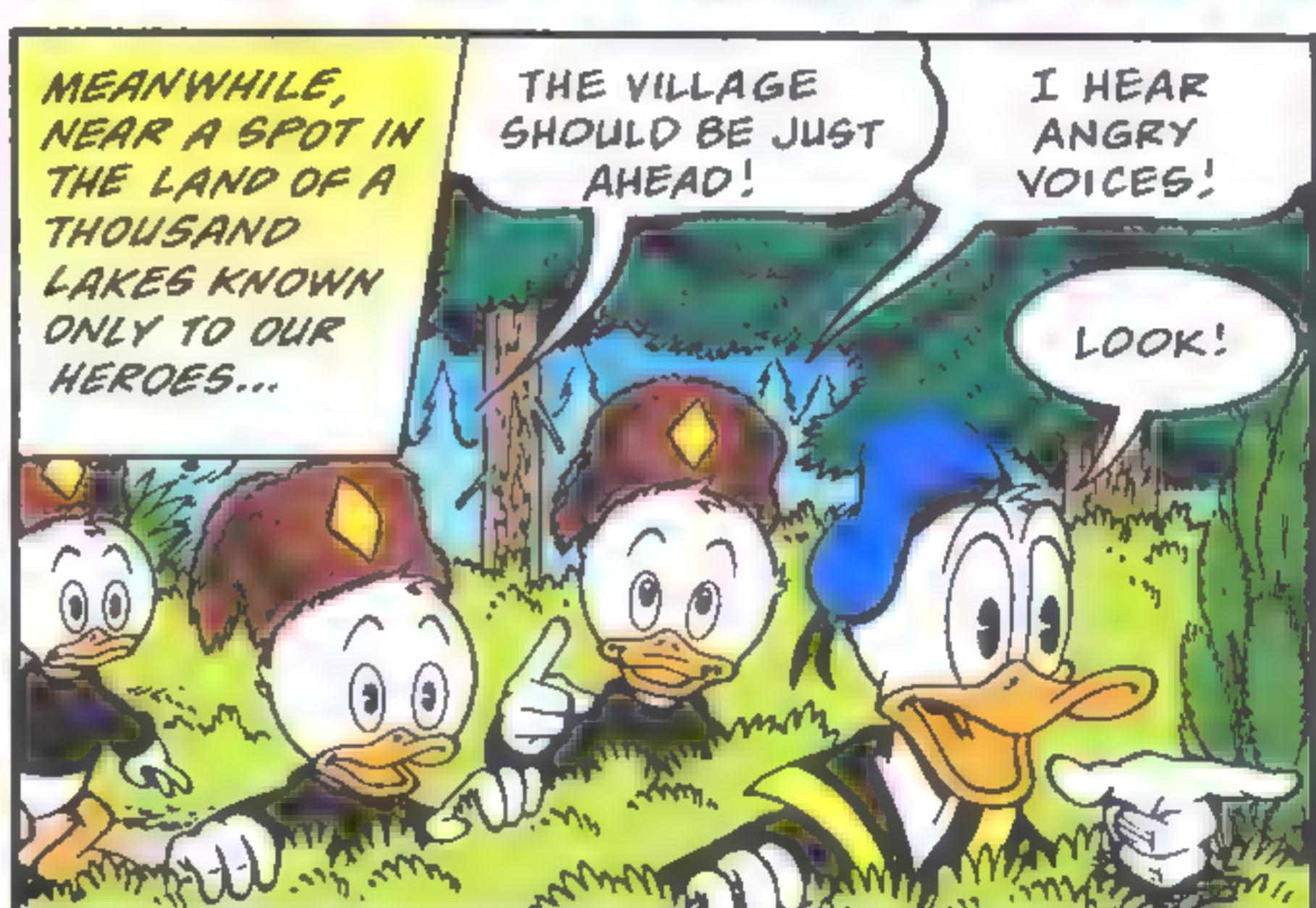
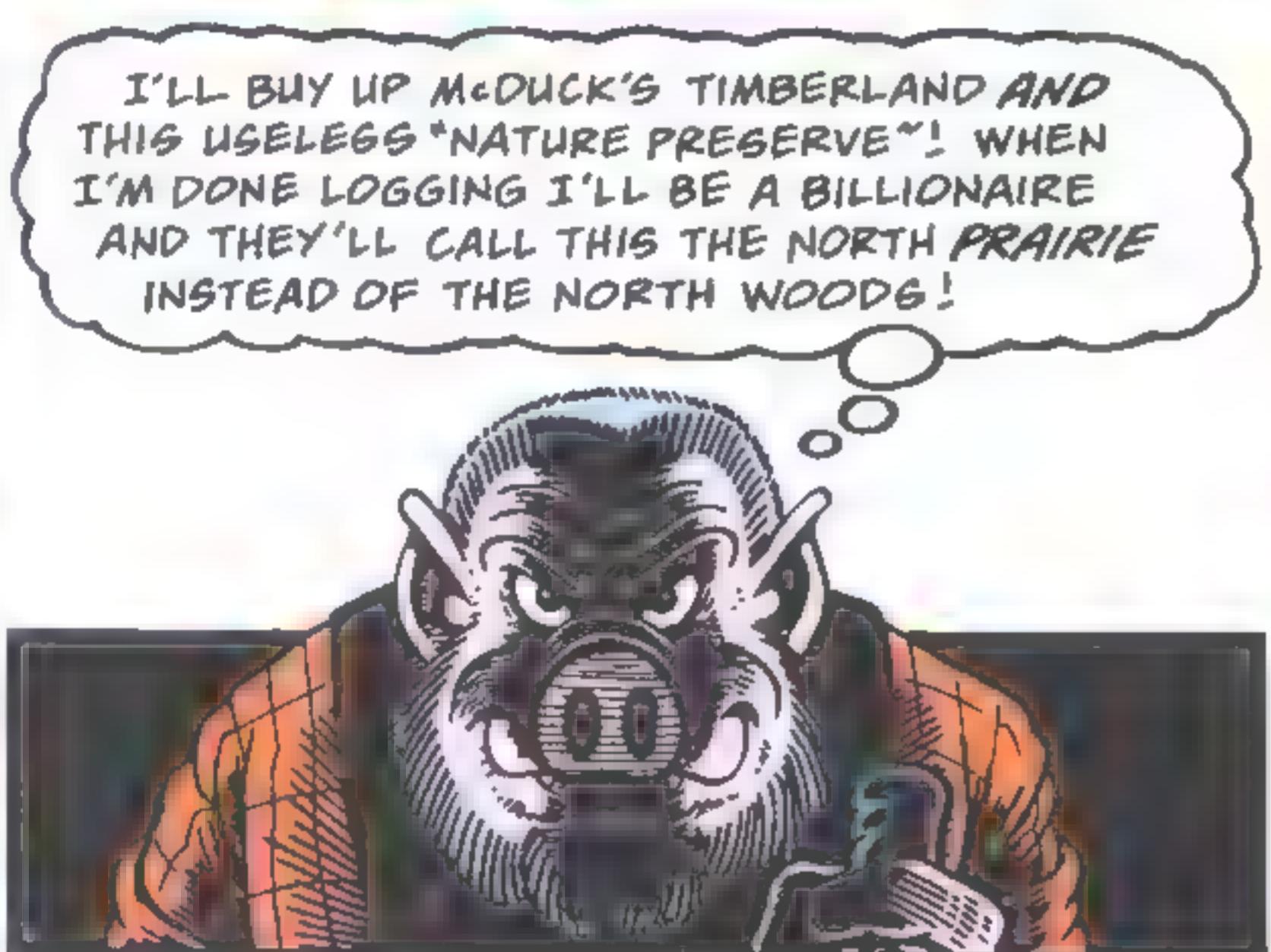
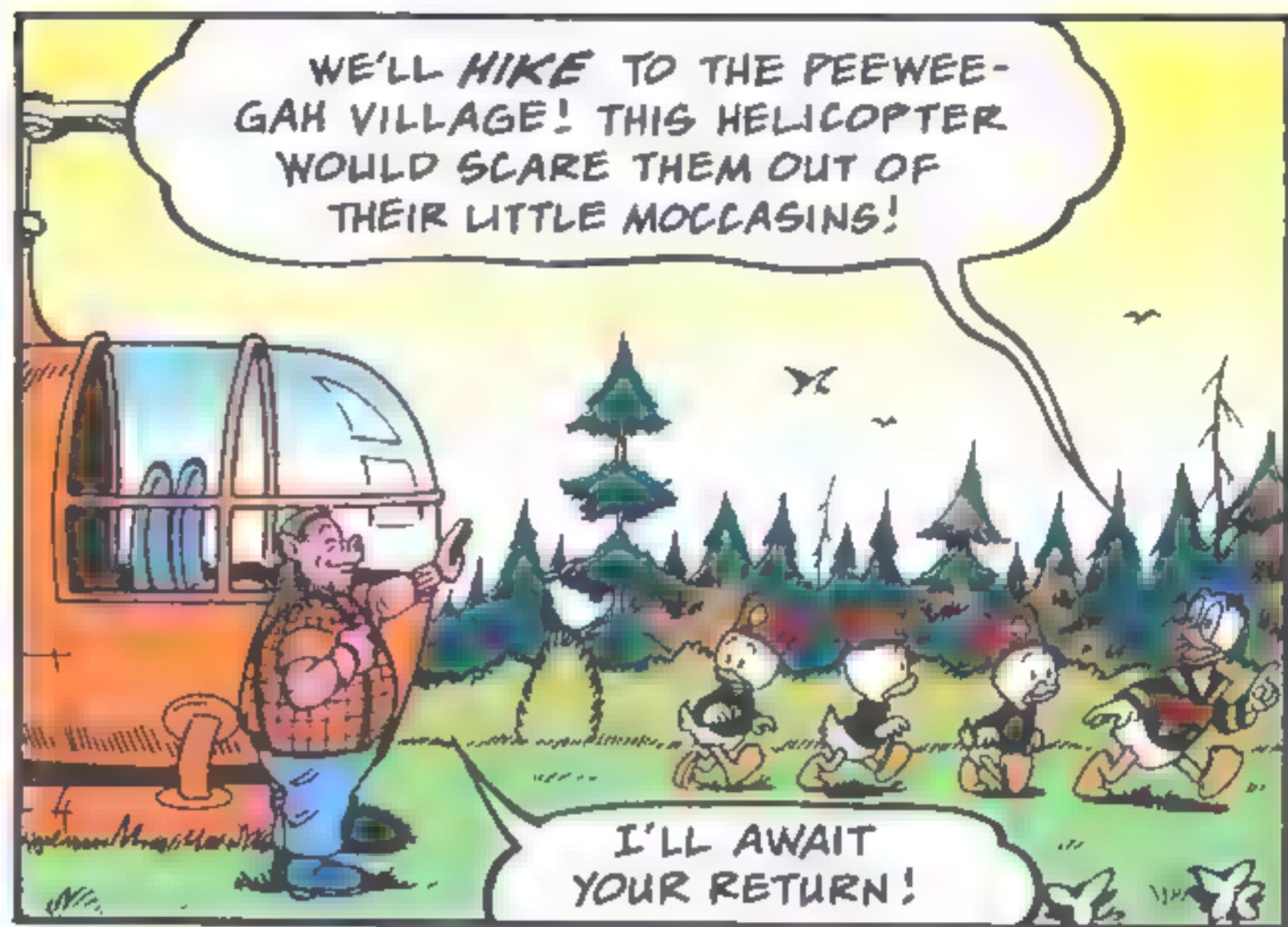
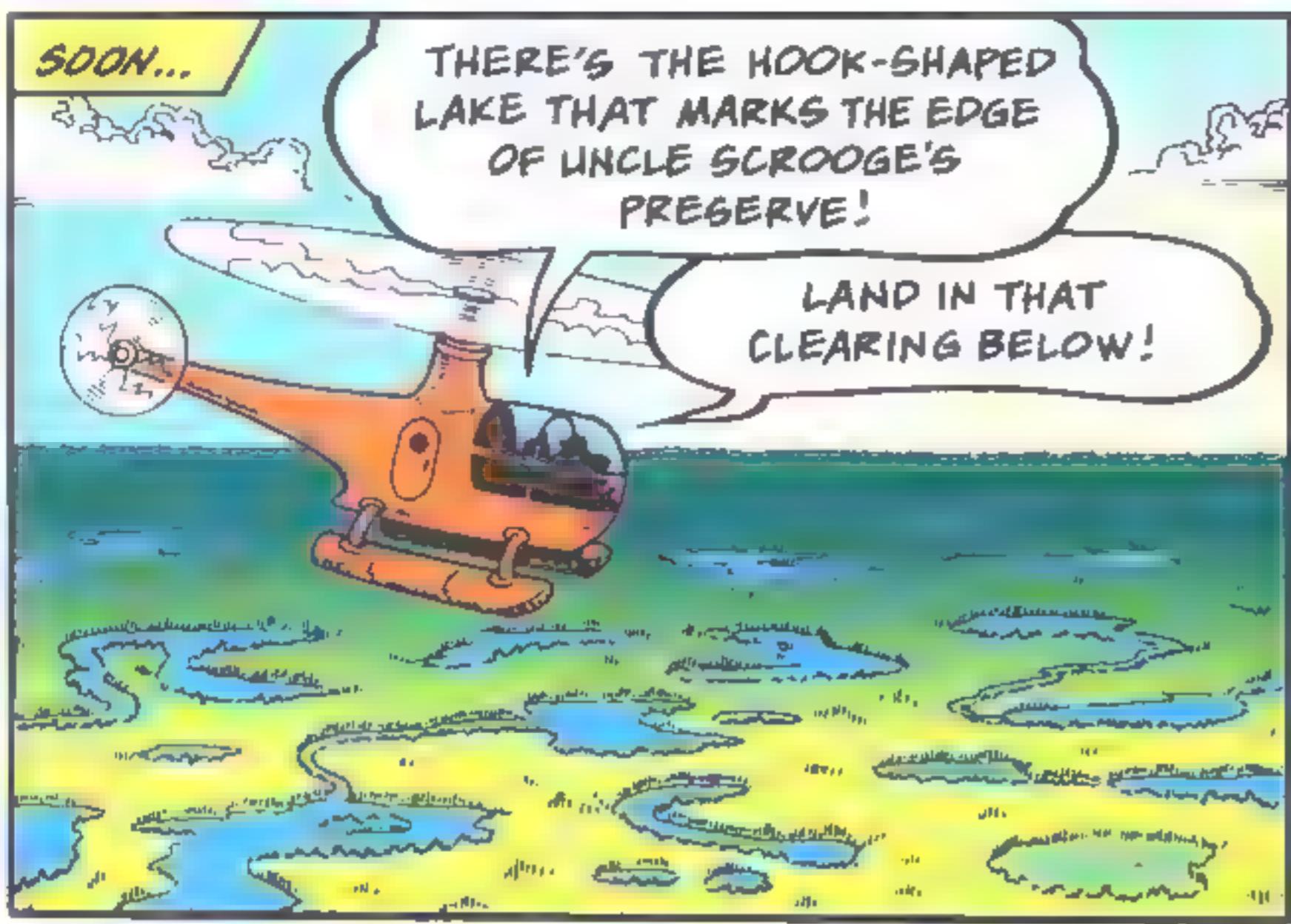
FORGET THAT, SQUIRT! DON'T YOU WANT TO RESCUE YOUR UNCLE?

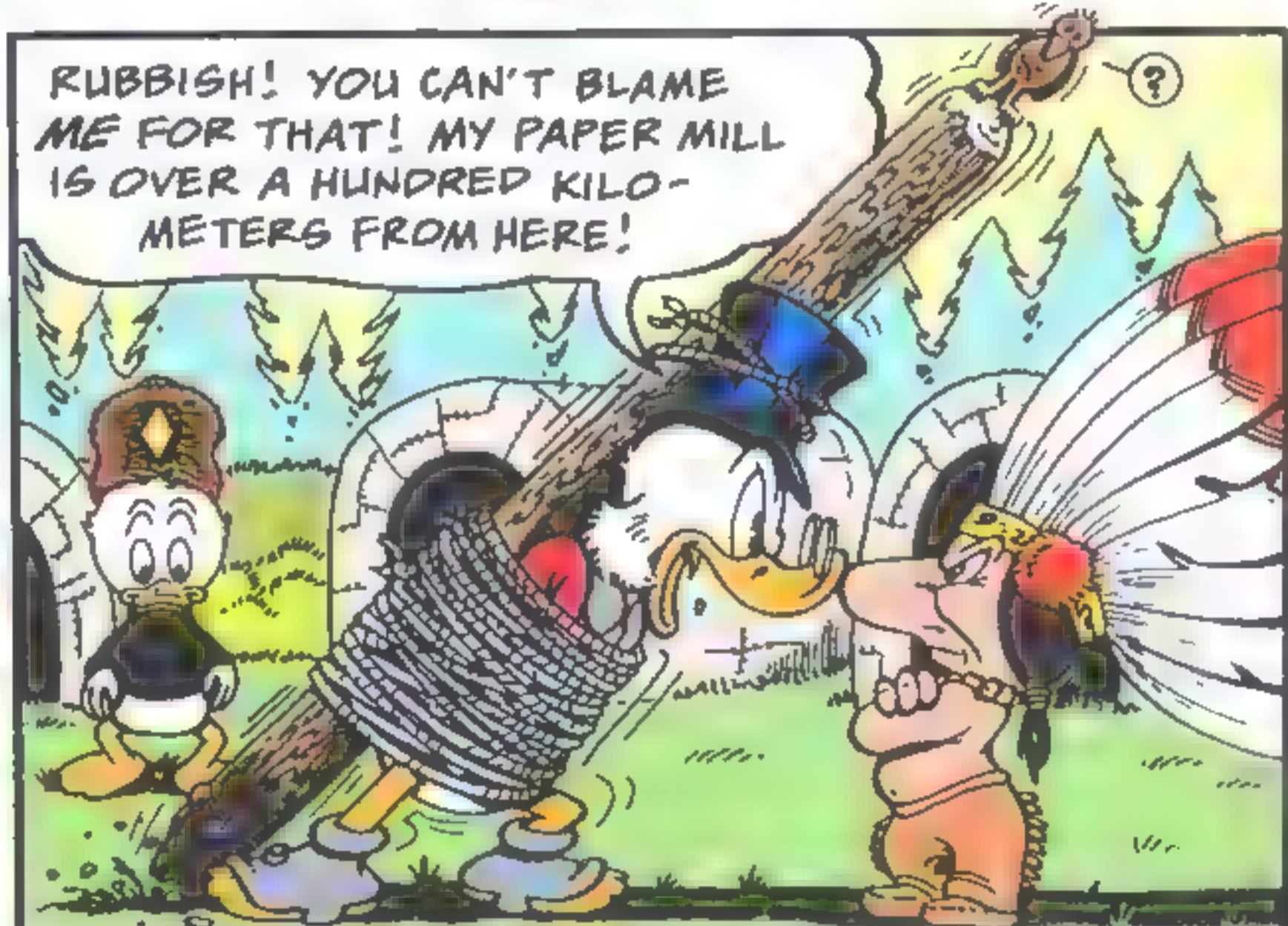
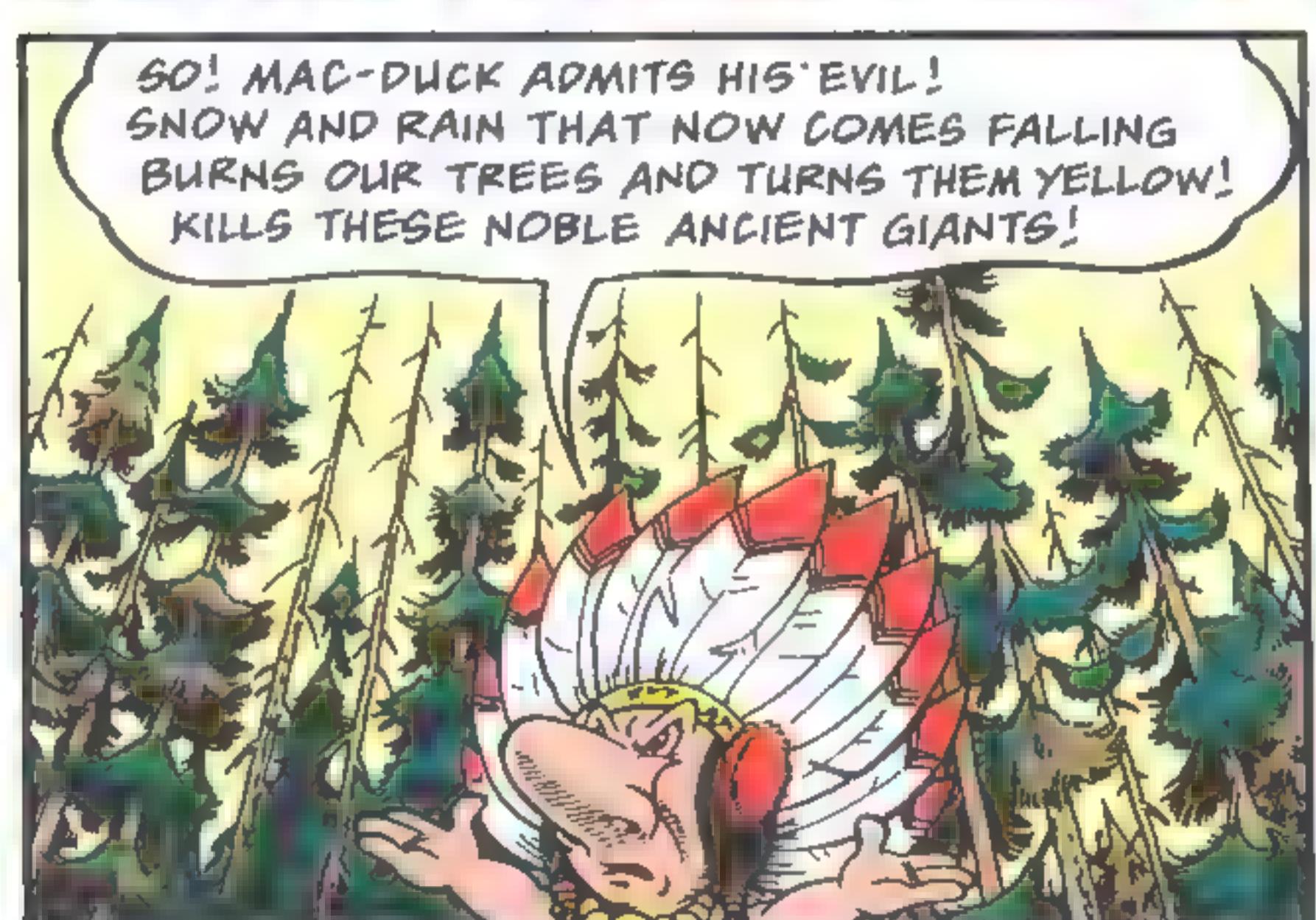
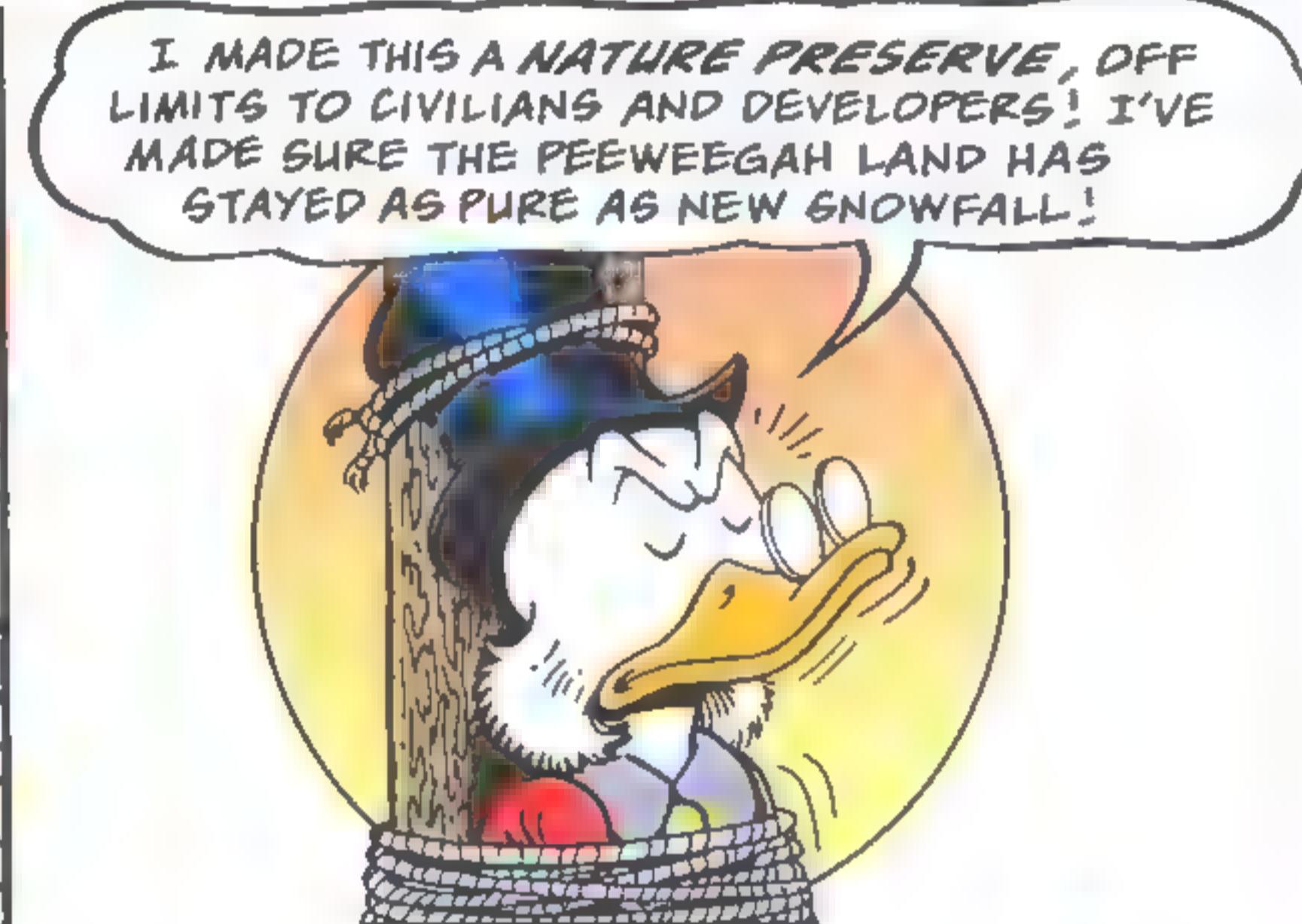
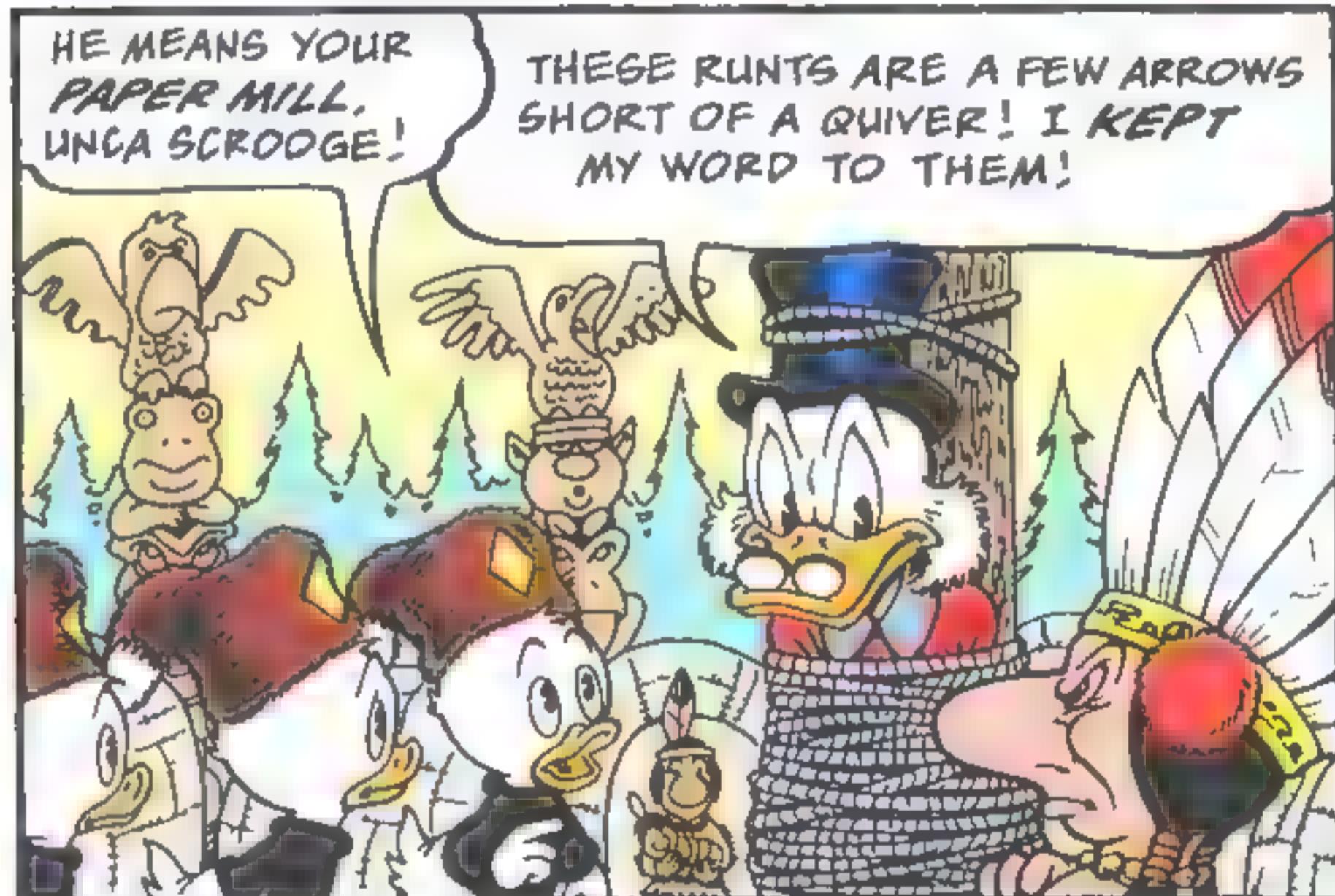
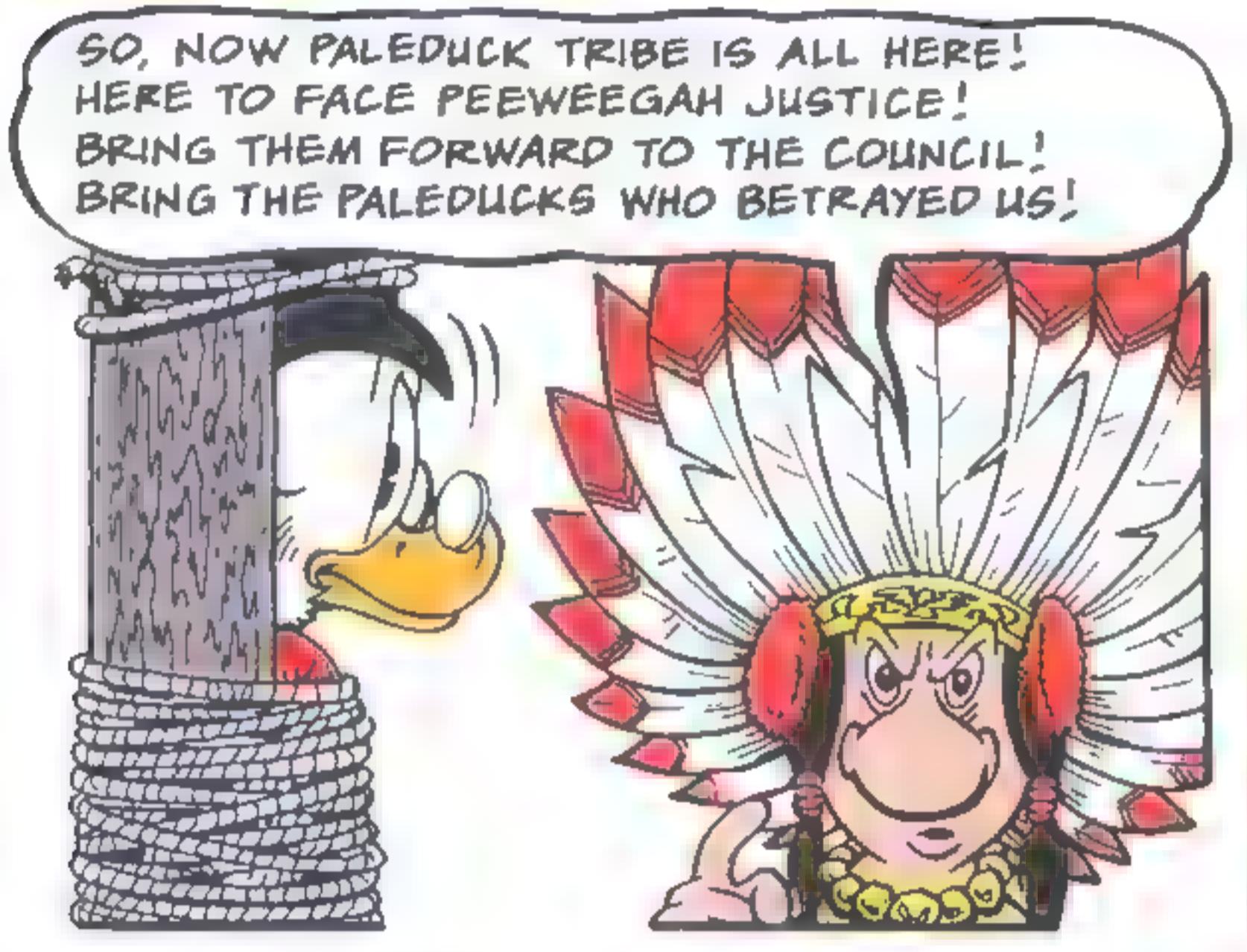
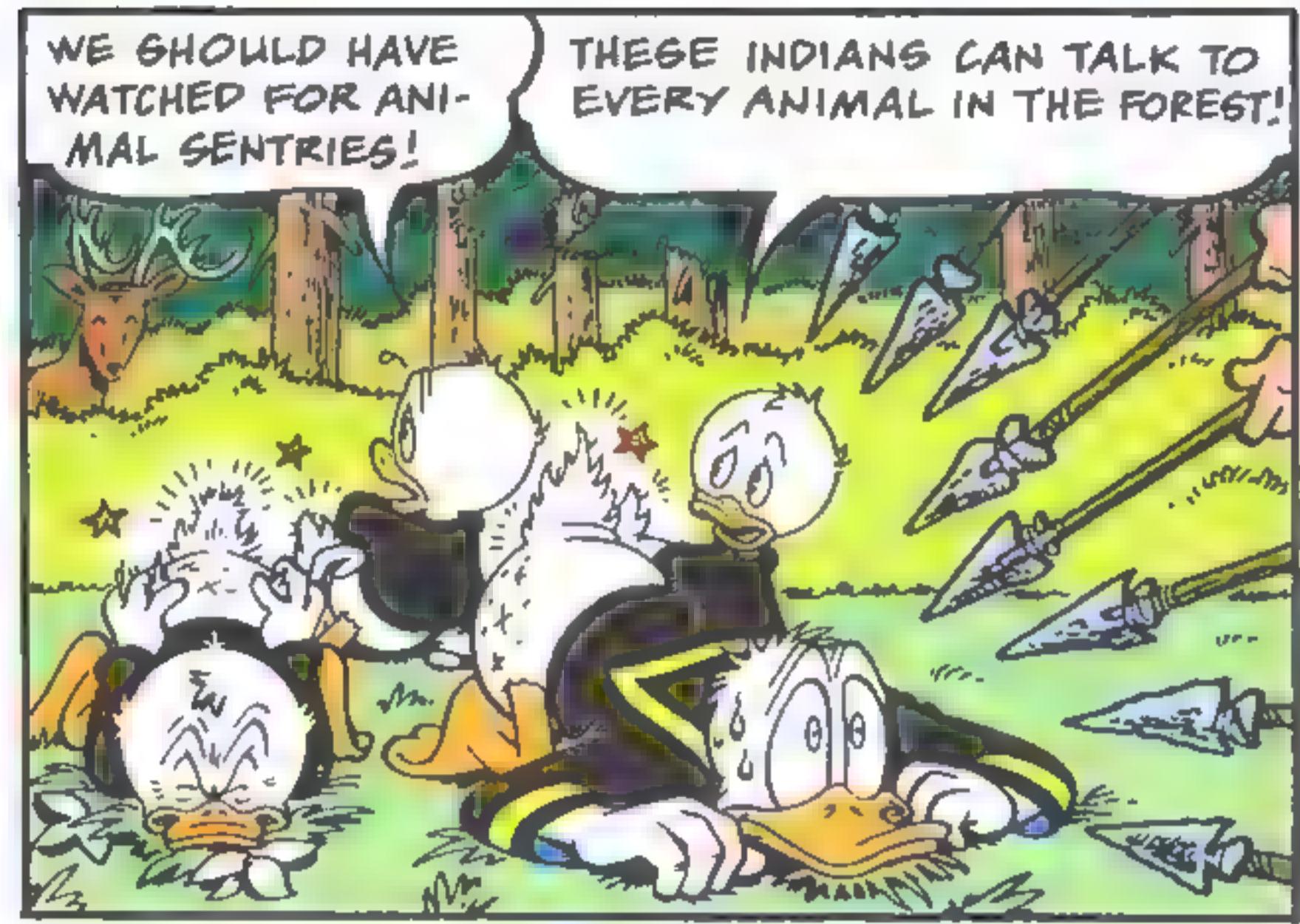
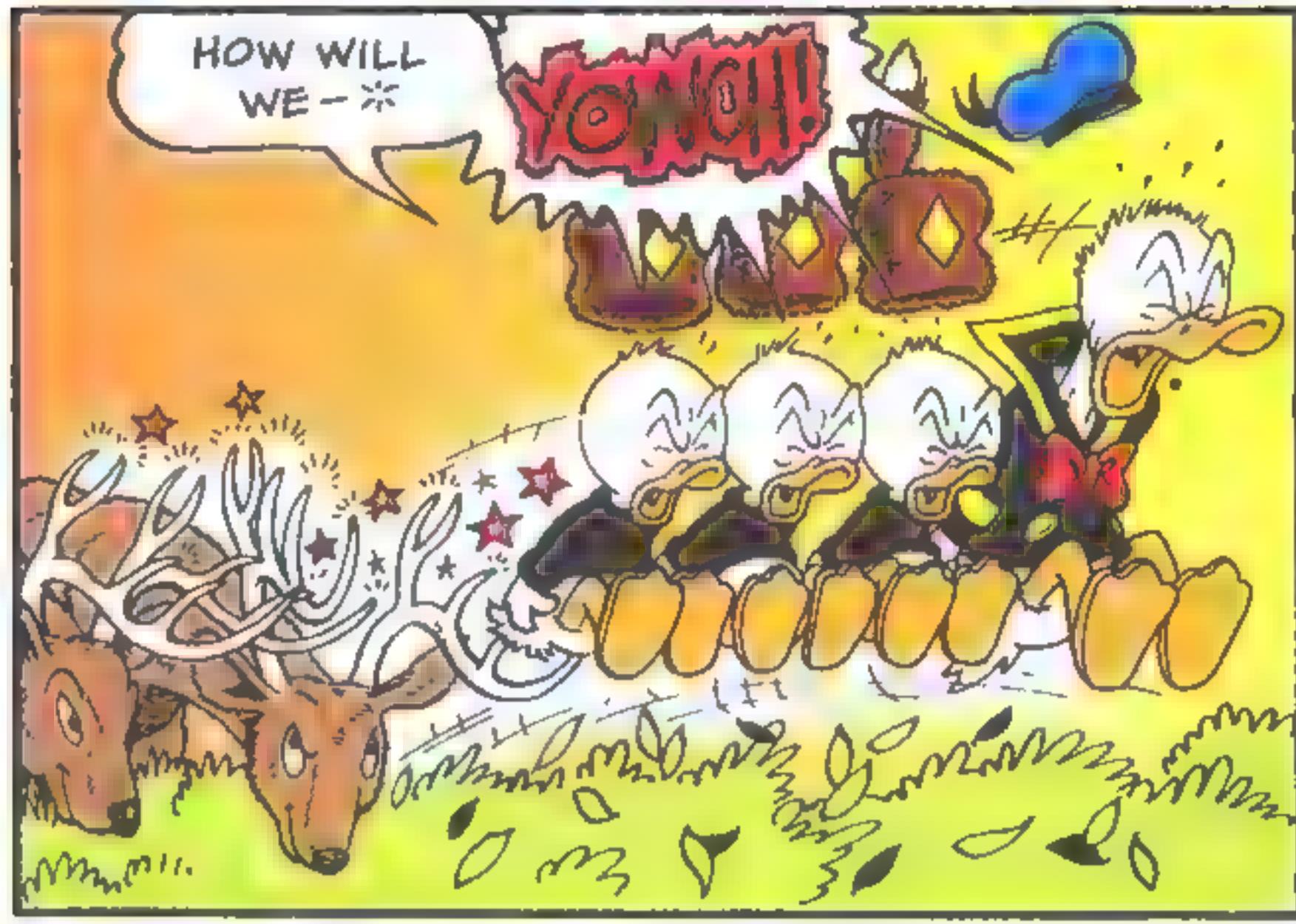


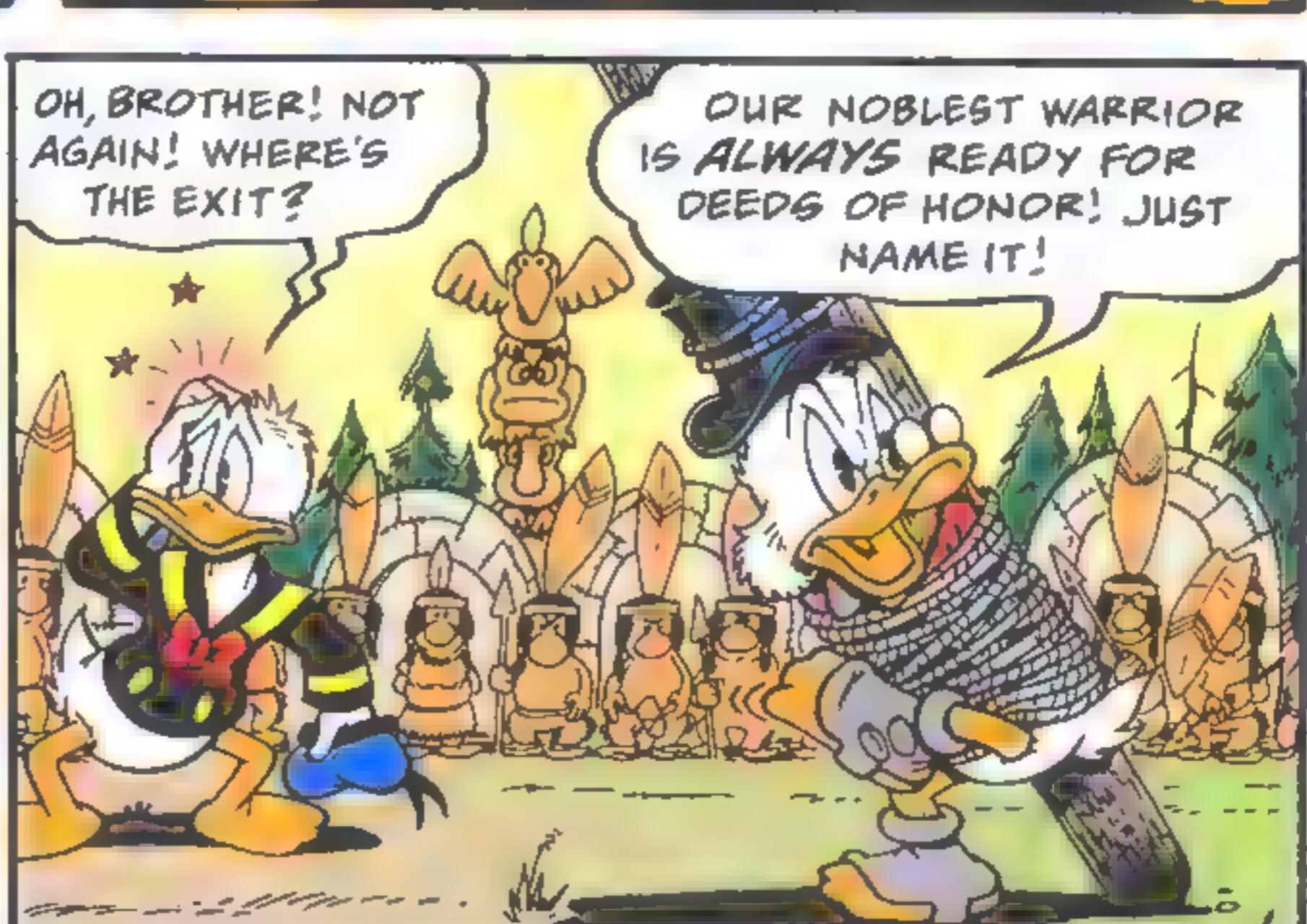
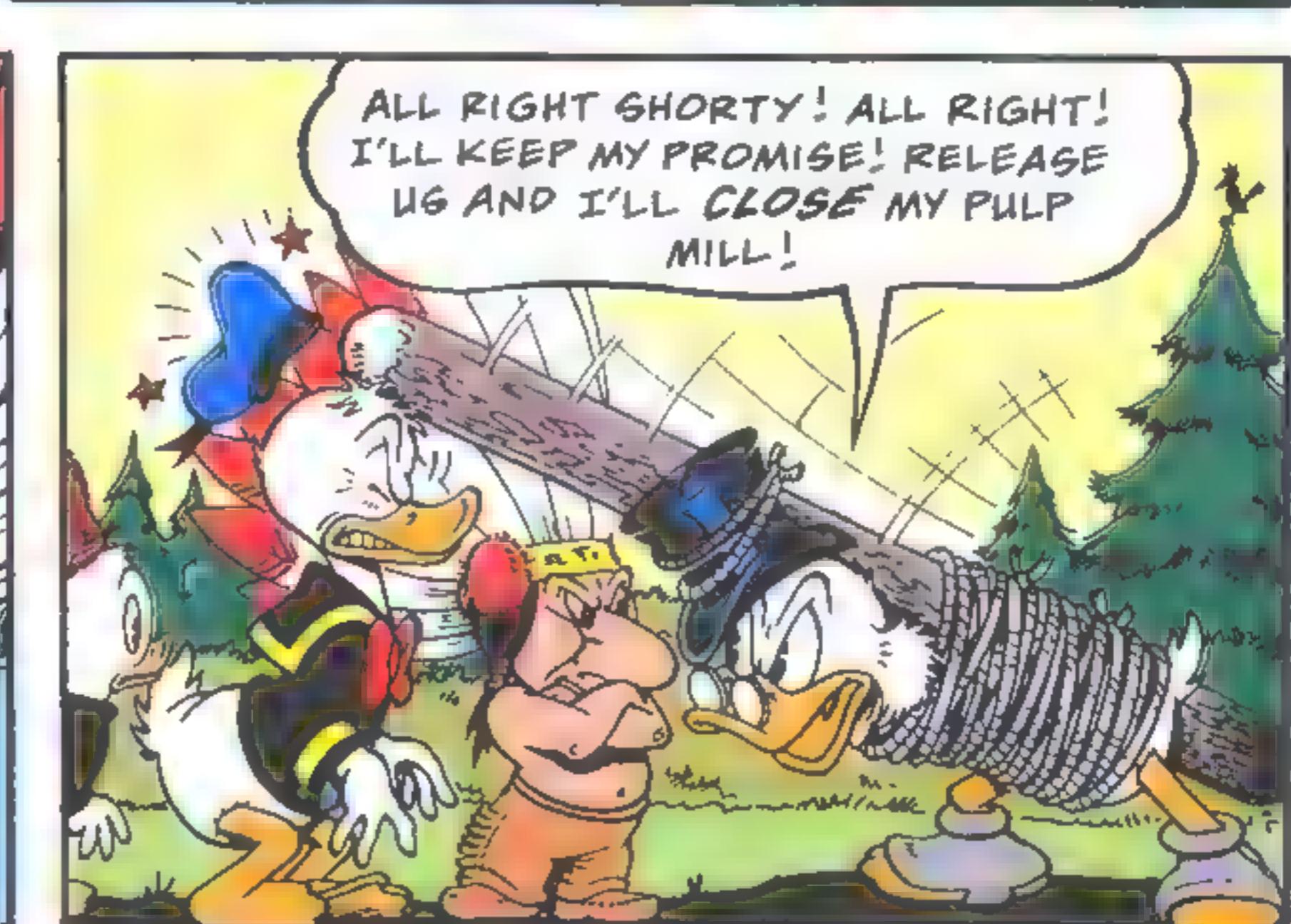
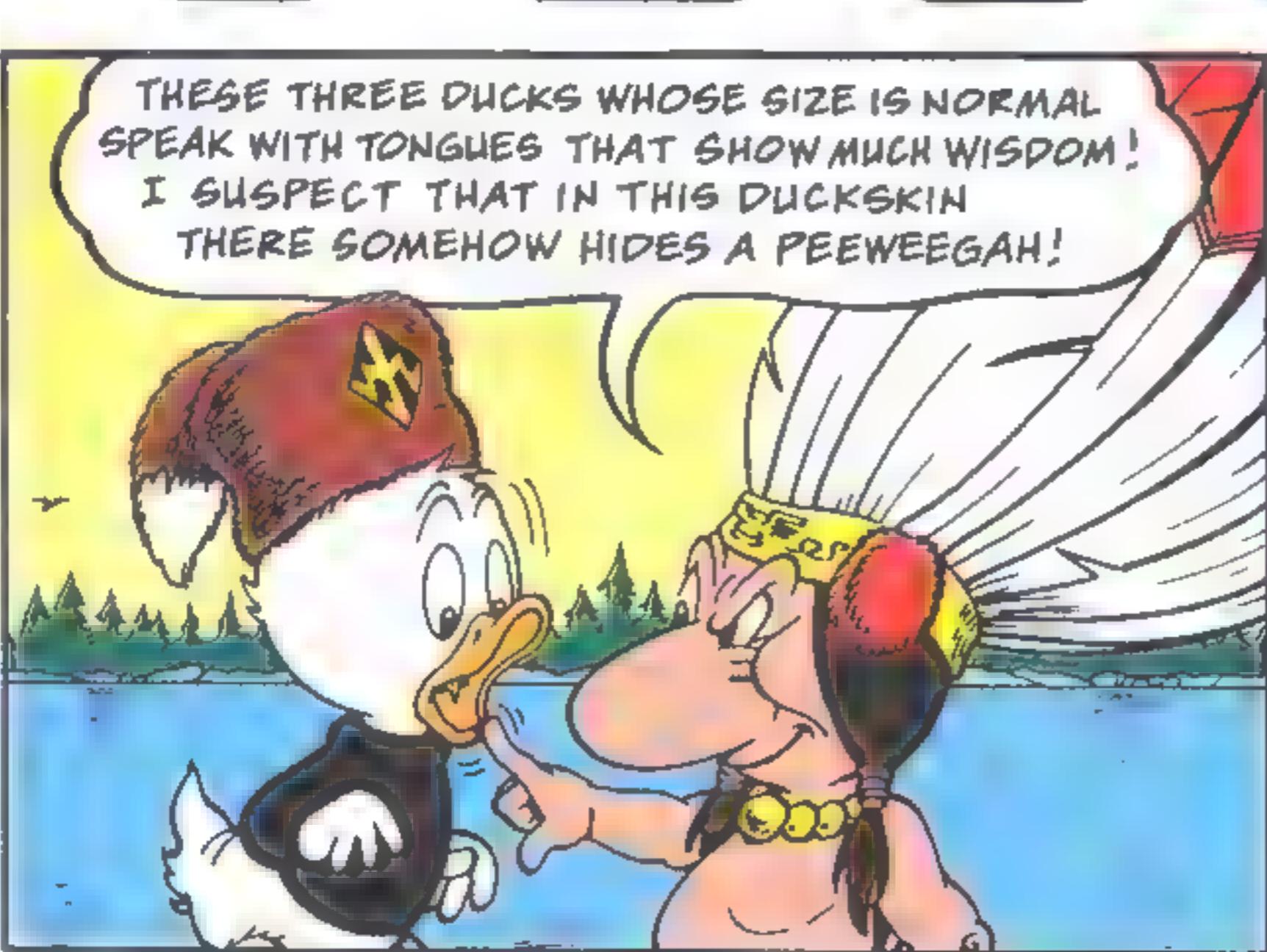
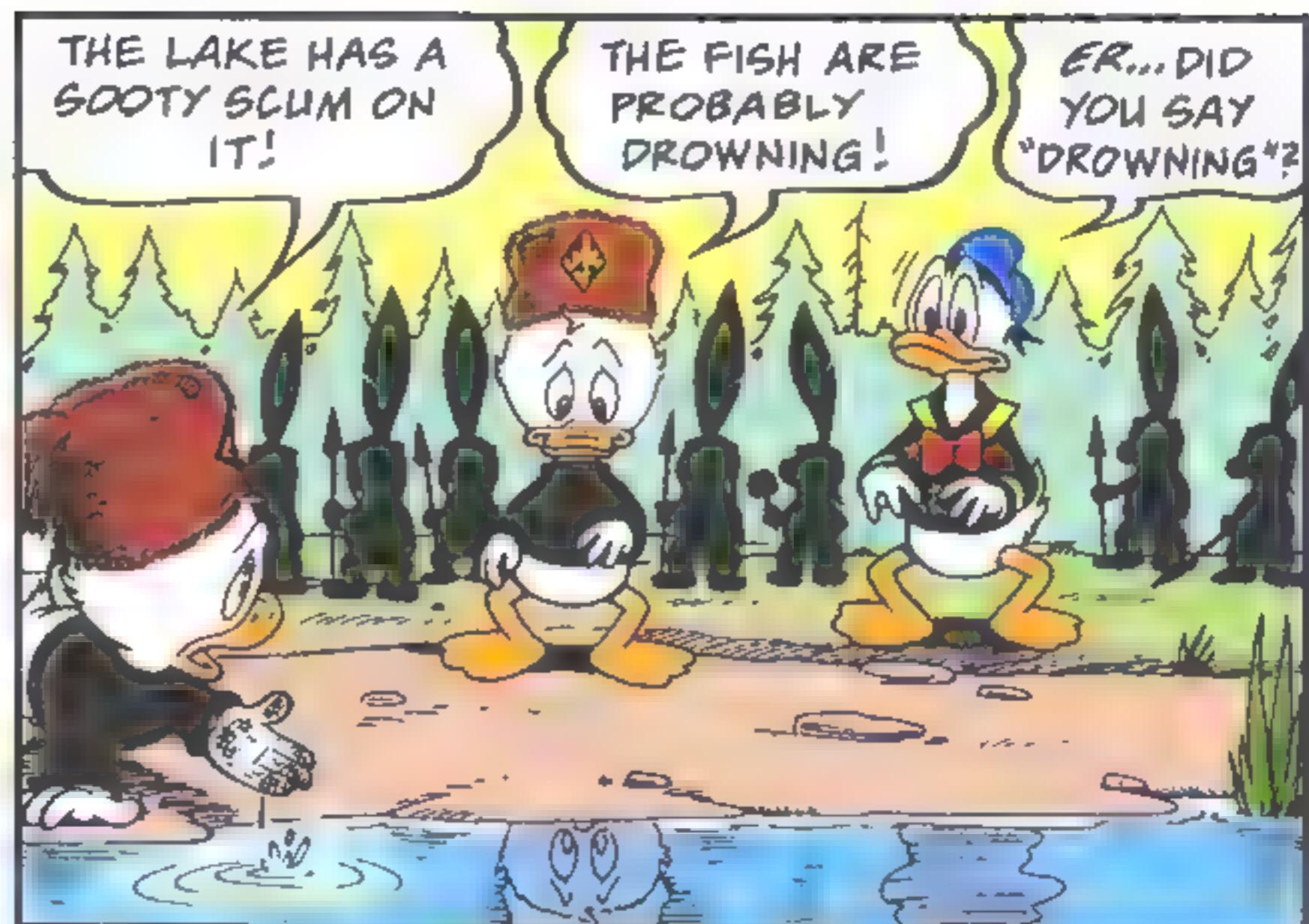
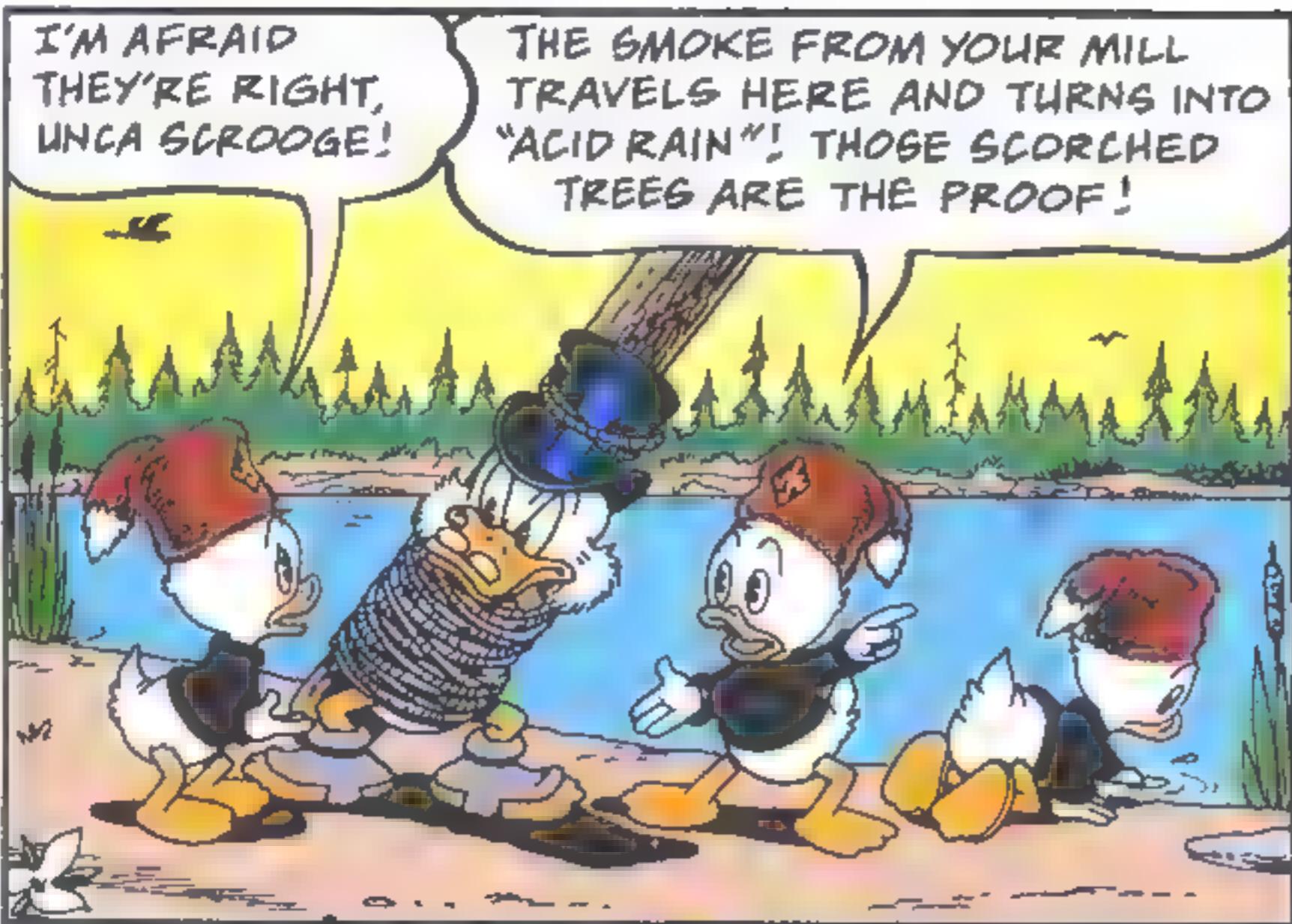
WELL, YES! THAT COMES FIRST!

GET MY HELICOPTER READY! WE'LL FLY IN AND SHOW THOSE RENEGADE SAVAGES WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE!









OKAY, GIVE ME SOME WEAPONS! I SUPPOSE I MUST BATTLE ANOTHER KING STURGEON?

I FEAR NOW THERE ARE NO STURGEON! NO BASS OR TROUT OF ANY SIZE! AND THE NIGHTFALL BRINGS NO SINGING OF THE WHIPPOORWILLS OR BULLFROGS!

NONE COULD STAND THE STINGING WATERS, SO THEY LEFT US, TO OUR SORROW!

I'M SORRY, DARN YA! HOW CAN WE PROVE IT SO YOU'LL LET ME HELP YOU?

WHEN WE TRACKED THE SMELLY WATER TO YOUR LODGE OF SMOKE AND POISON WE DID SEE A FEARSOME MONSTER WHOSE GREAT JAWS COULD EAT A MOUNTAIN!

YES!
YES!
YES!

LET THE PALEDUCK KILL THAT MONSTER TO AGAIN BE TRUSTED BROTHER!

WHILE THE OTHERS REMAIN CAPTIVES, TWO WARRIOR LEAD DONALD ON HIS QUEST OF HONOR! FINALLY, THE NEXT MORNING...

ARE YOU WRITING ALL THIS DOWN, NEPHEW?

WHERE IS THIS MONSTER? I FEEL SILLY TRAMPING AROUND THE WOODS IN THIS GET-UP!

THERE!

OH, MY GALLSTONES! IT'S A GIANT STRIP MINE STEAM SHOVEL!

M'DUCK MINING

BEHOLD BEAST THAT EATS THE MOUNTAINS!
GO, OH MIGHTY PALEDUCK WARRIOR,
IN PEEWEEGAH TRIBAL WARDUDS!
GO AND SLAY BIGFOOT'S BIG BROTHER!

I'LL JUST TELL THEM UNCLE
SAID TO KNOCK OFF EARLY, THEN GO
BACK AND ACT LIKE A HERO! THIS'LL
BE A CINCH!

HOW
EMBARRASSING!

LOOK! IT'S ONE OF THOSE PYGMY
INDIANS RAVAGE DEFLORA TOLD
US TO WATCH OUT FOR, EH?

KINDA BIG
FOR A PYGMY,
AIN'T HE?

PYGMY FOLK MUST
COME IN ALL SIZES,
EH?

LET'S GET HIM, EH?
DEFLORA POSTED A
REWARD ON THEM!

'SCUSE ME, FELLAS, I WAS
WONDERING IF I COULD
TALK TO YOU FOR A SEC...

WHUPS!

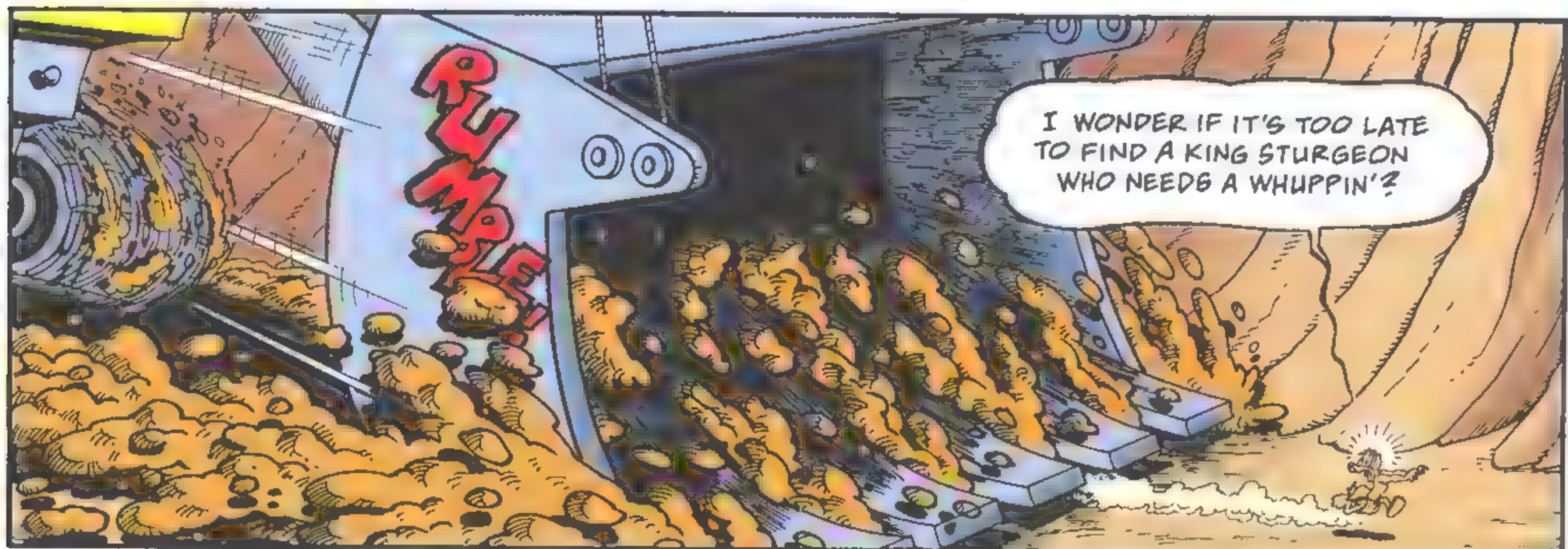
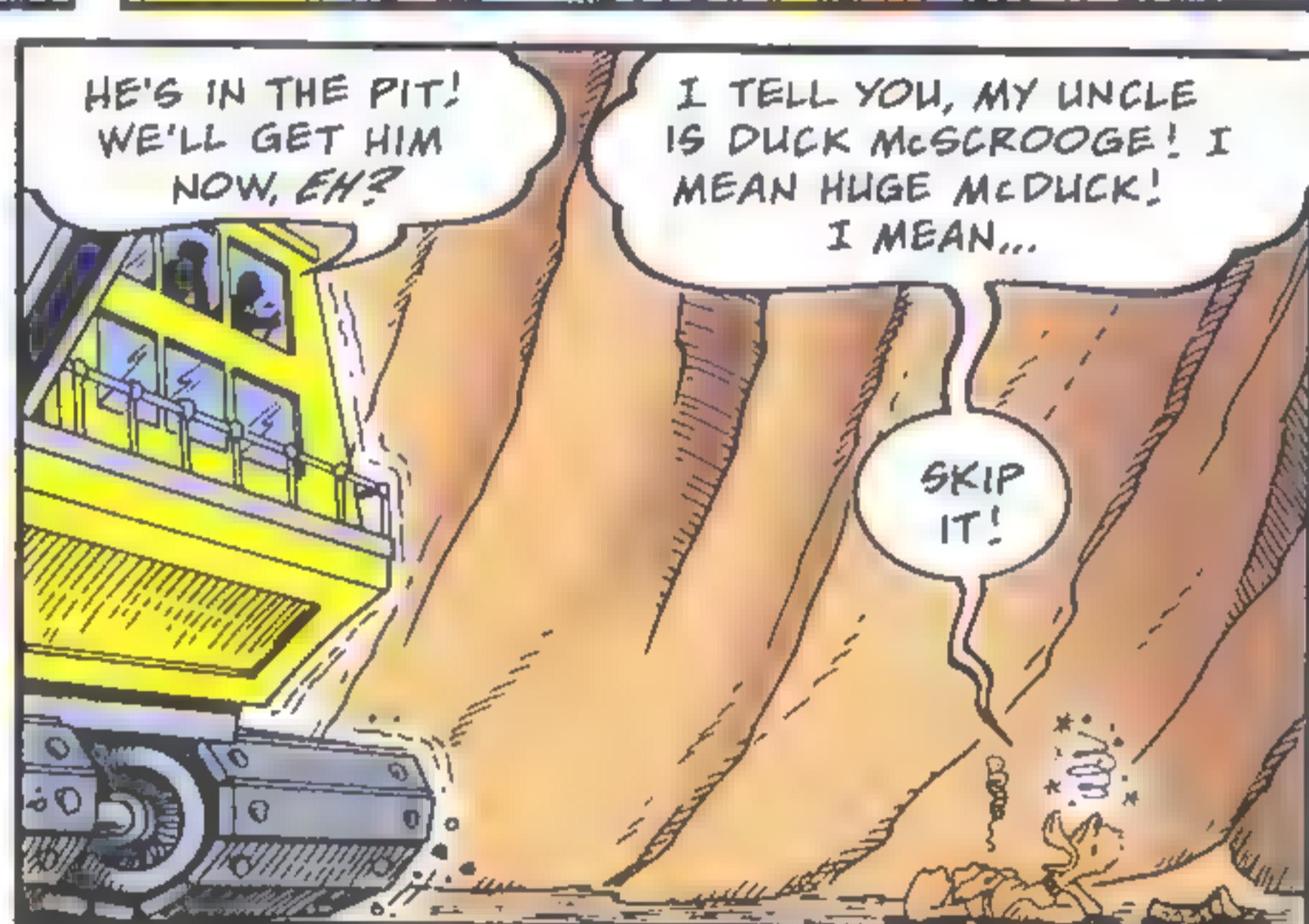
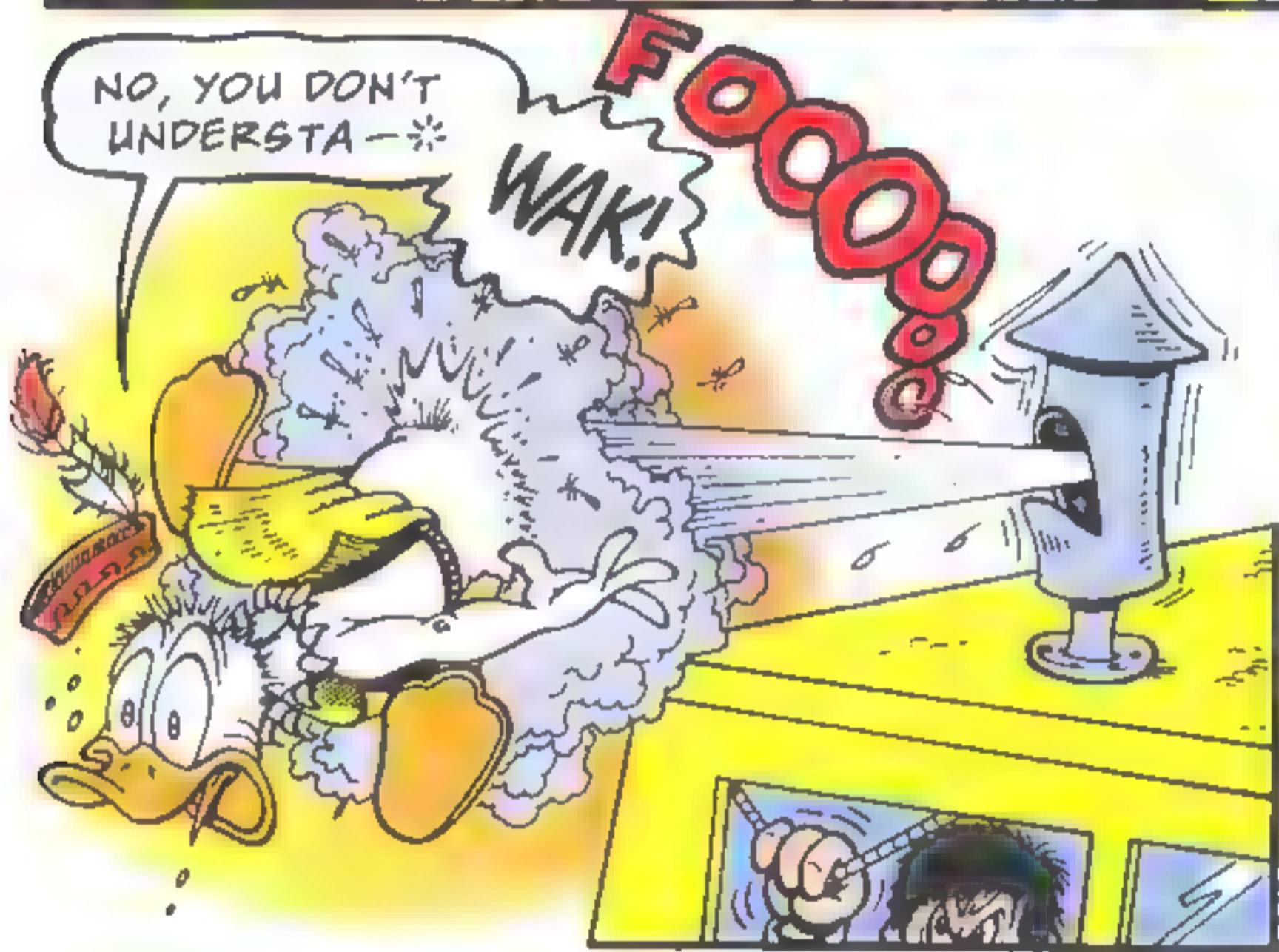
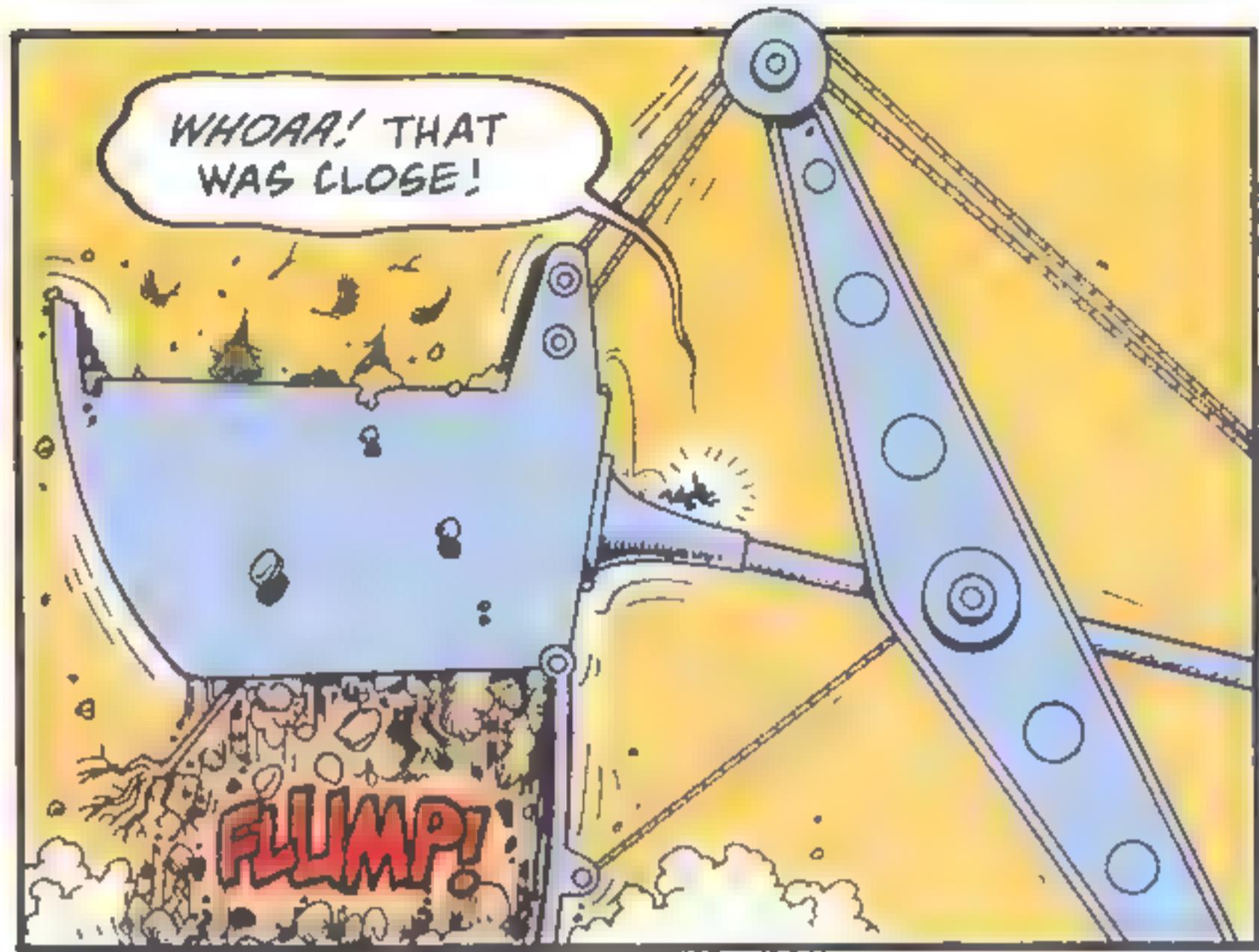
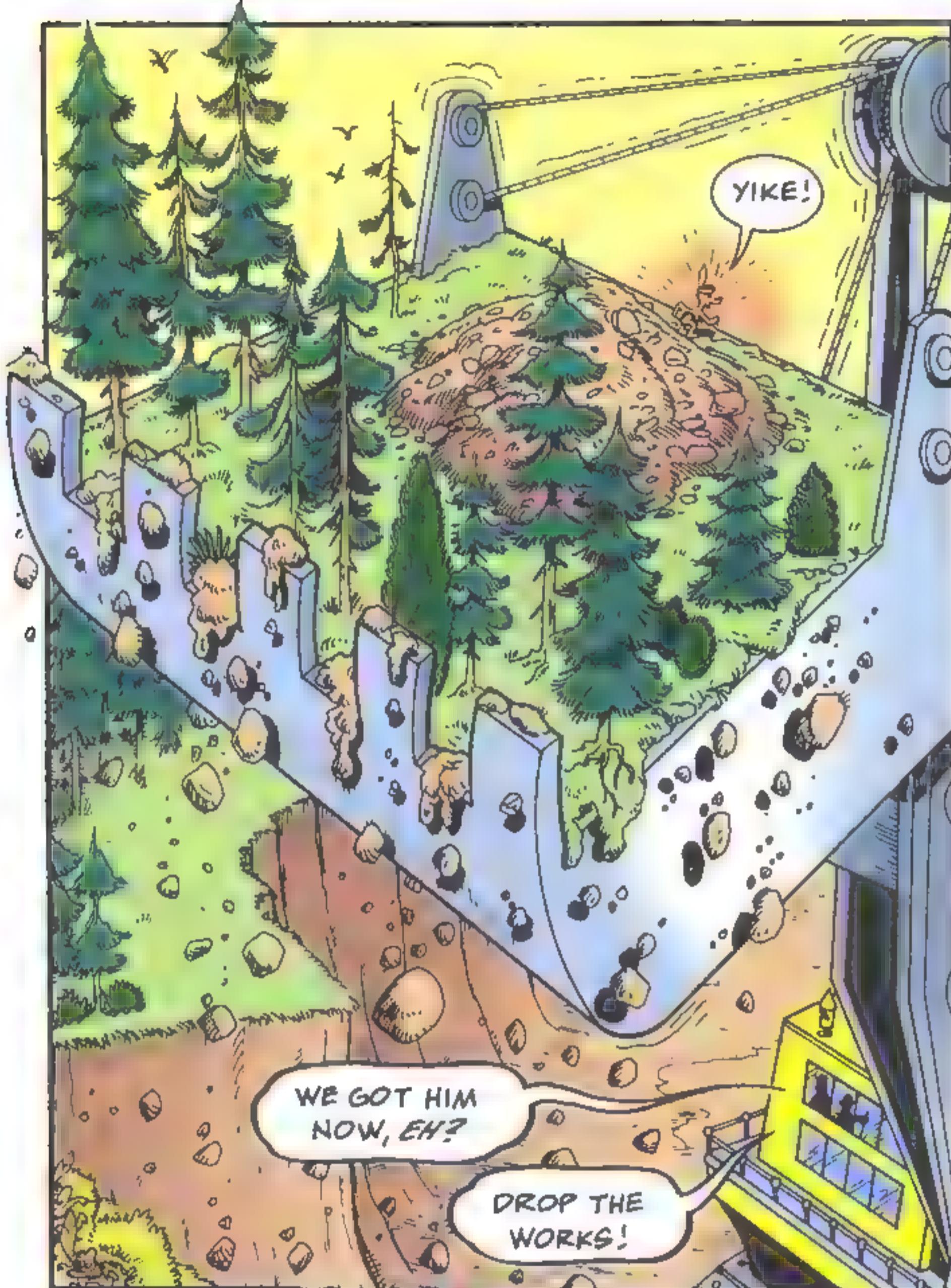
WHIMP

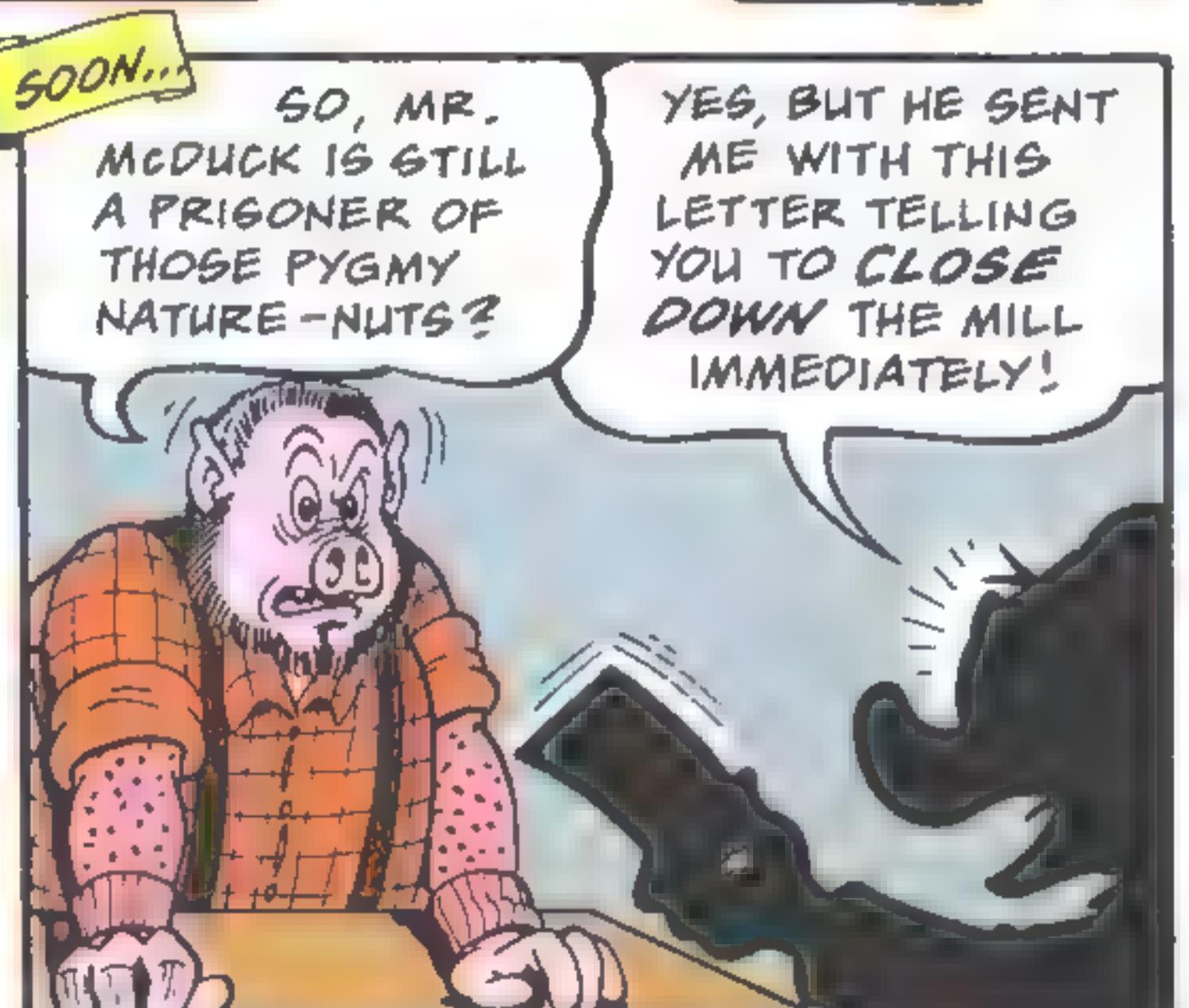
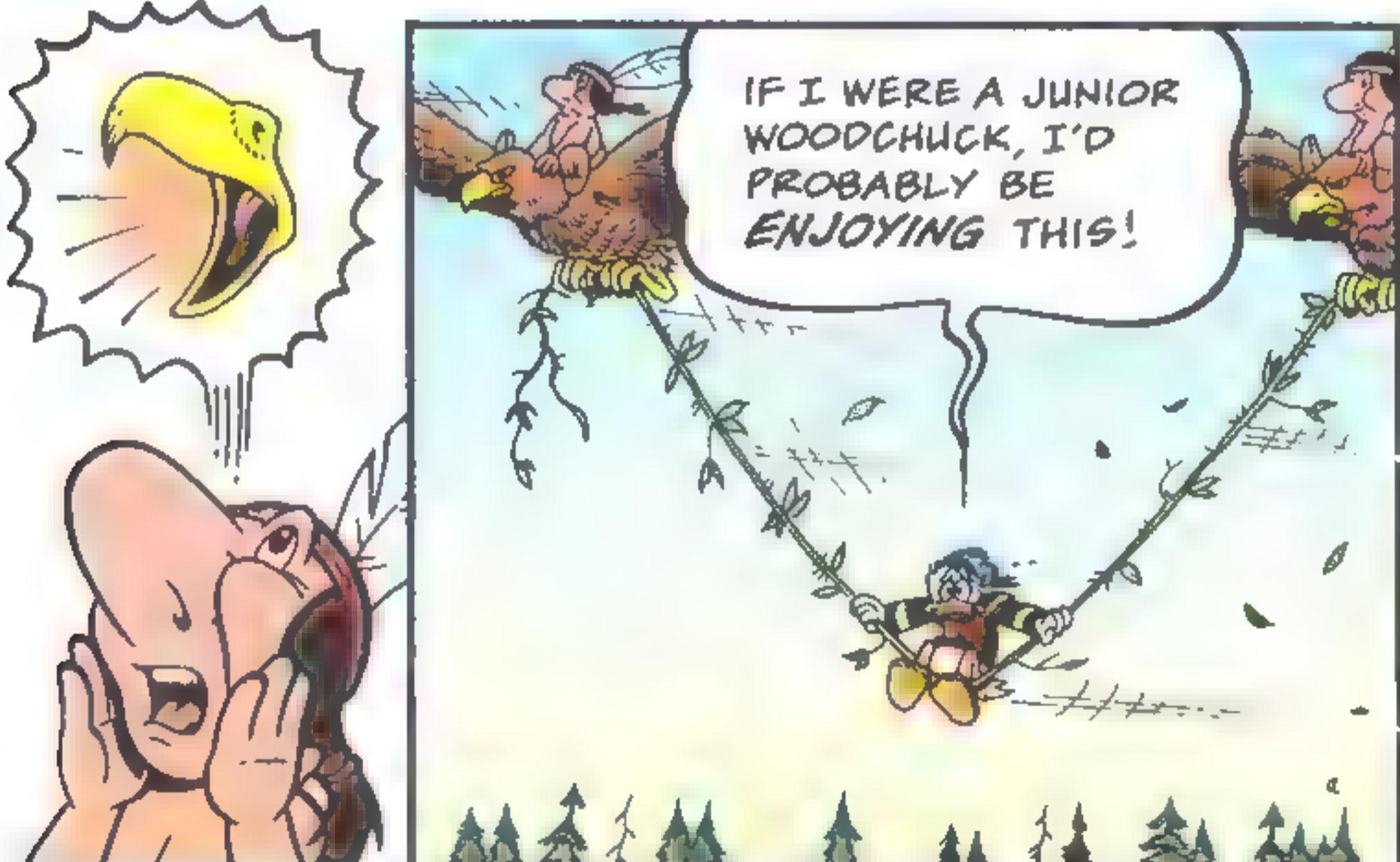
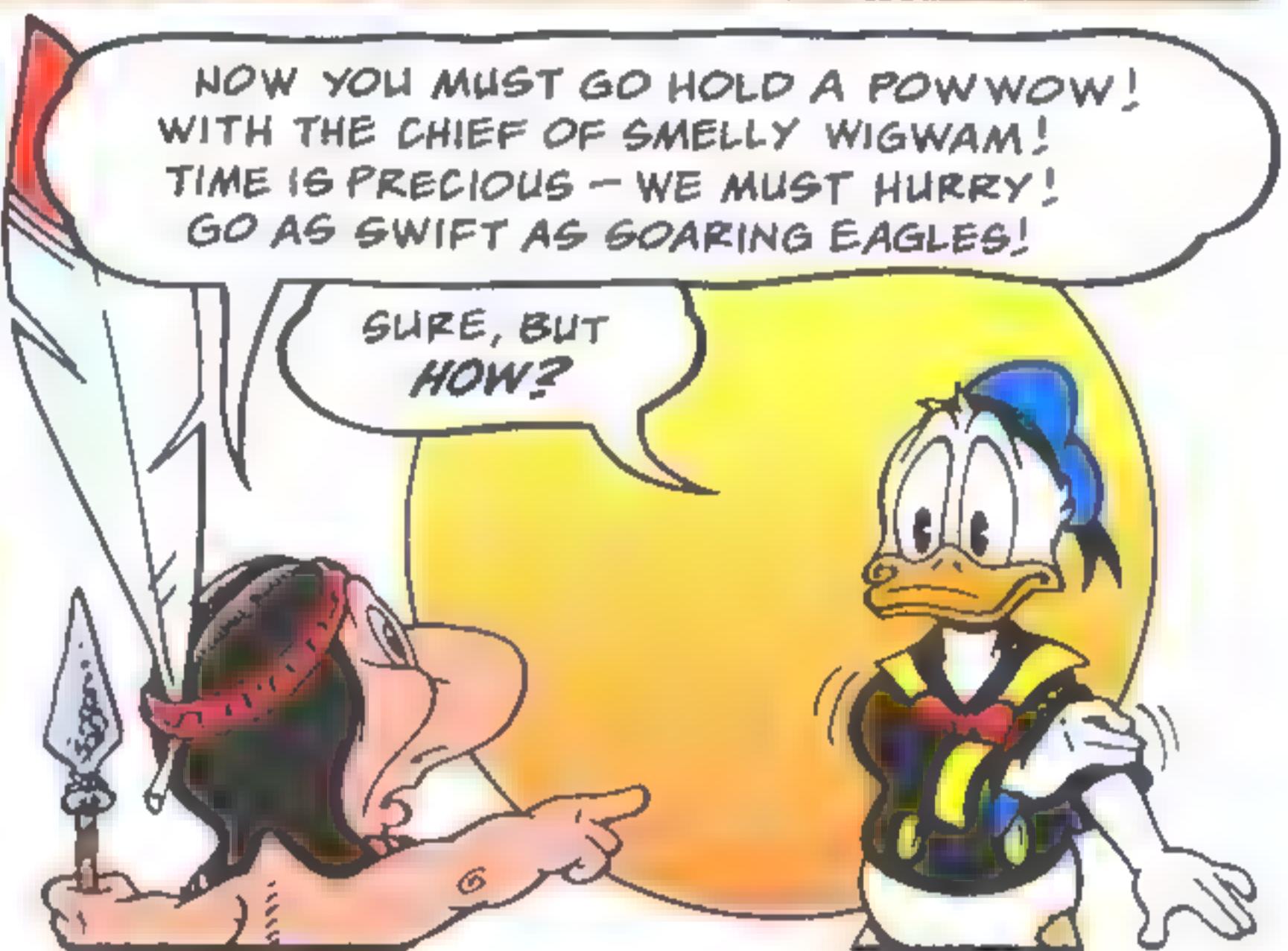
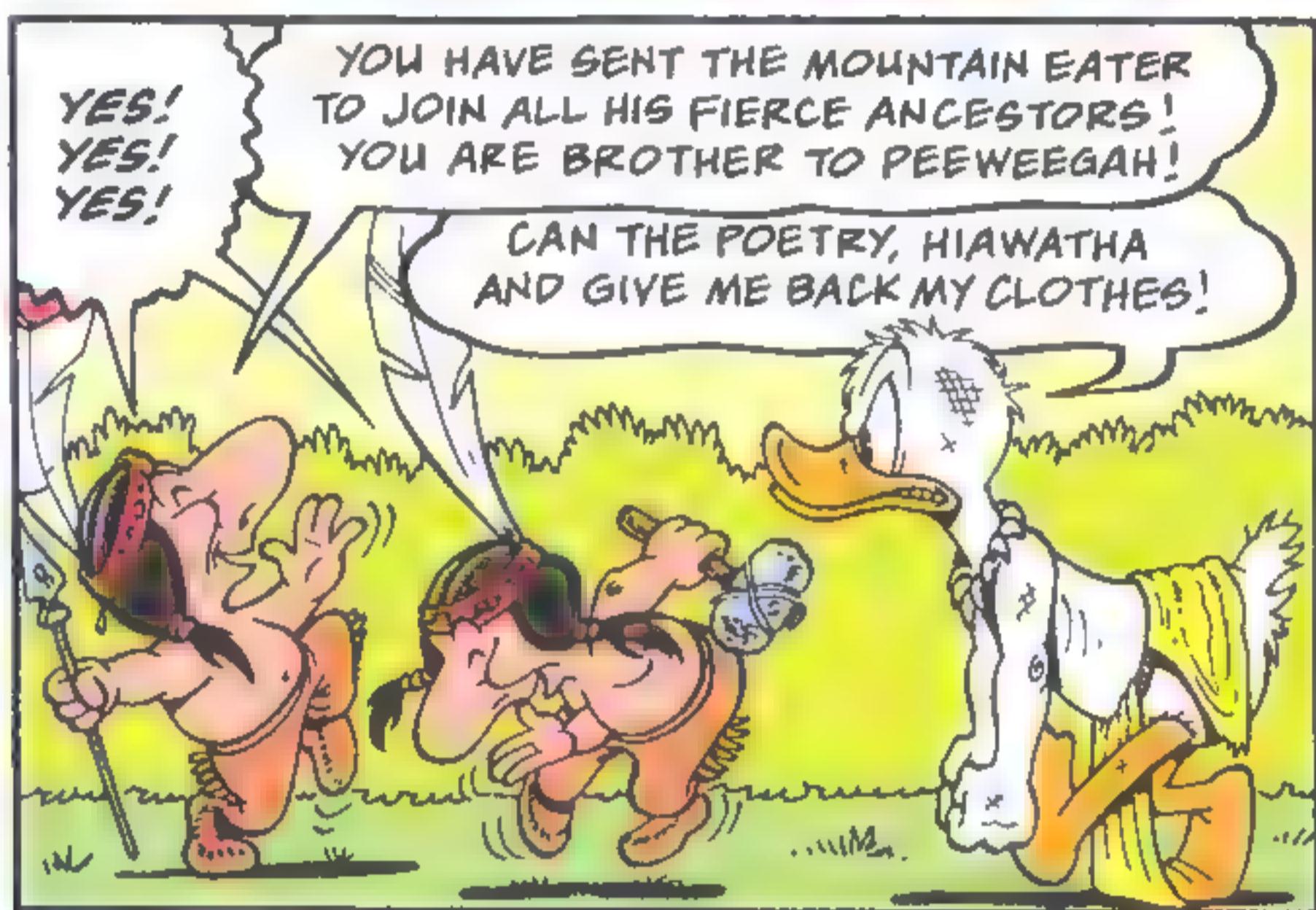
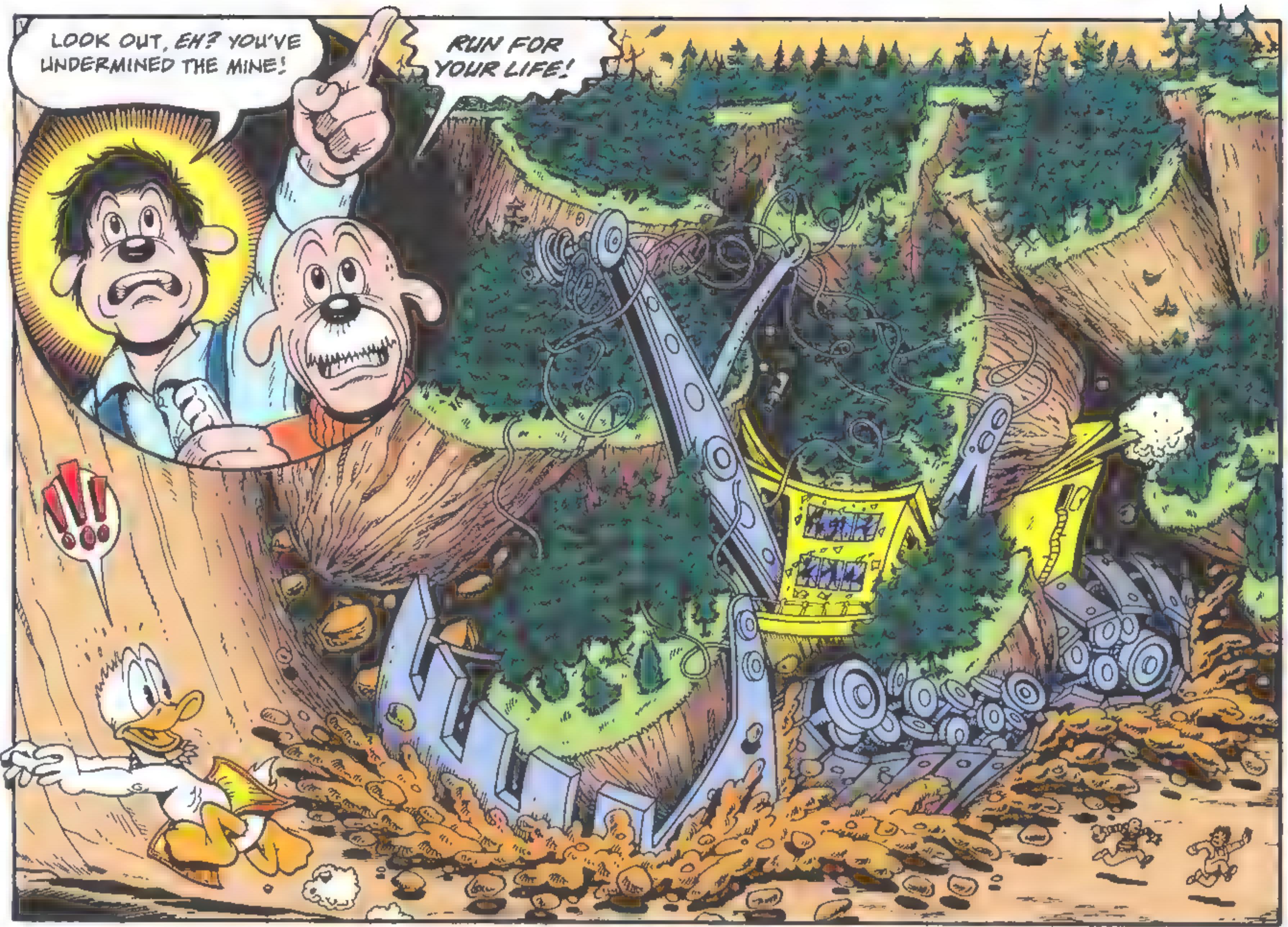
OUR ONE HOPE, OUR MIGHTY SAVIOR!
HAS BEEN FELLED BY JUST ONE WALLOP!
WHEN IT COMES TO PALEDUCK WARRIORS,
THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THEY USED TO!

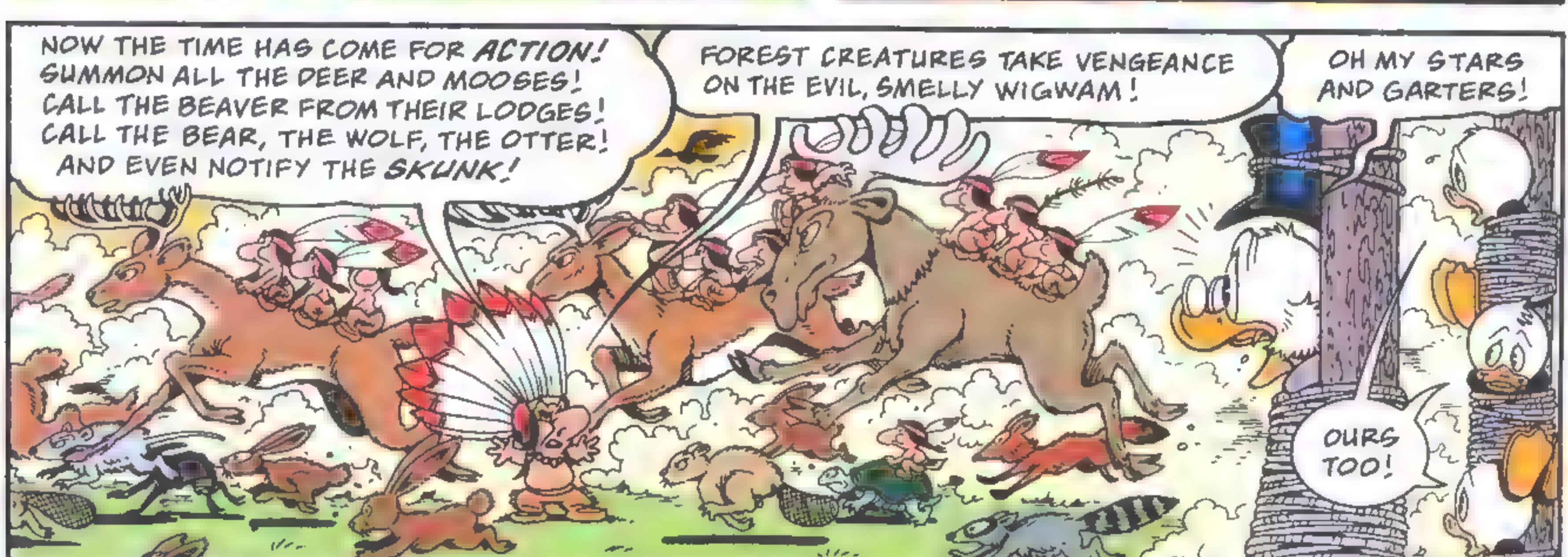
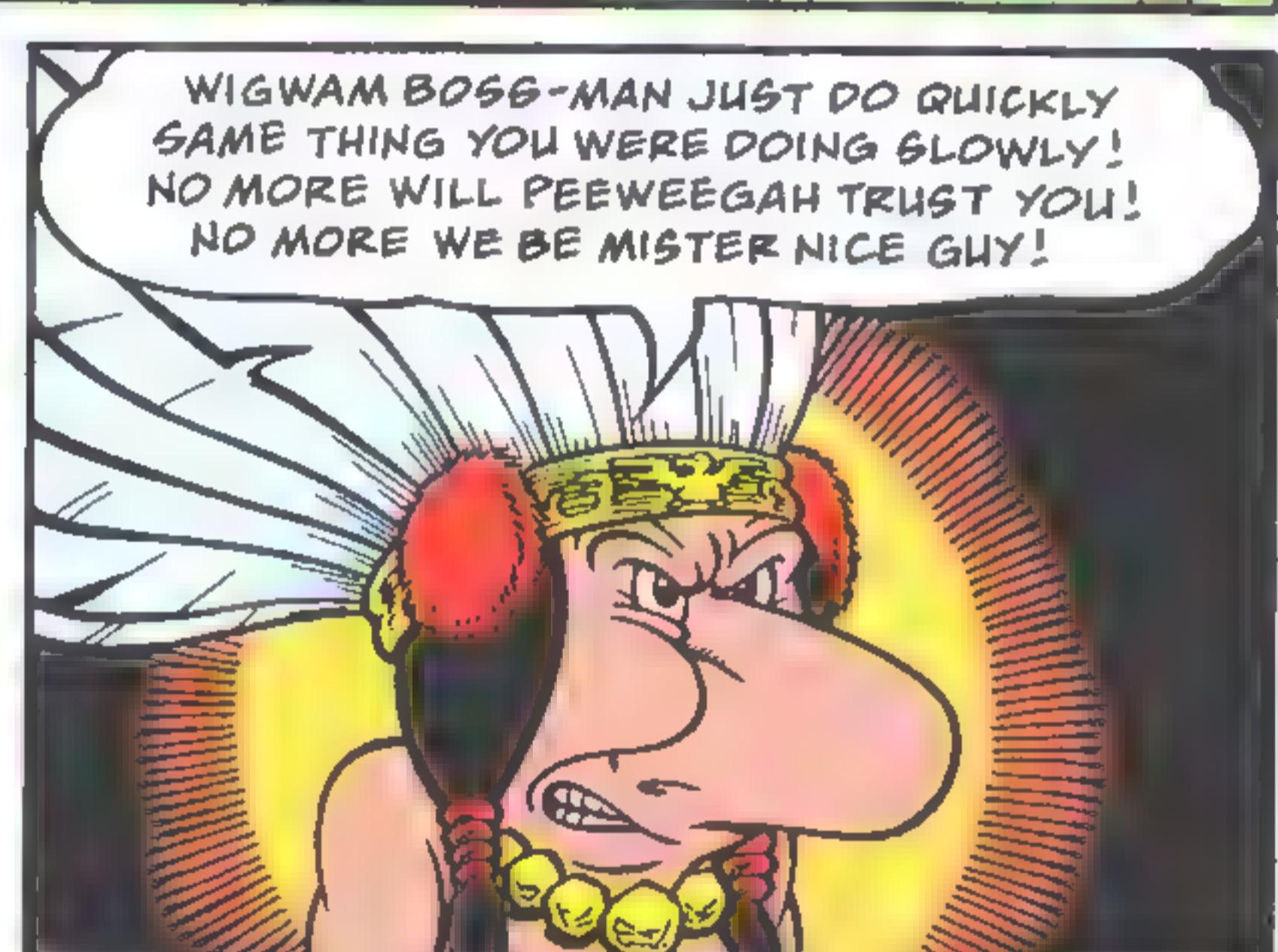
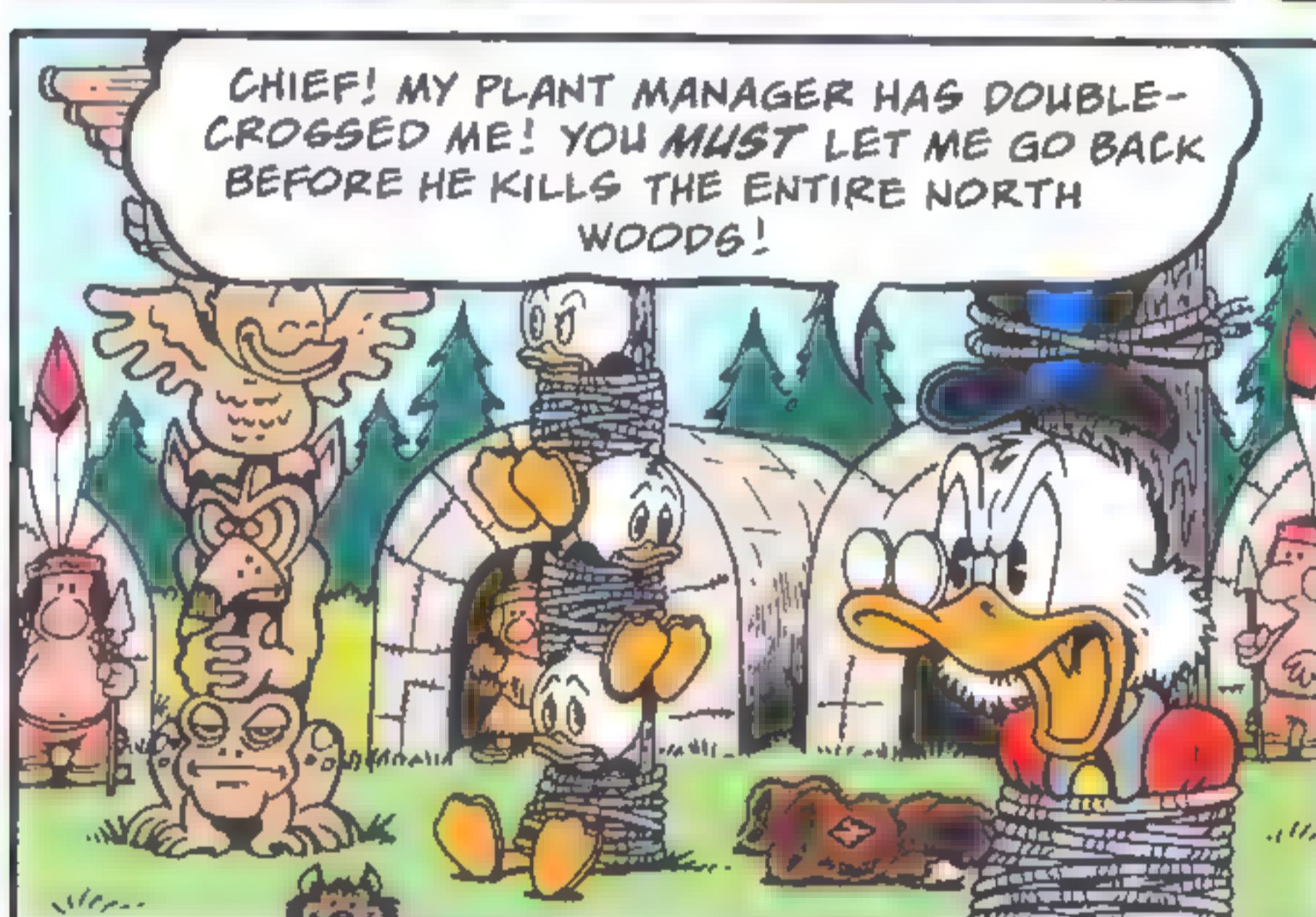
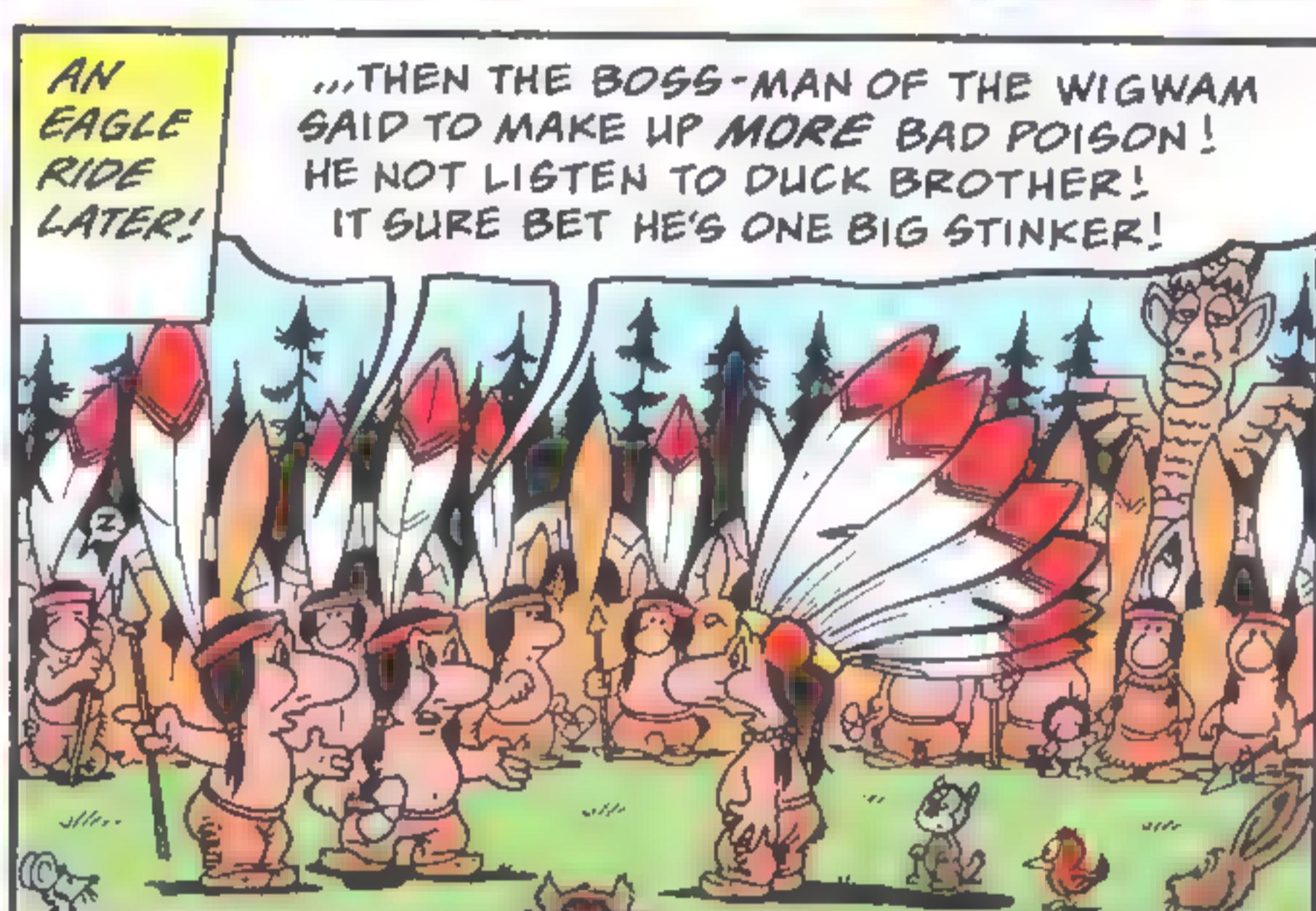
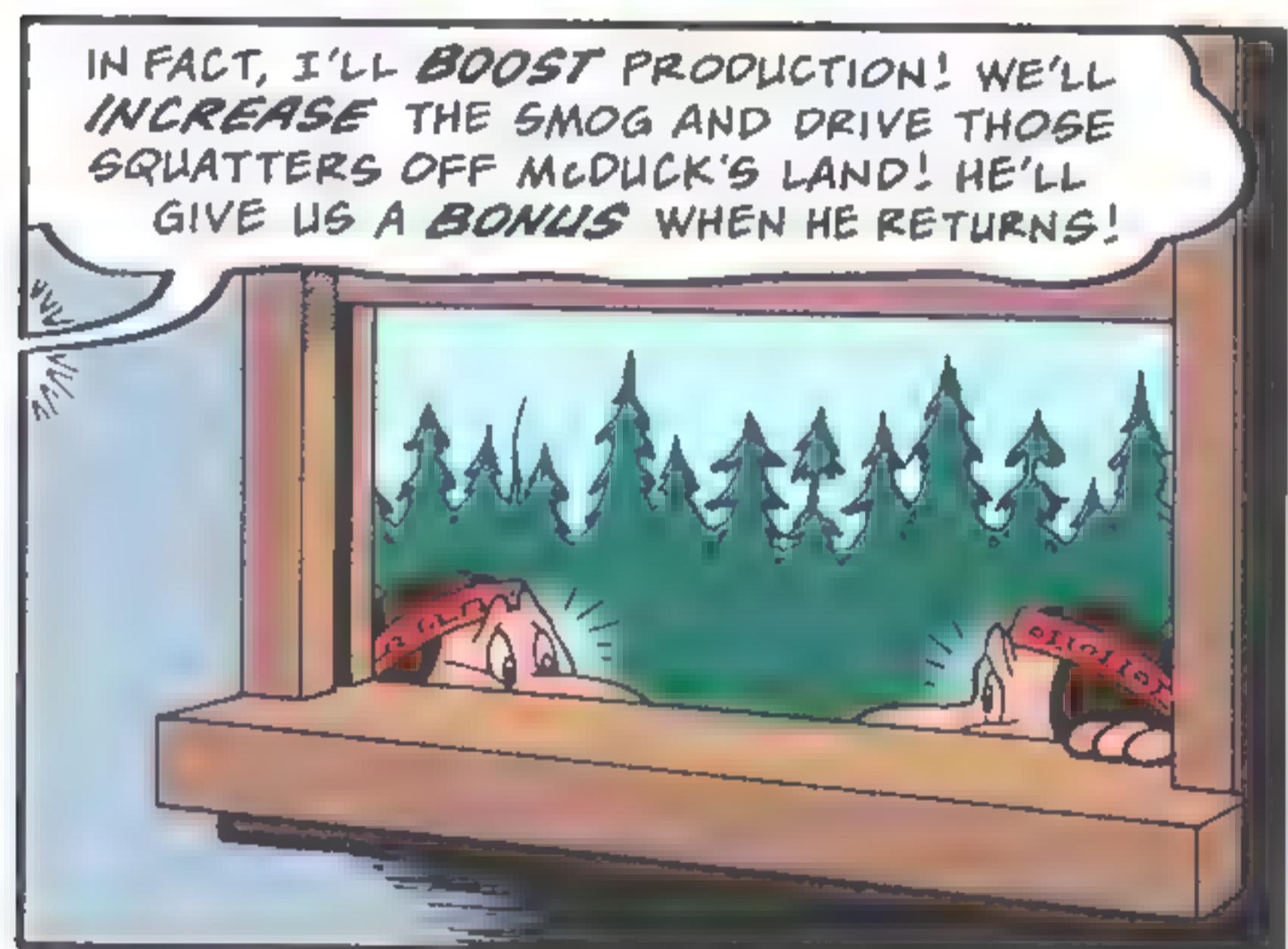
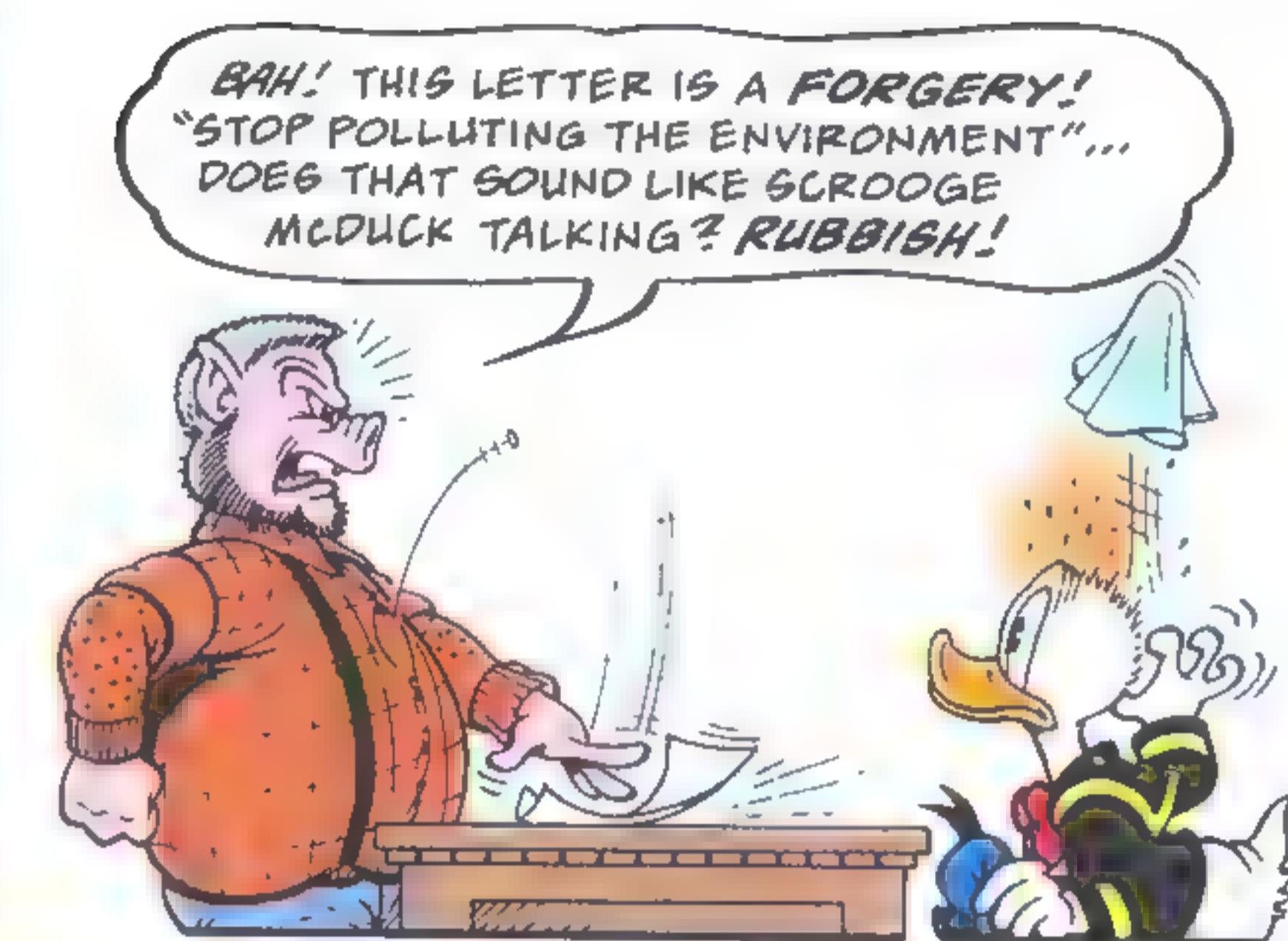
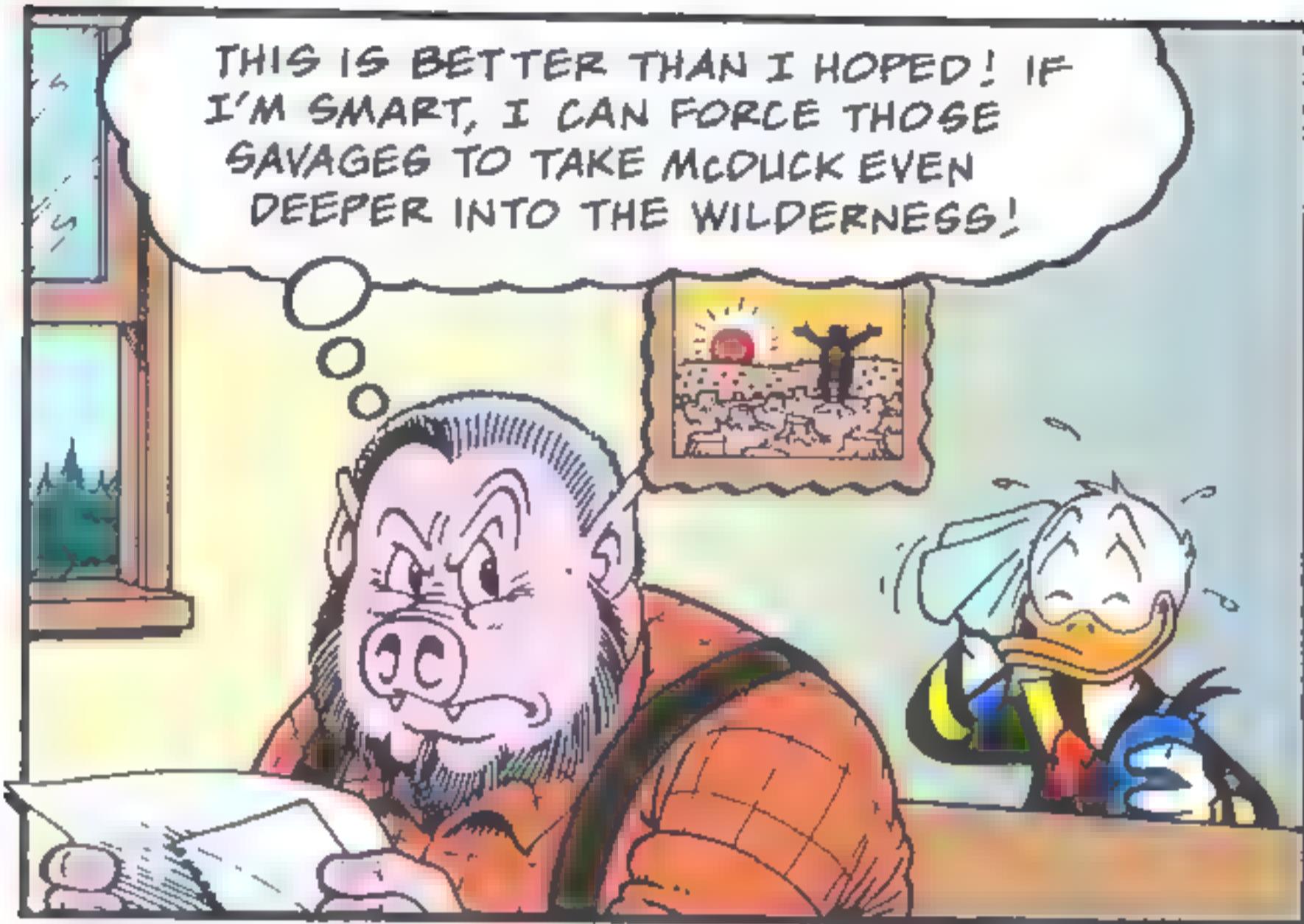
SPUT-SPUTTER! FINE THING
TO DO TO THE BOSS' NEPHEW...
THROW A MEDIUM-SIZE HILL
AT HIM!

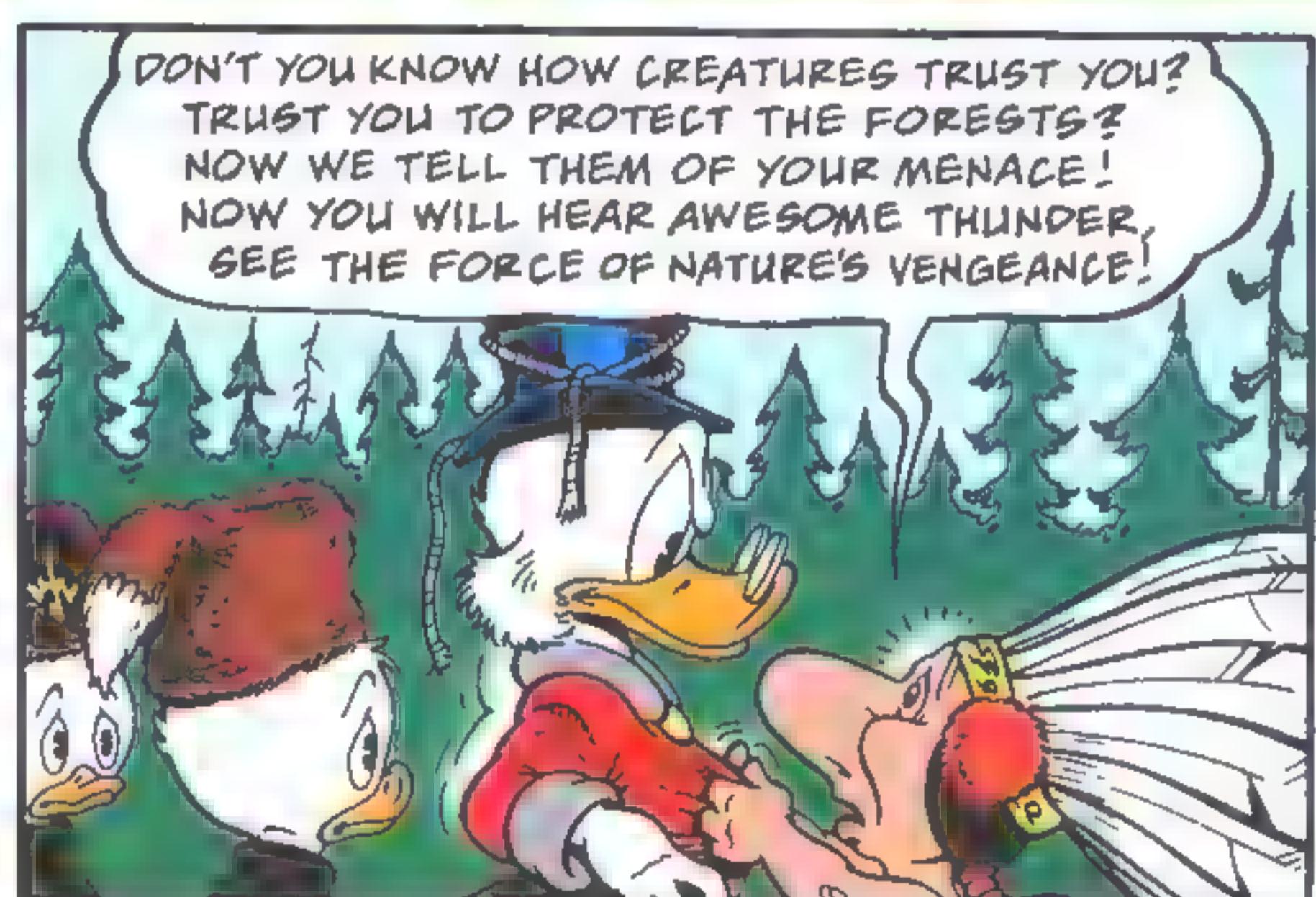
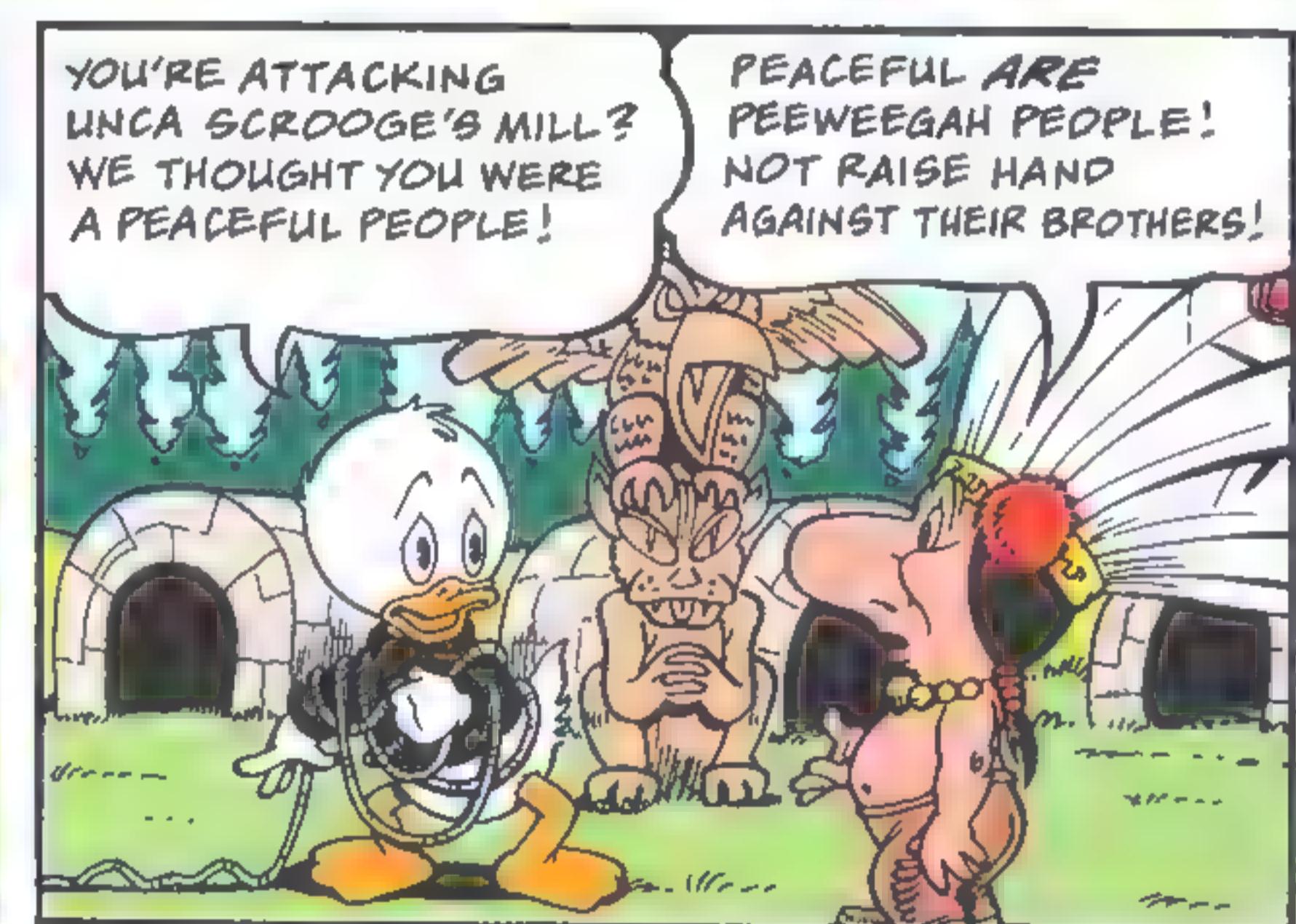
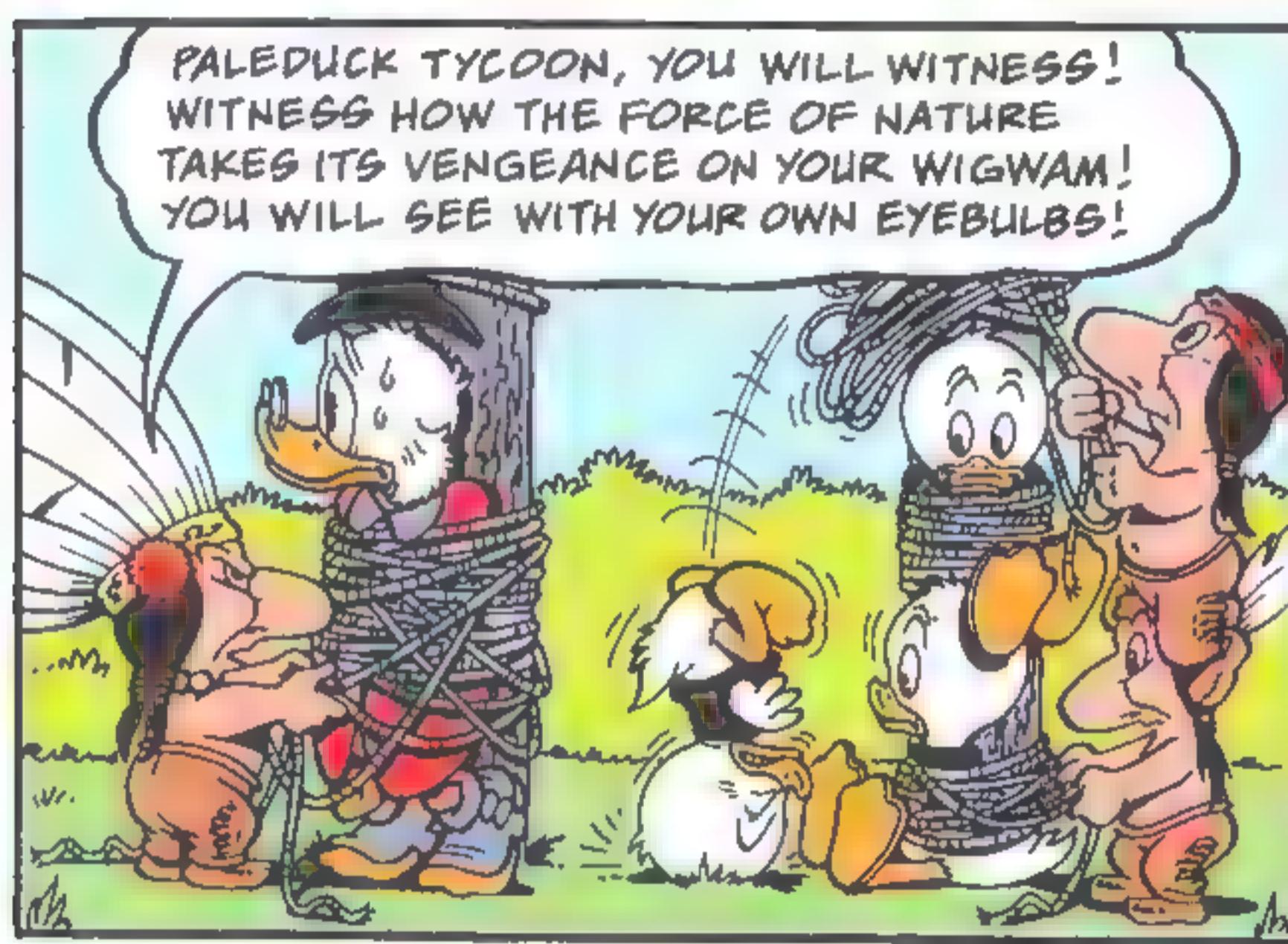
WAK!

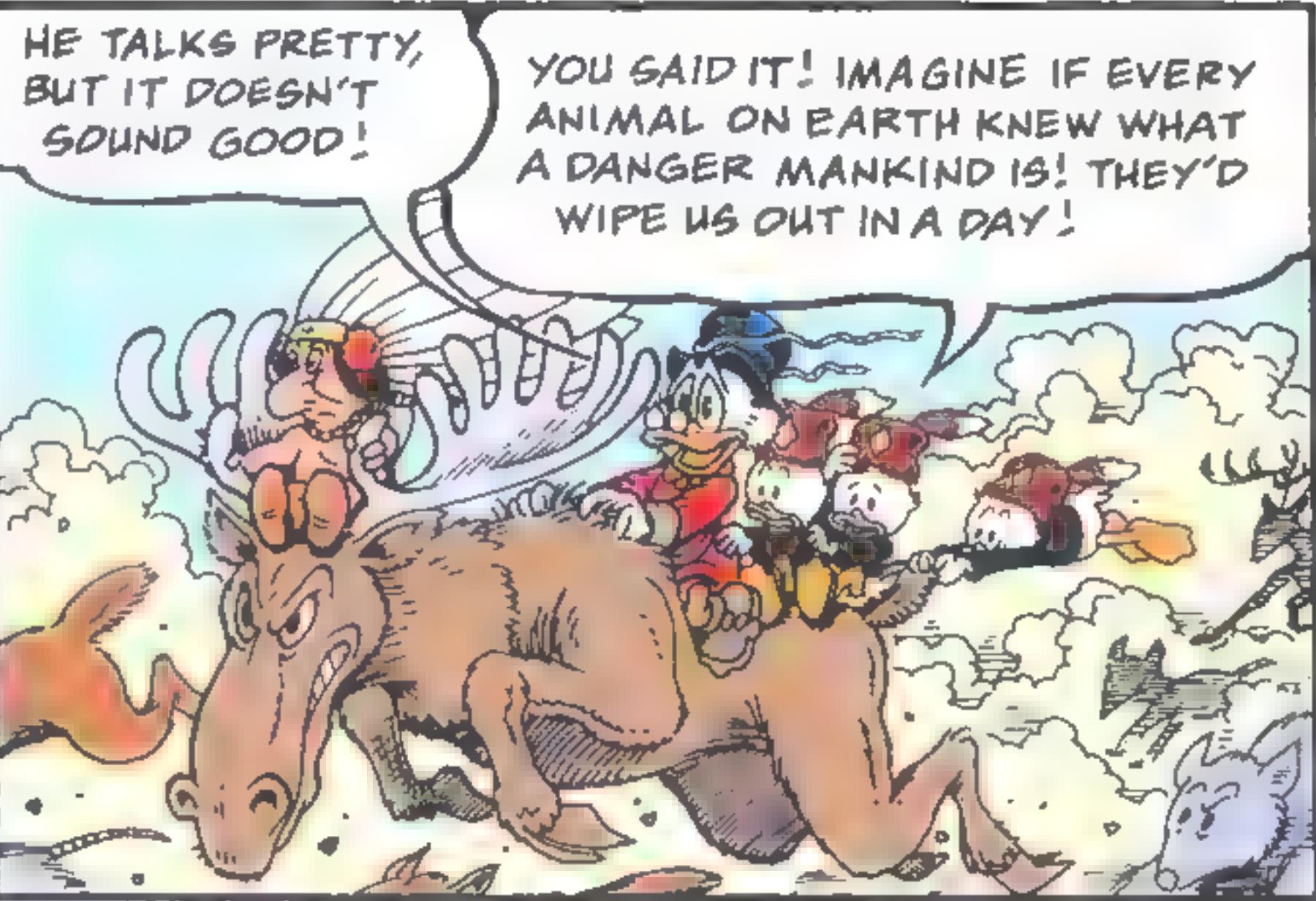
RUMBLE
NOW WHAT?
AN EARTHQUAKE?



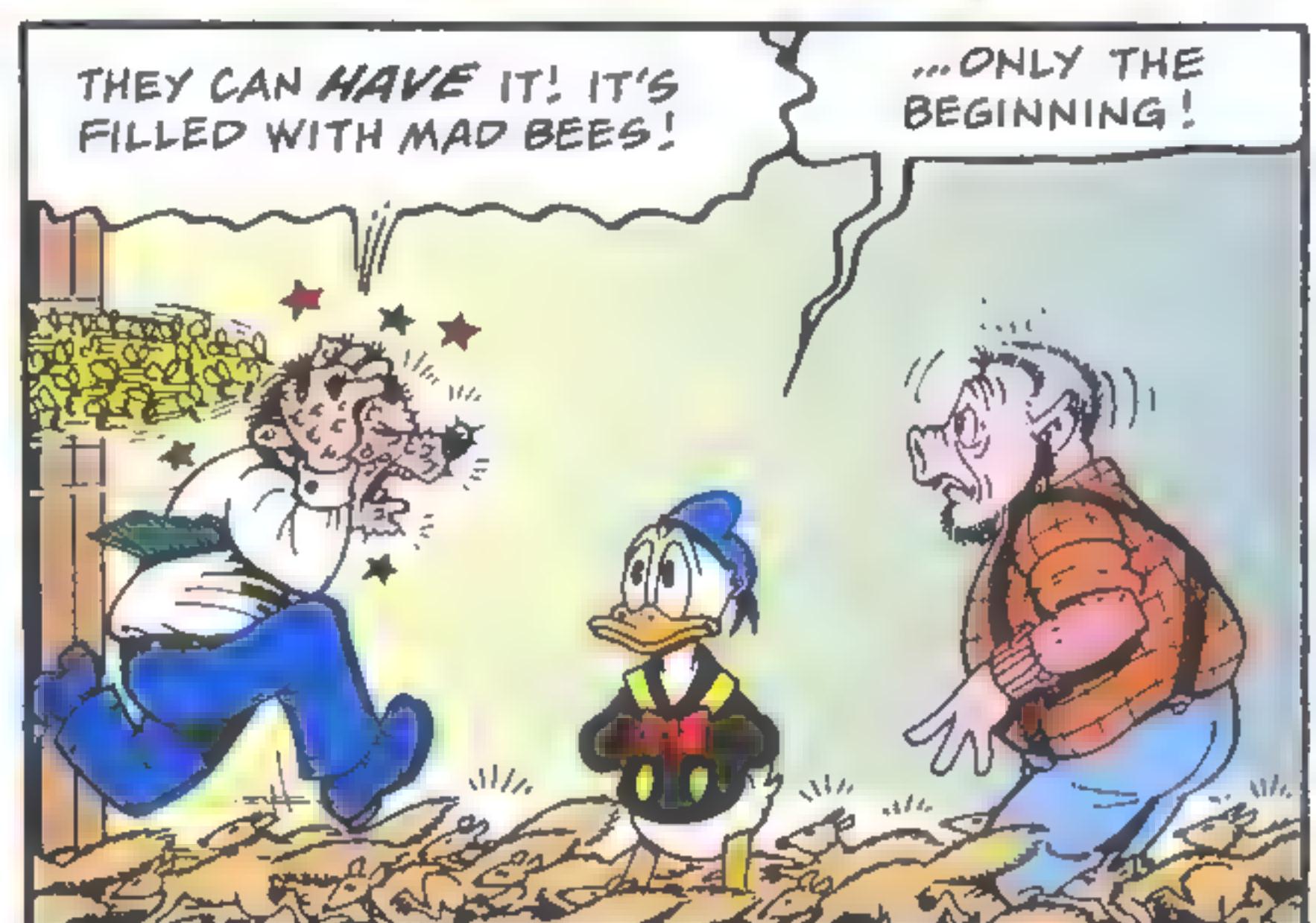
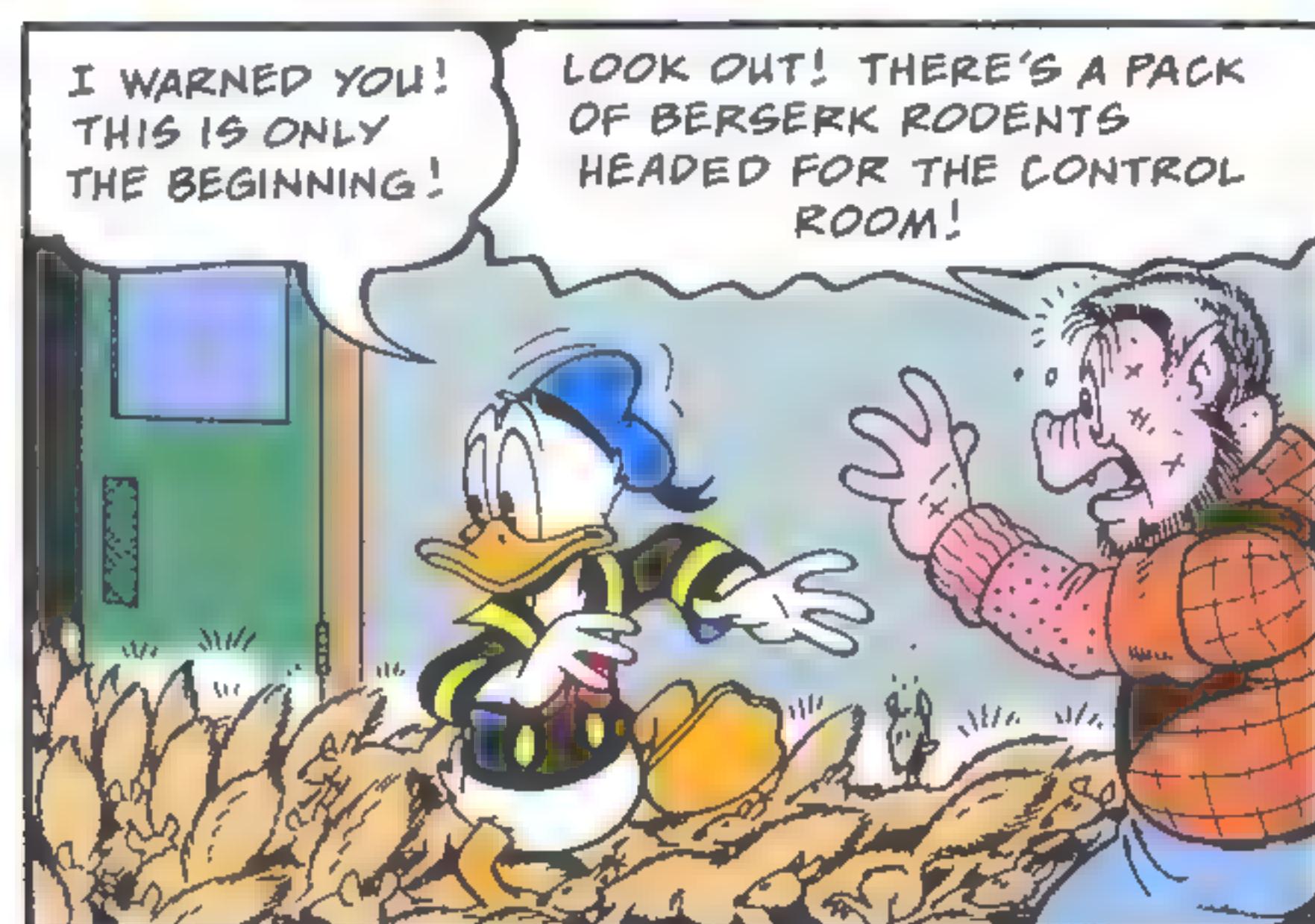
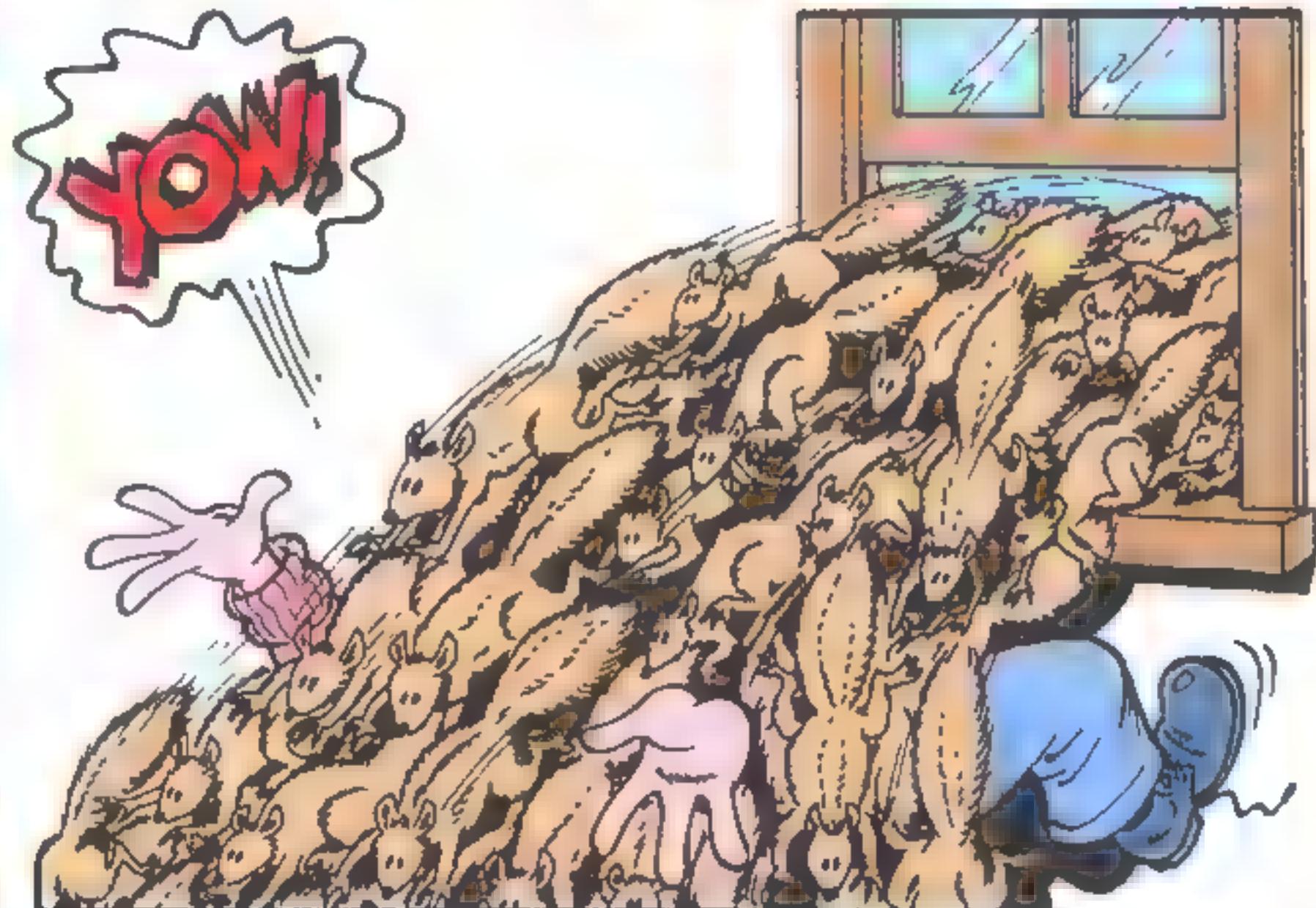
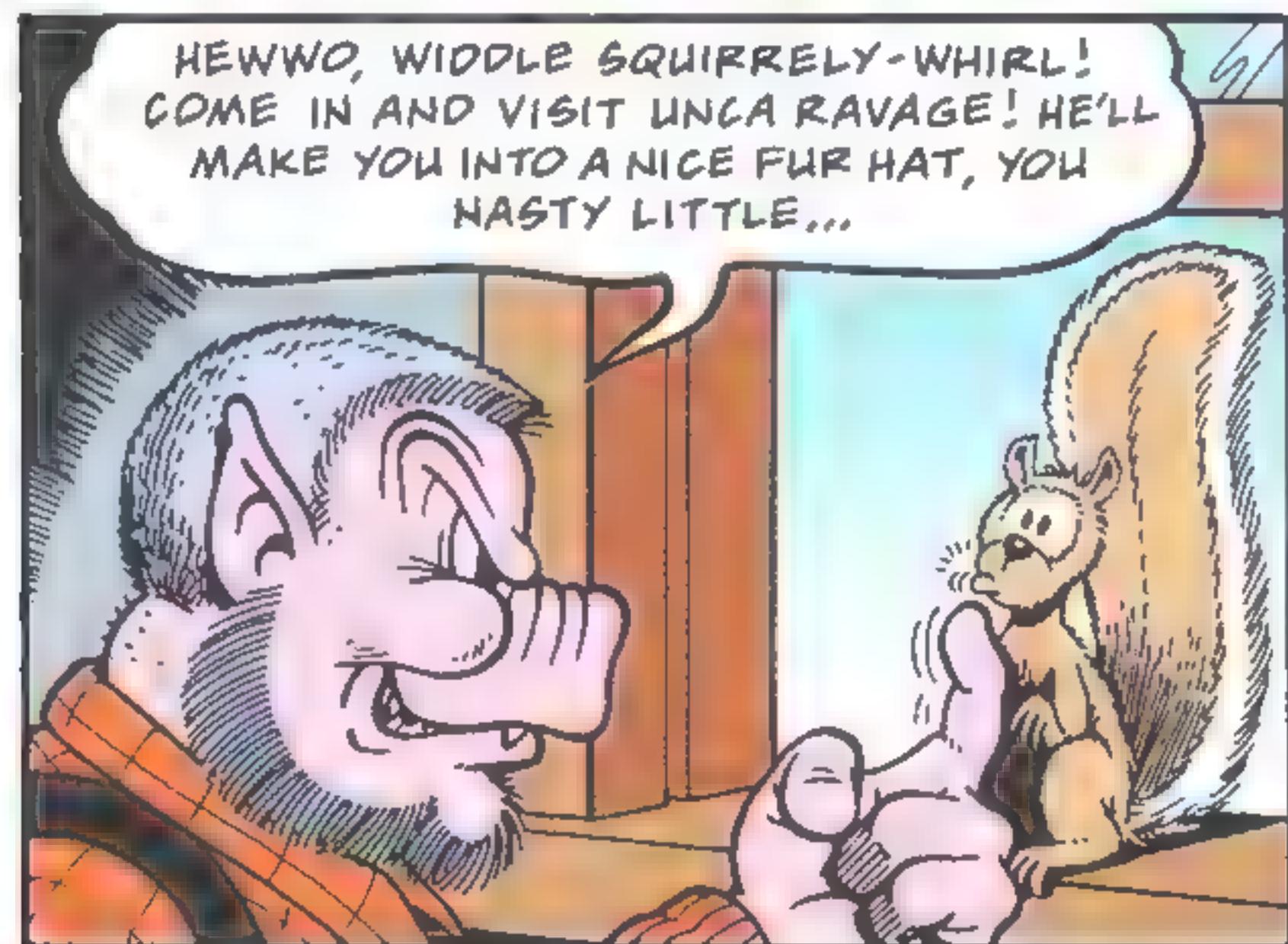
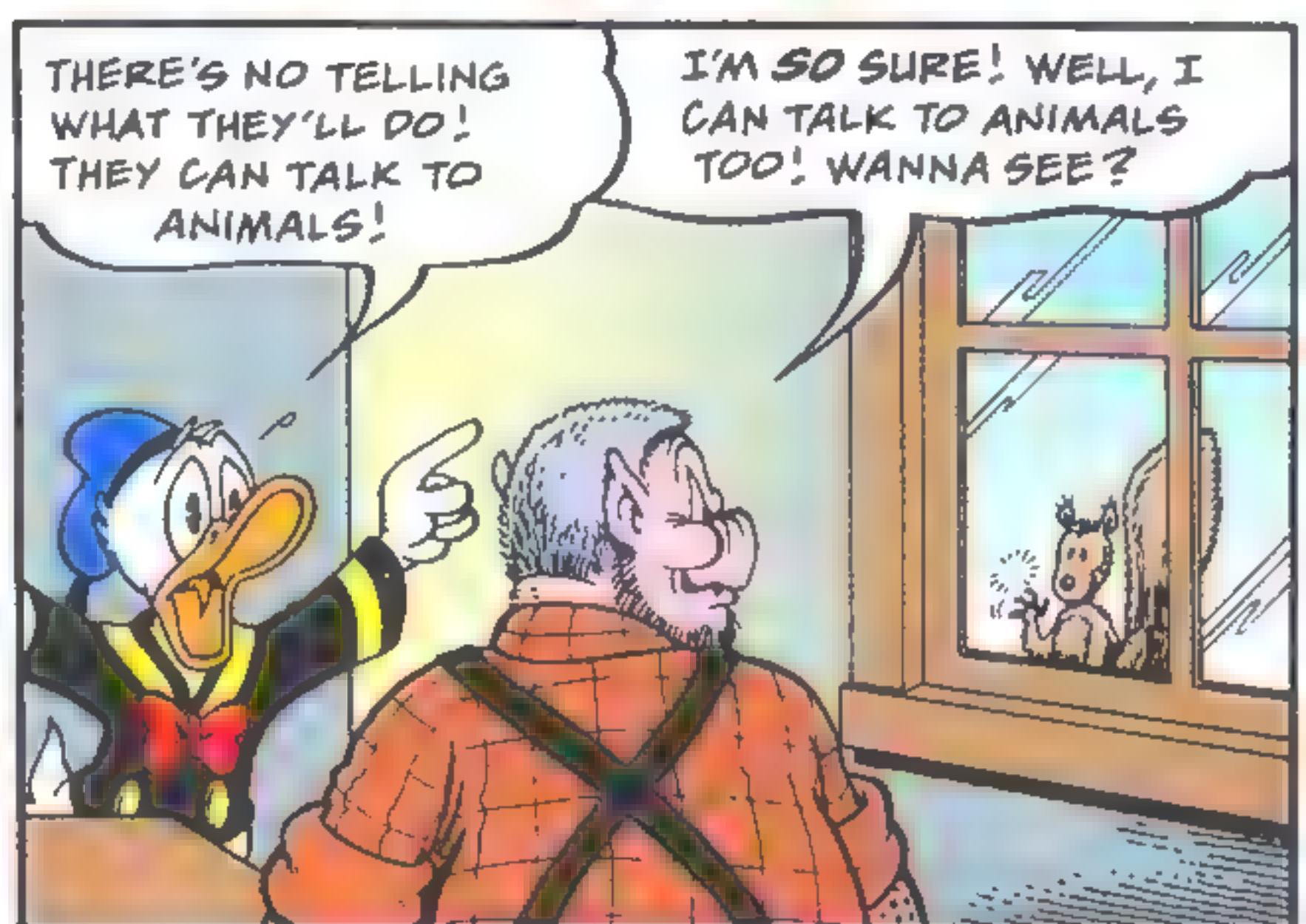
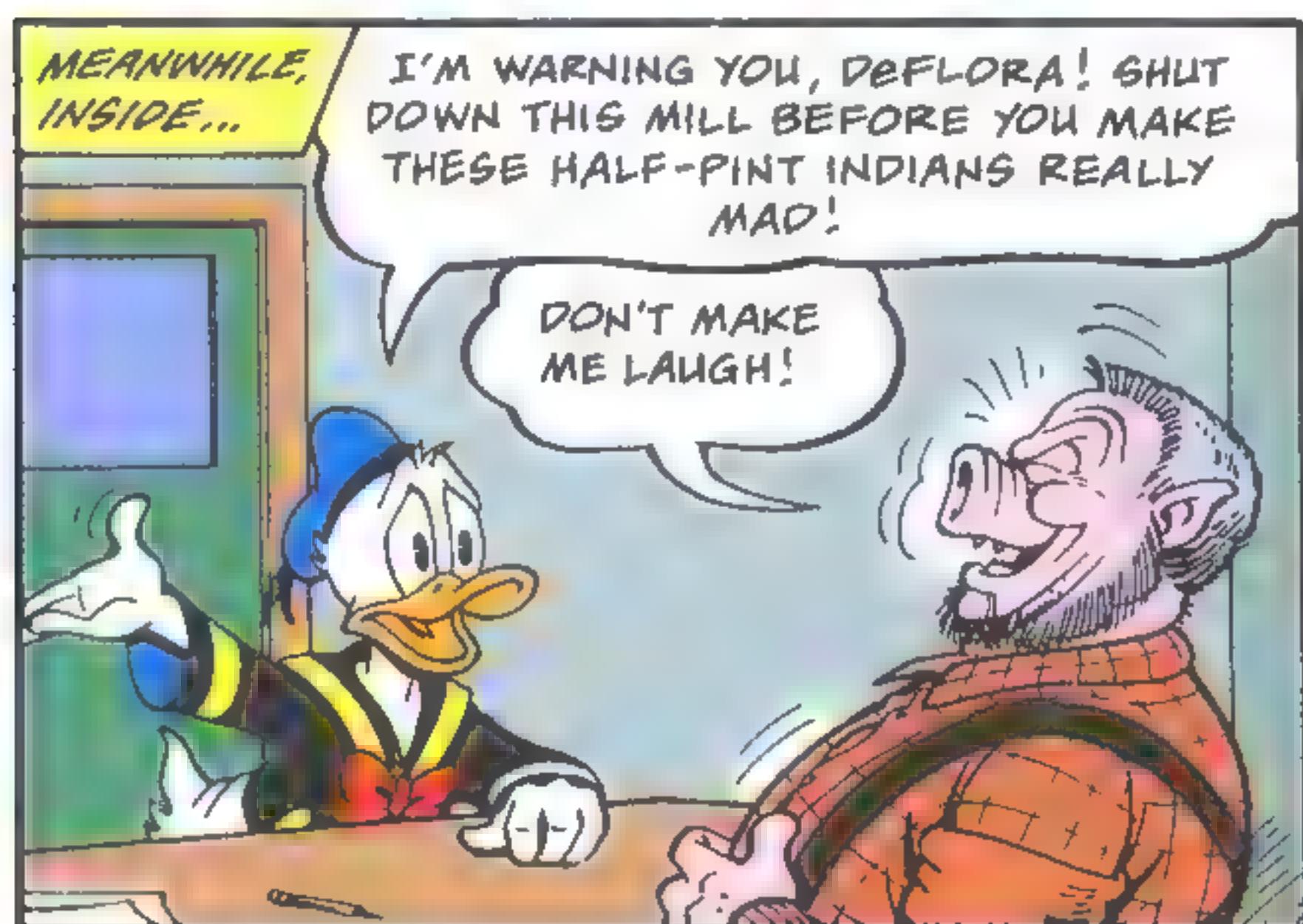
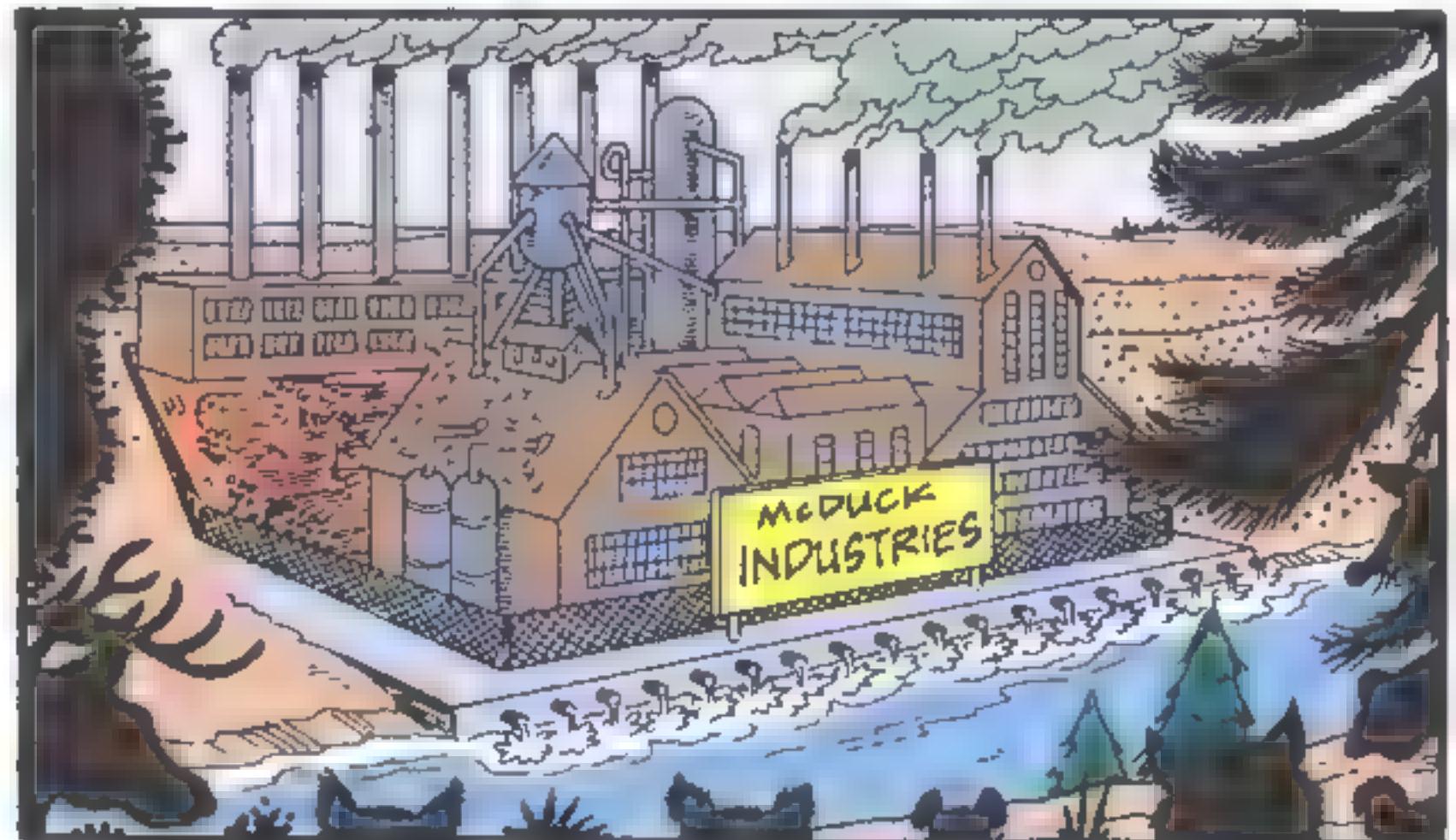


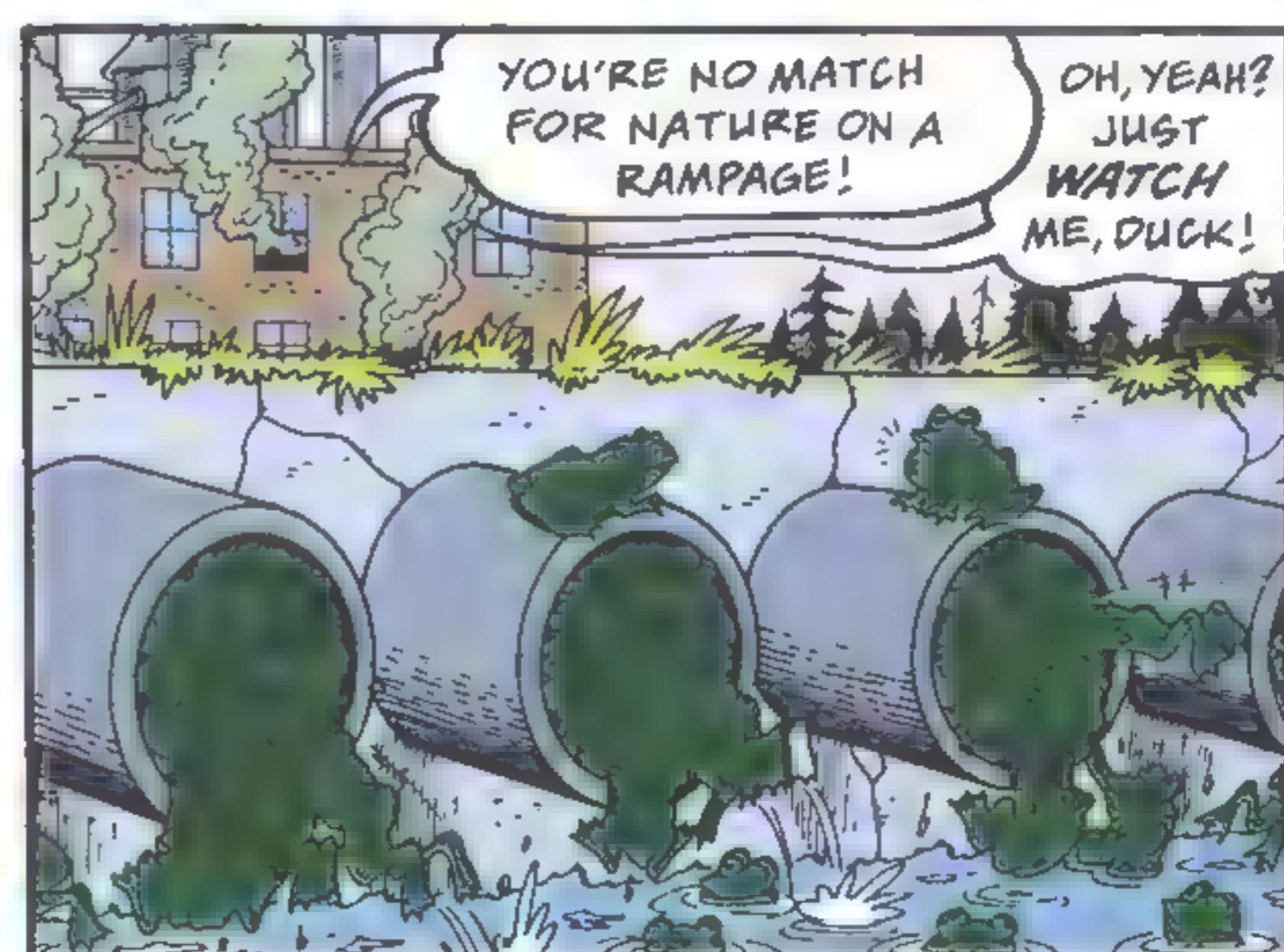
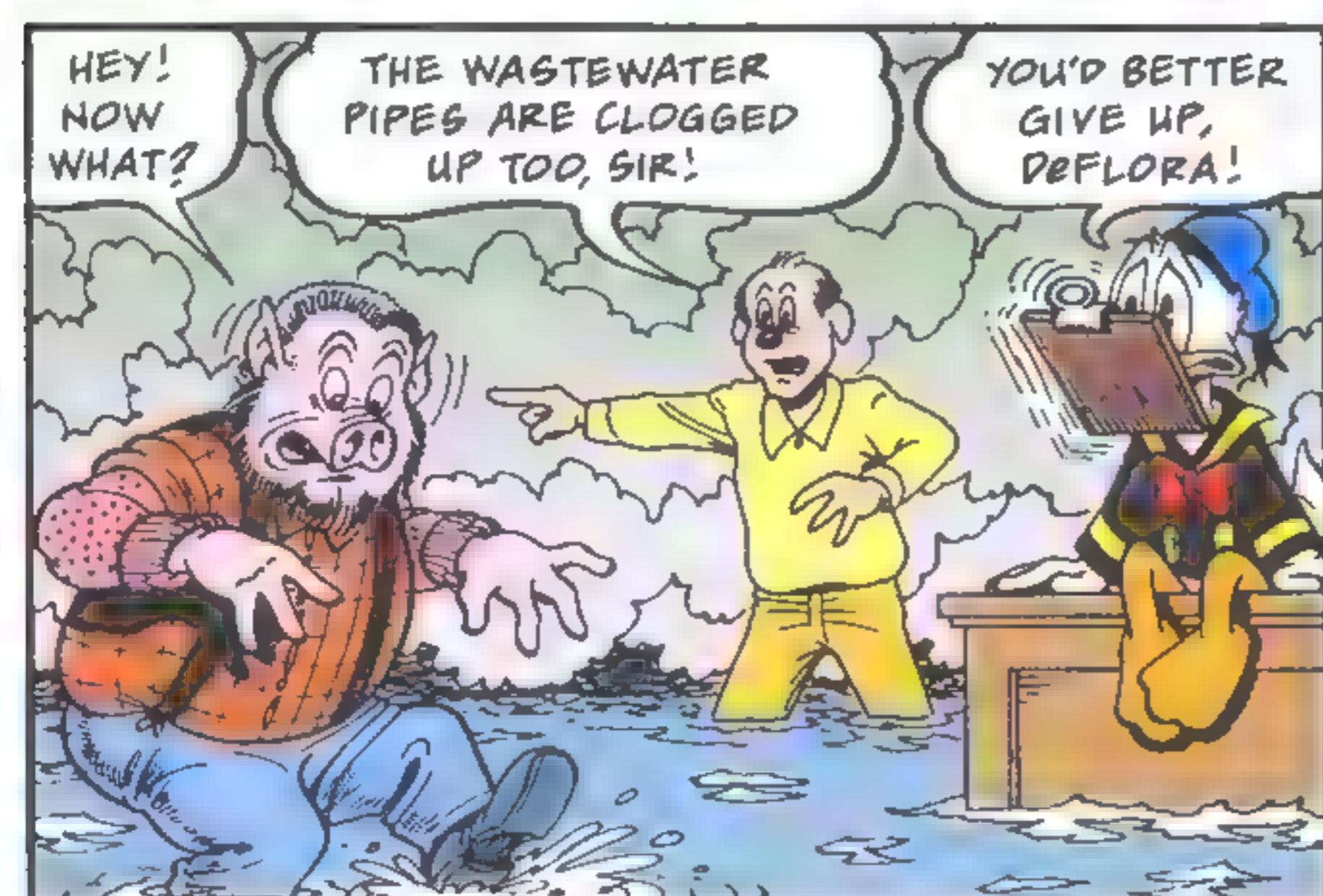
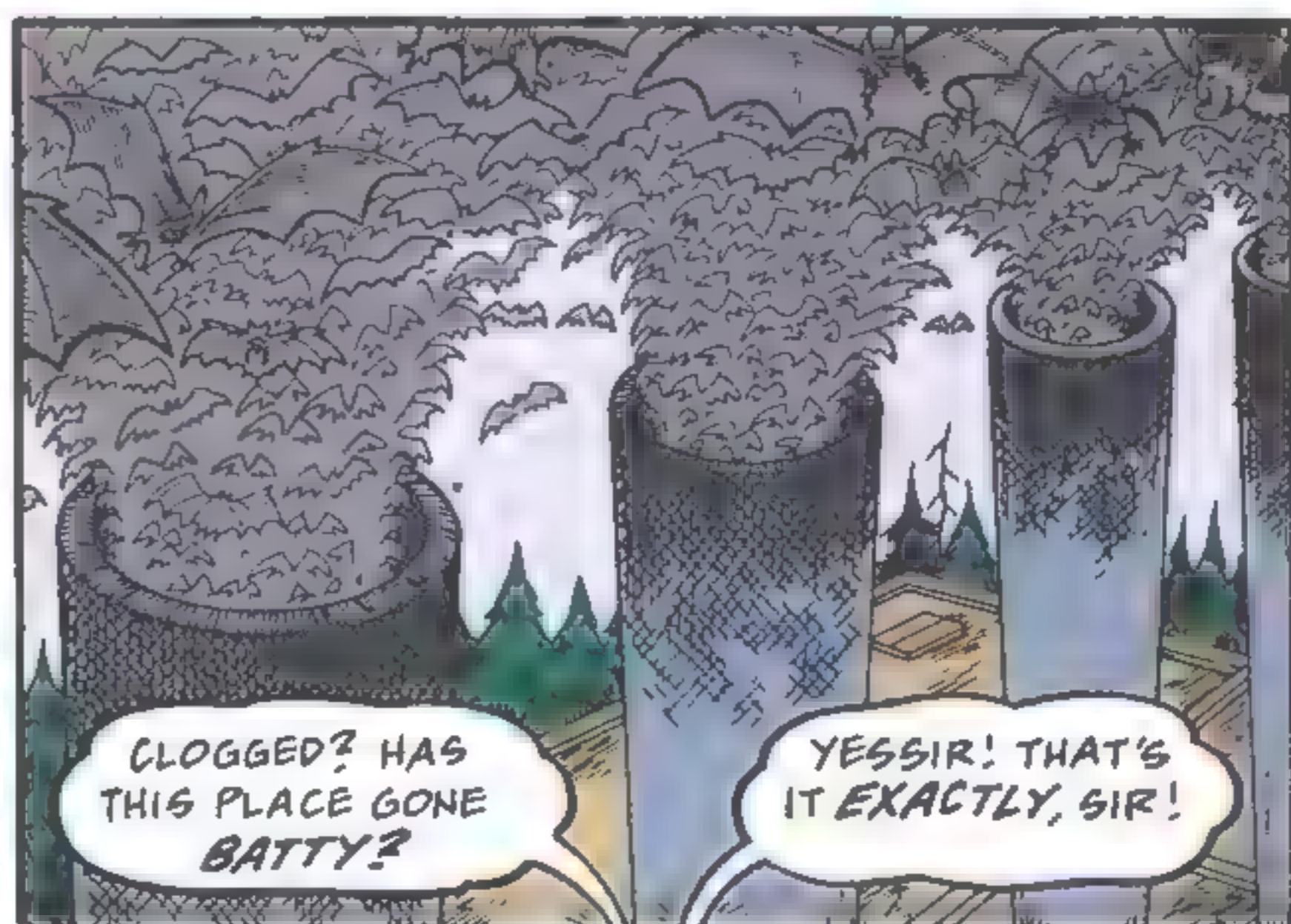
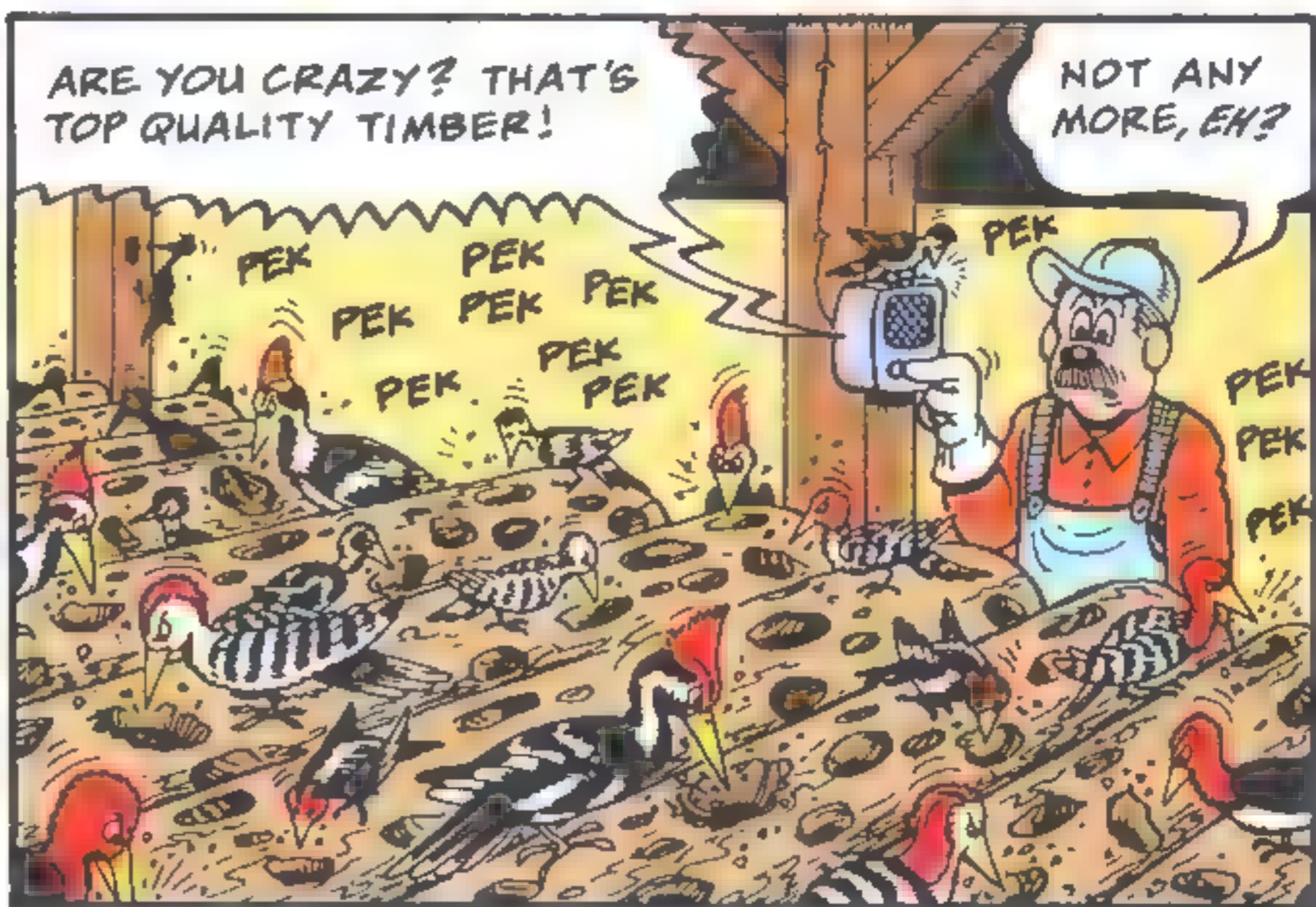
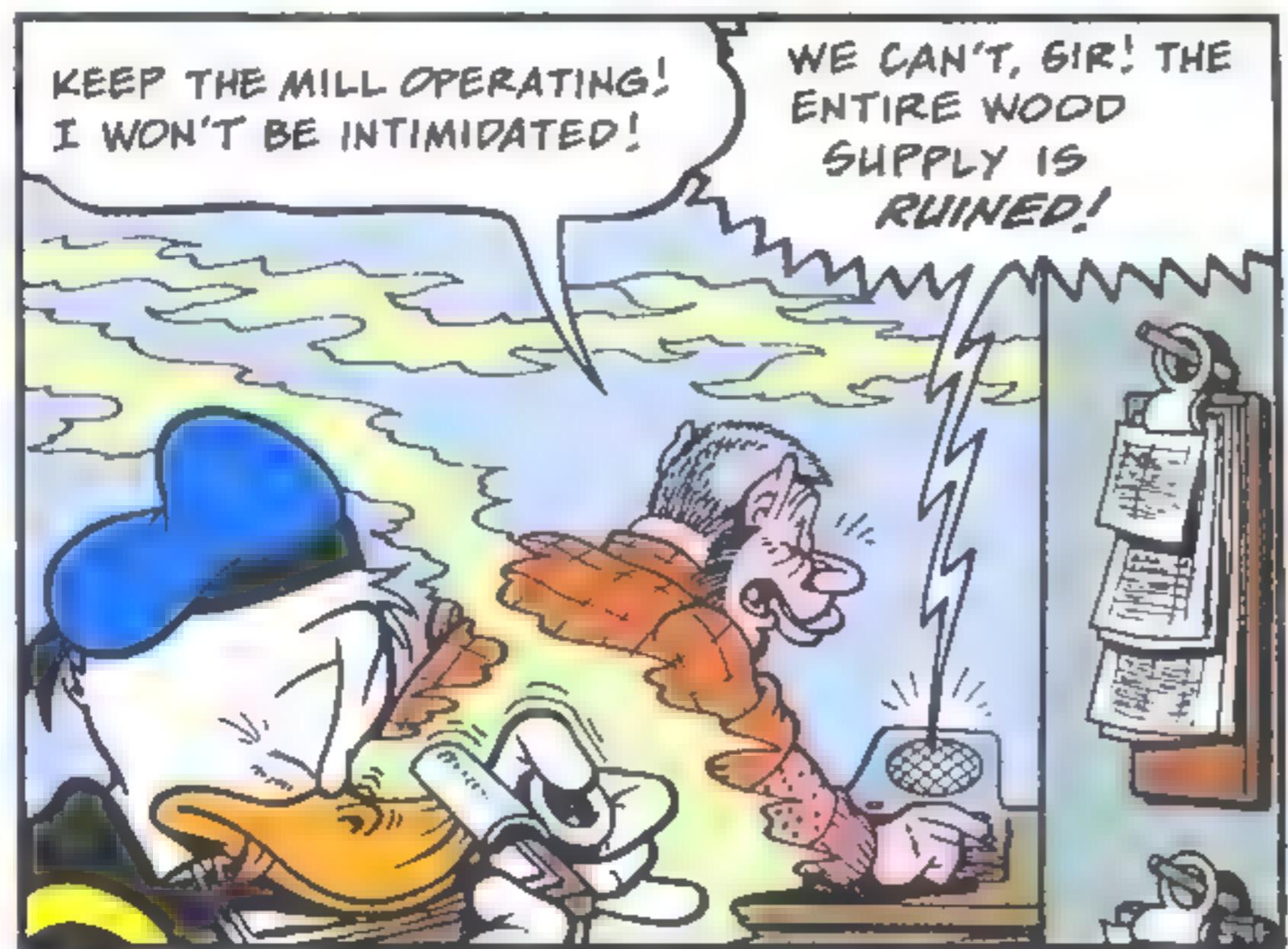
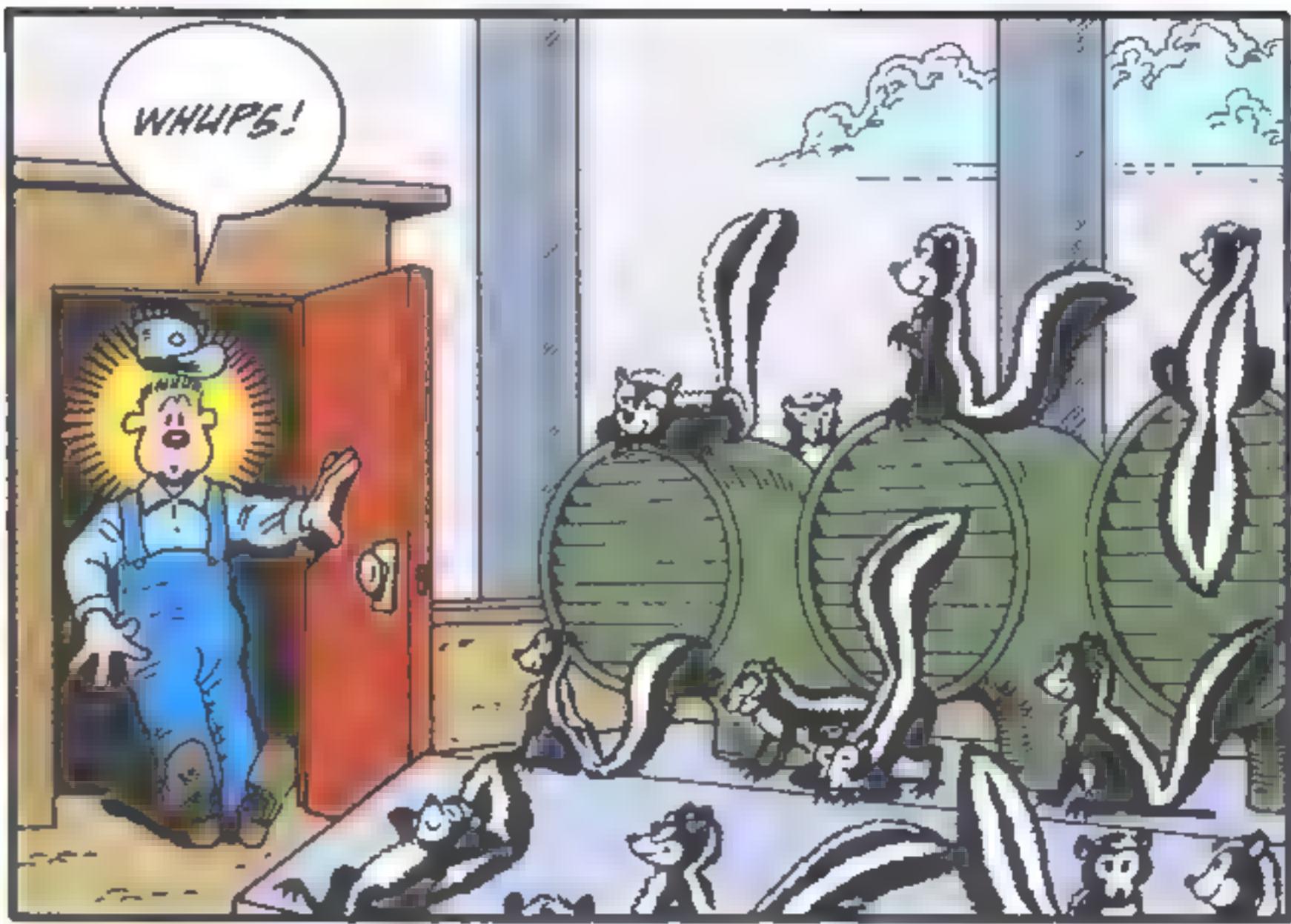
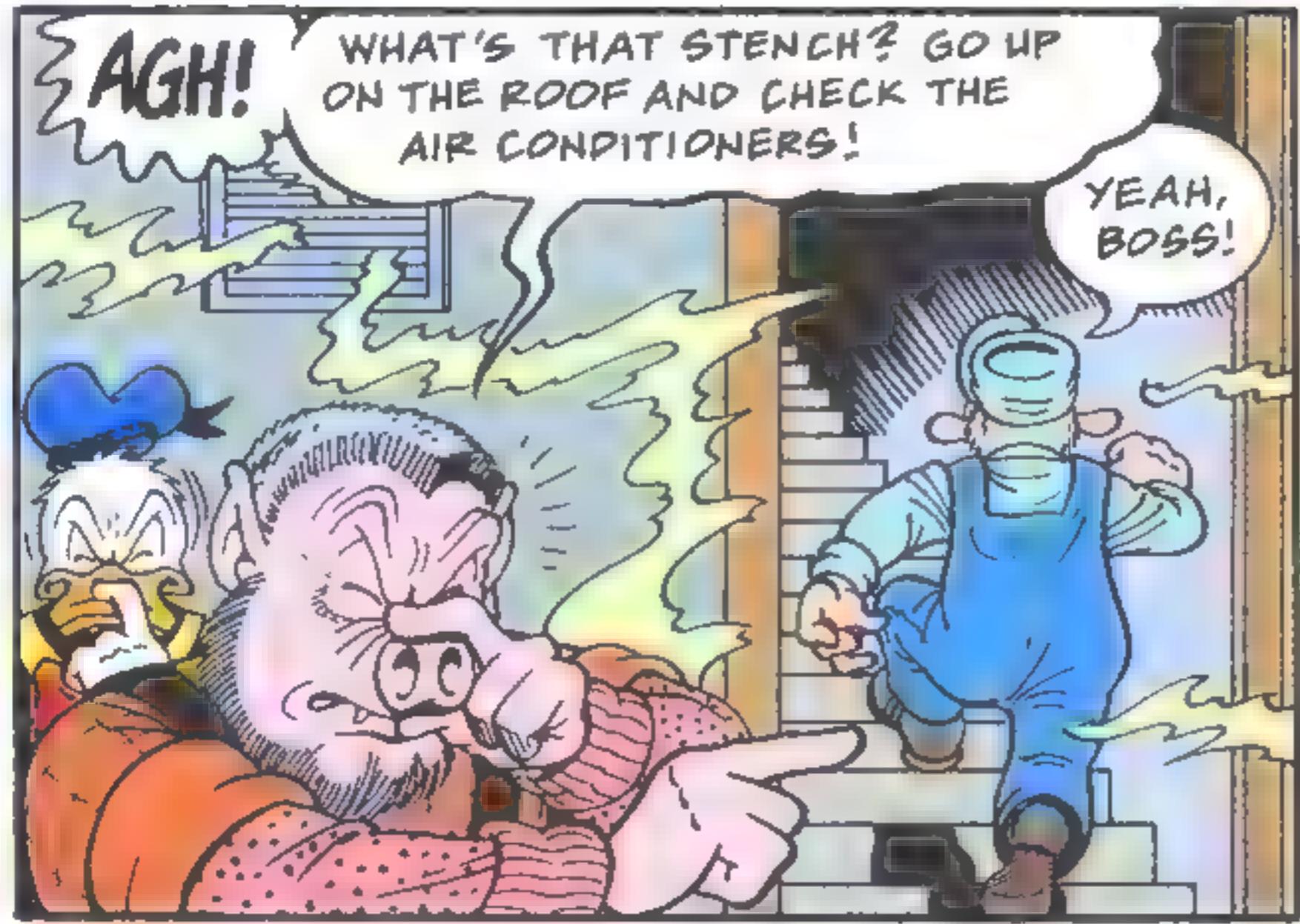


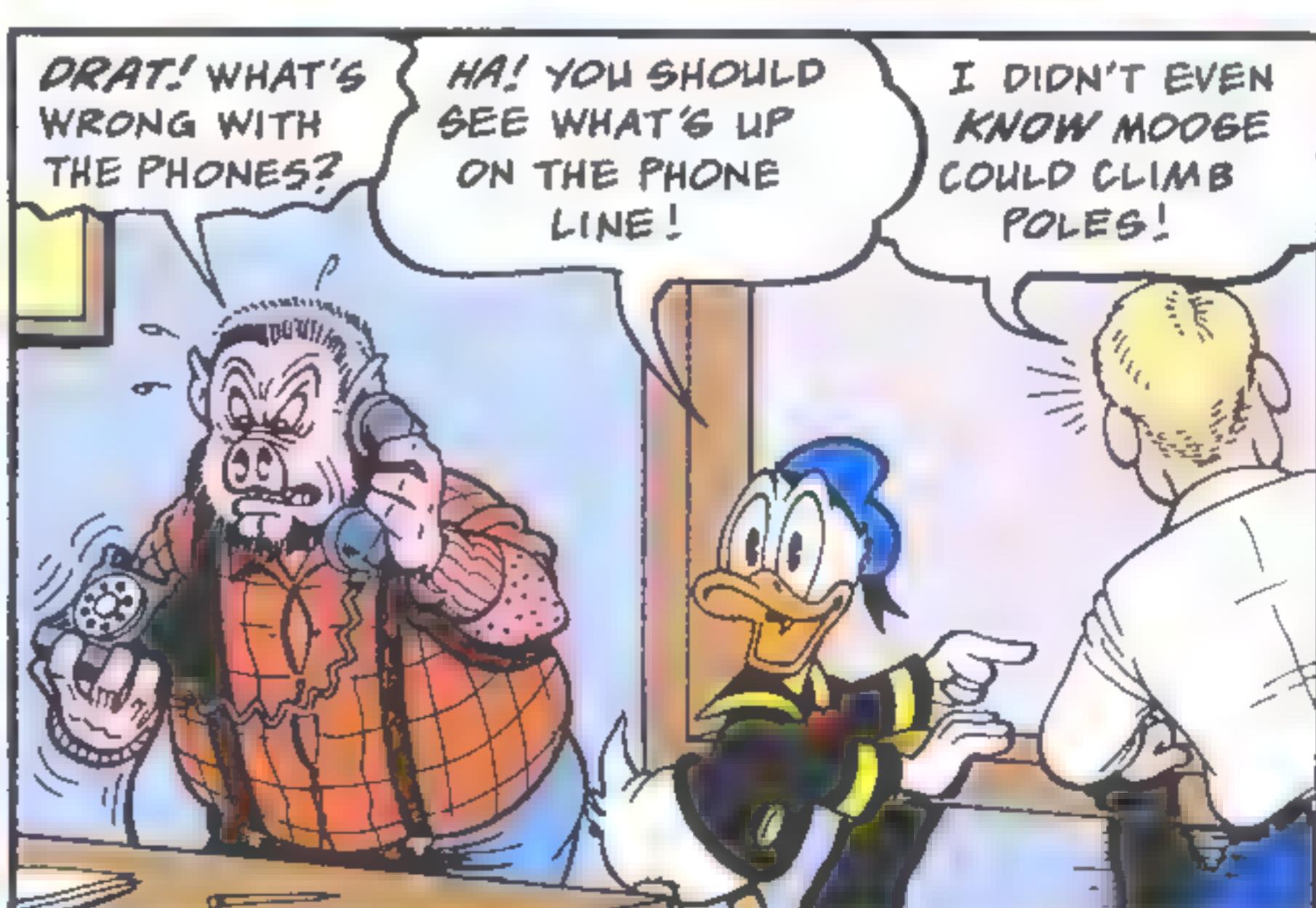
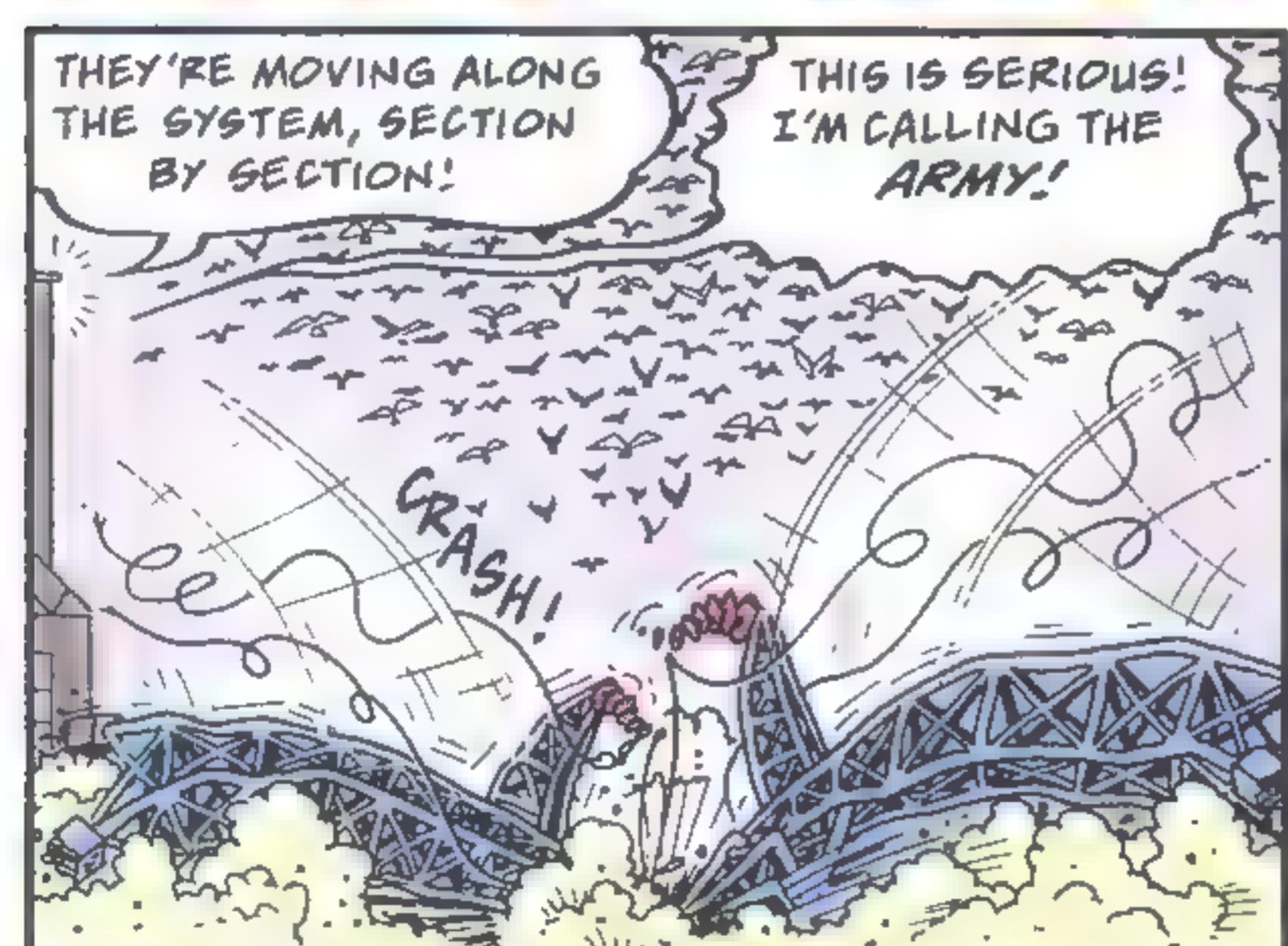
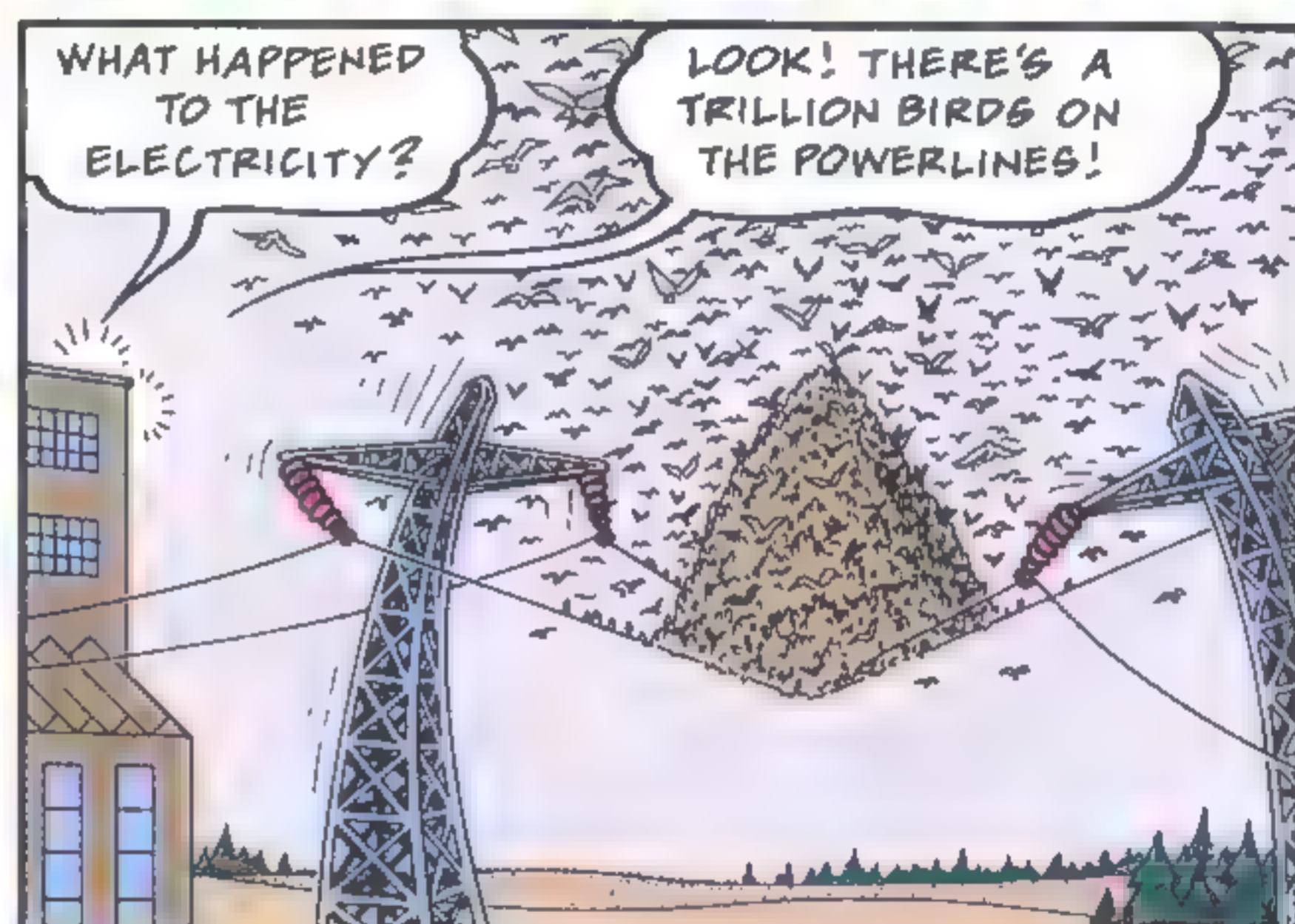
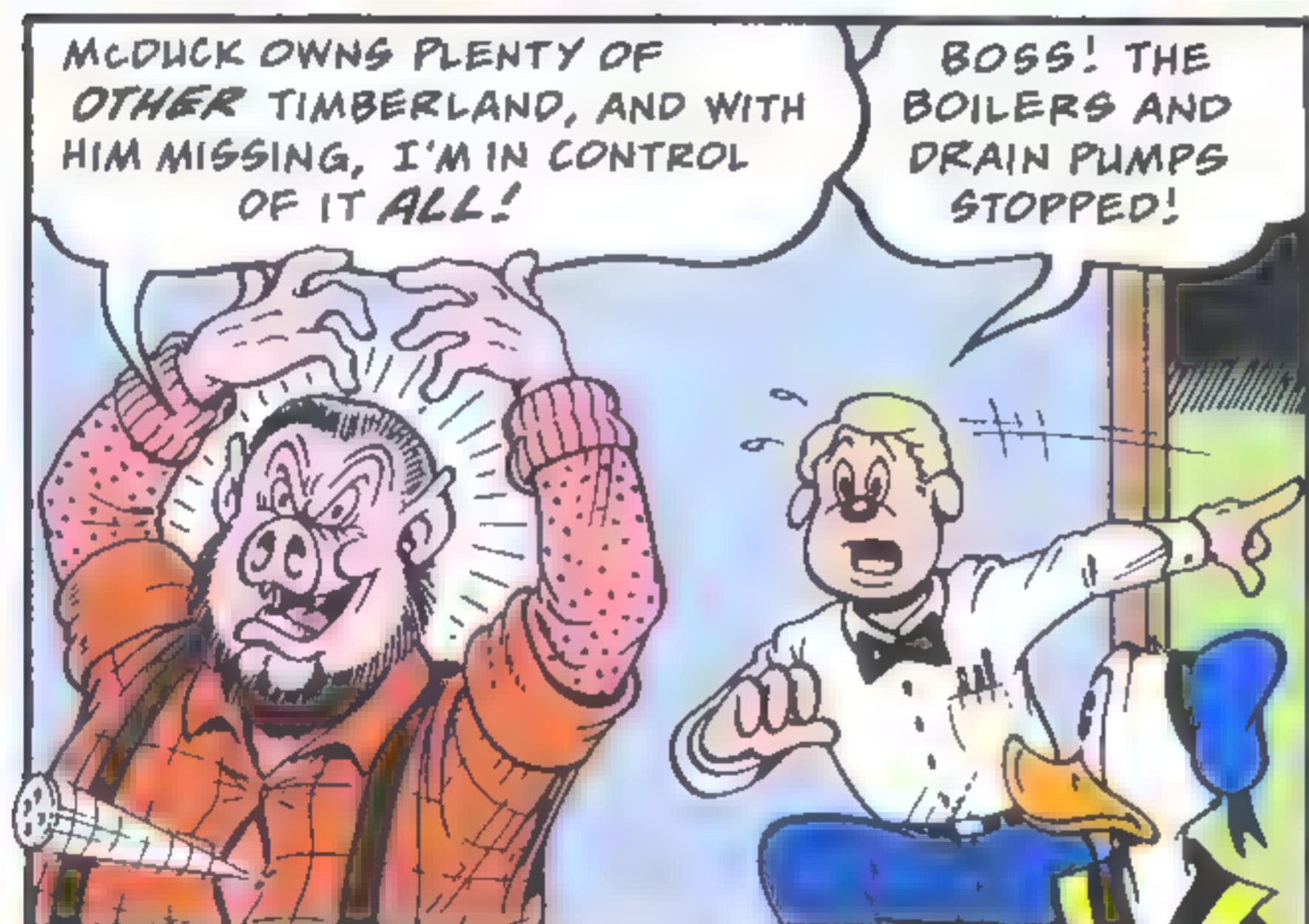
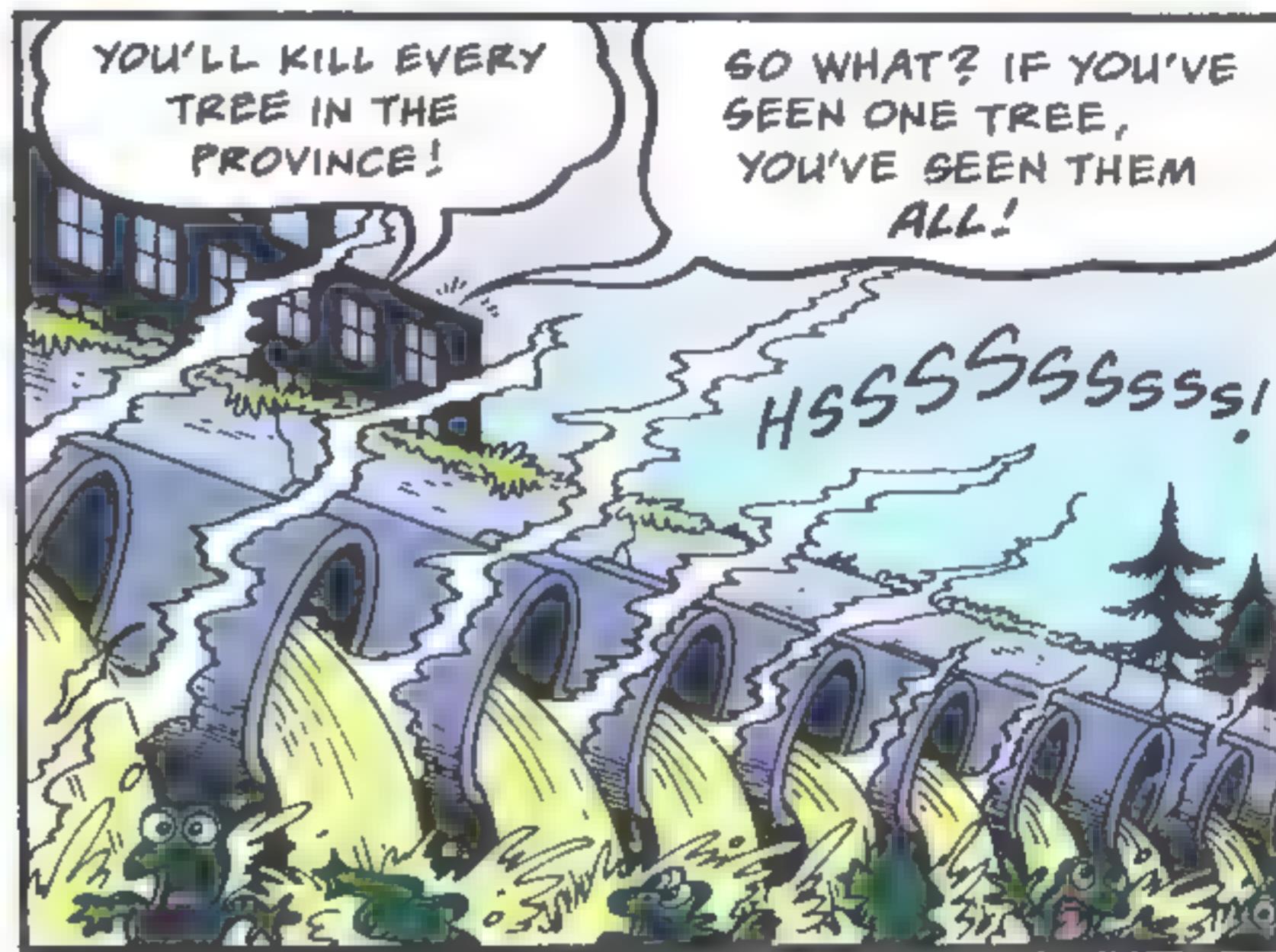
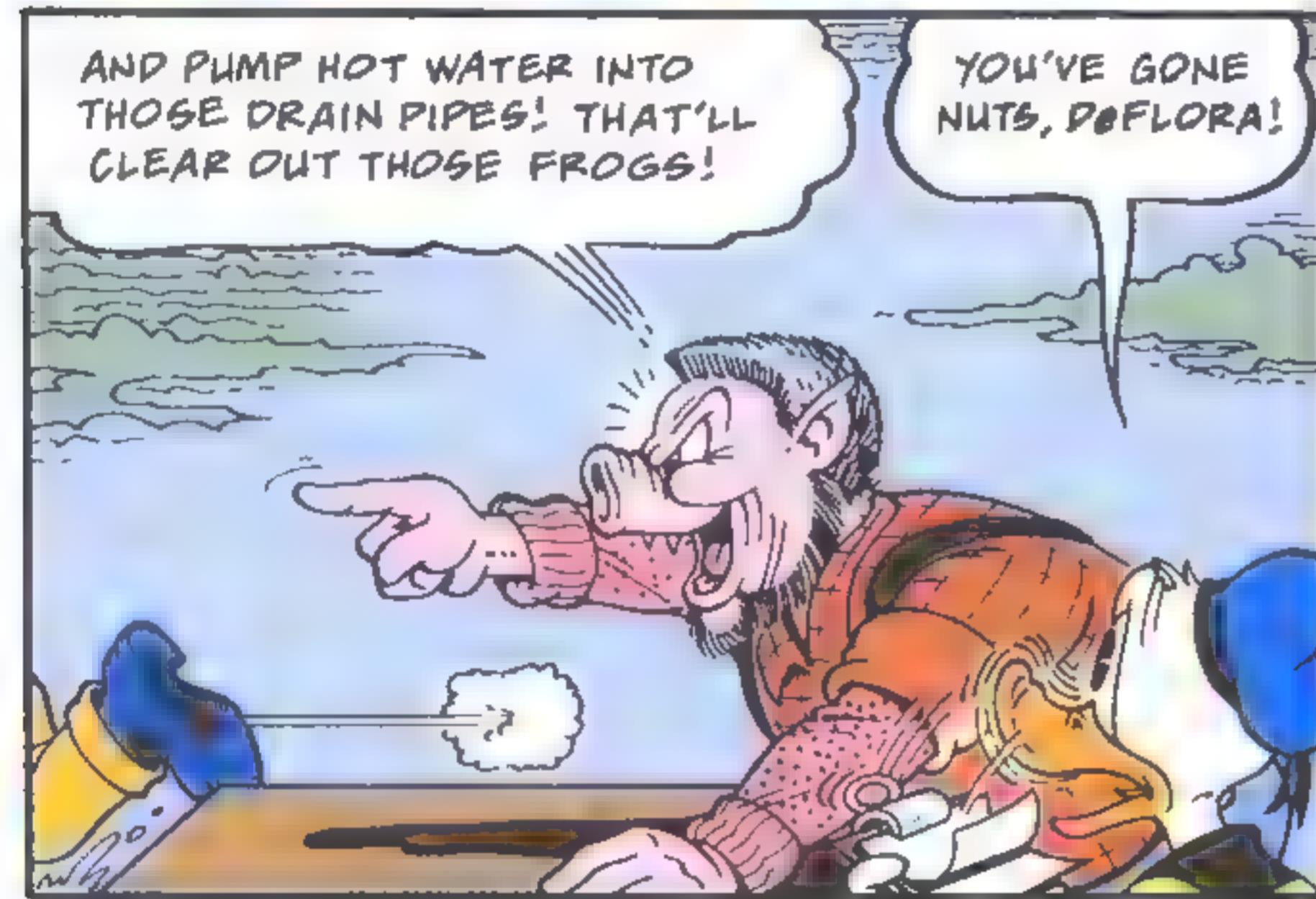
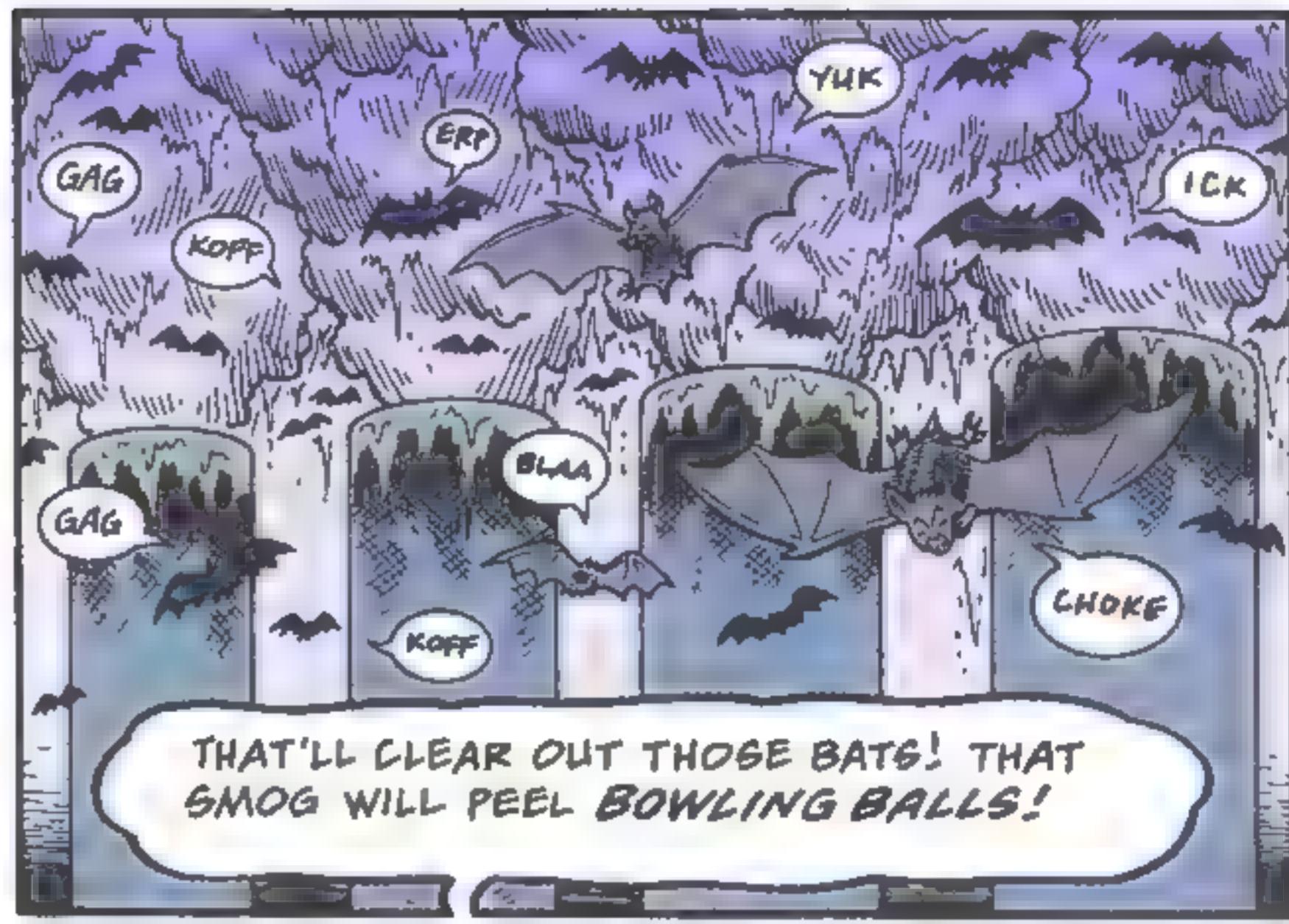
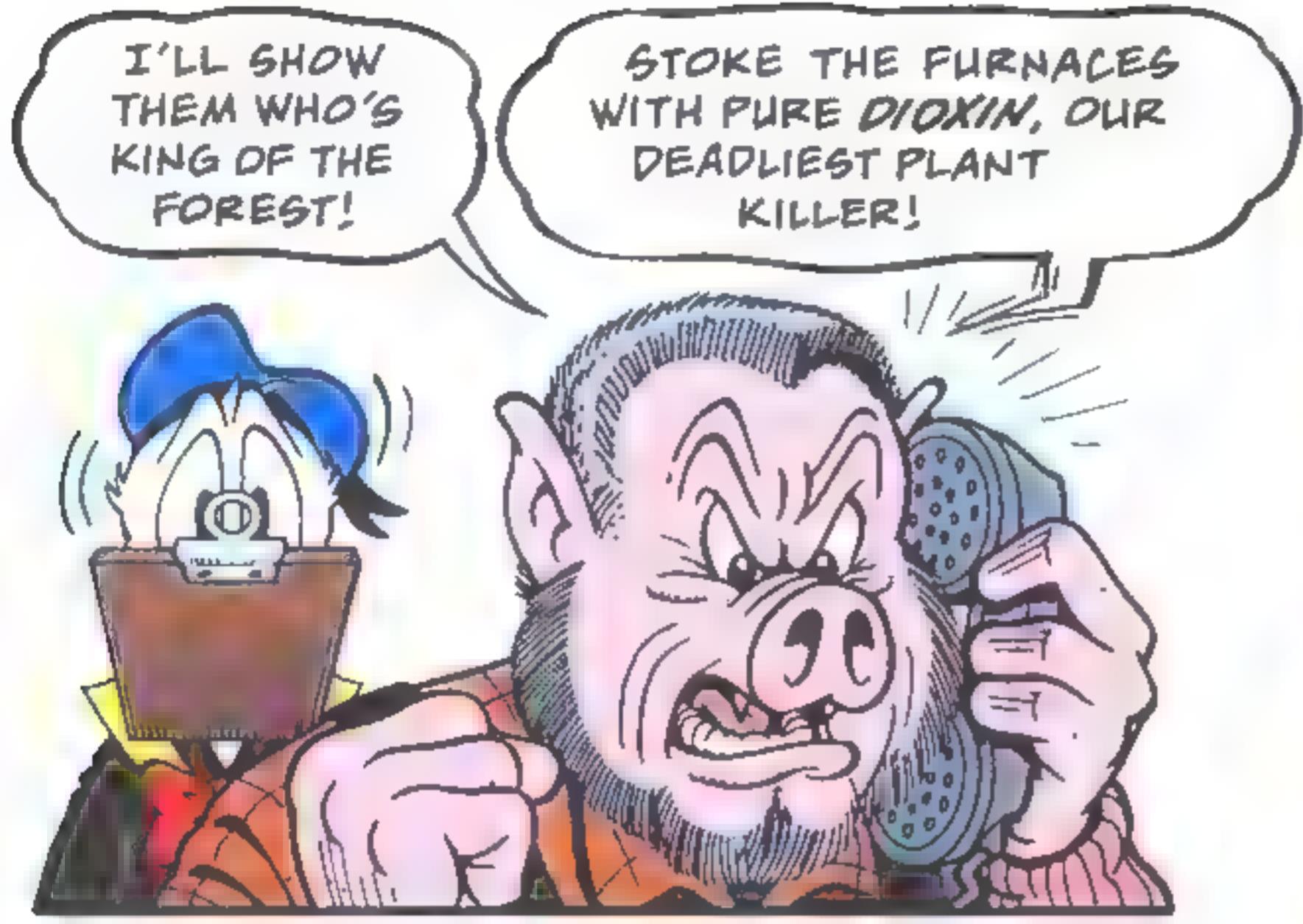


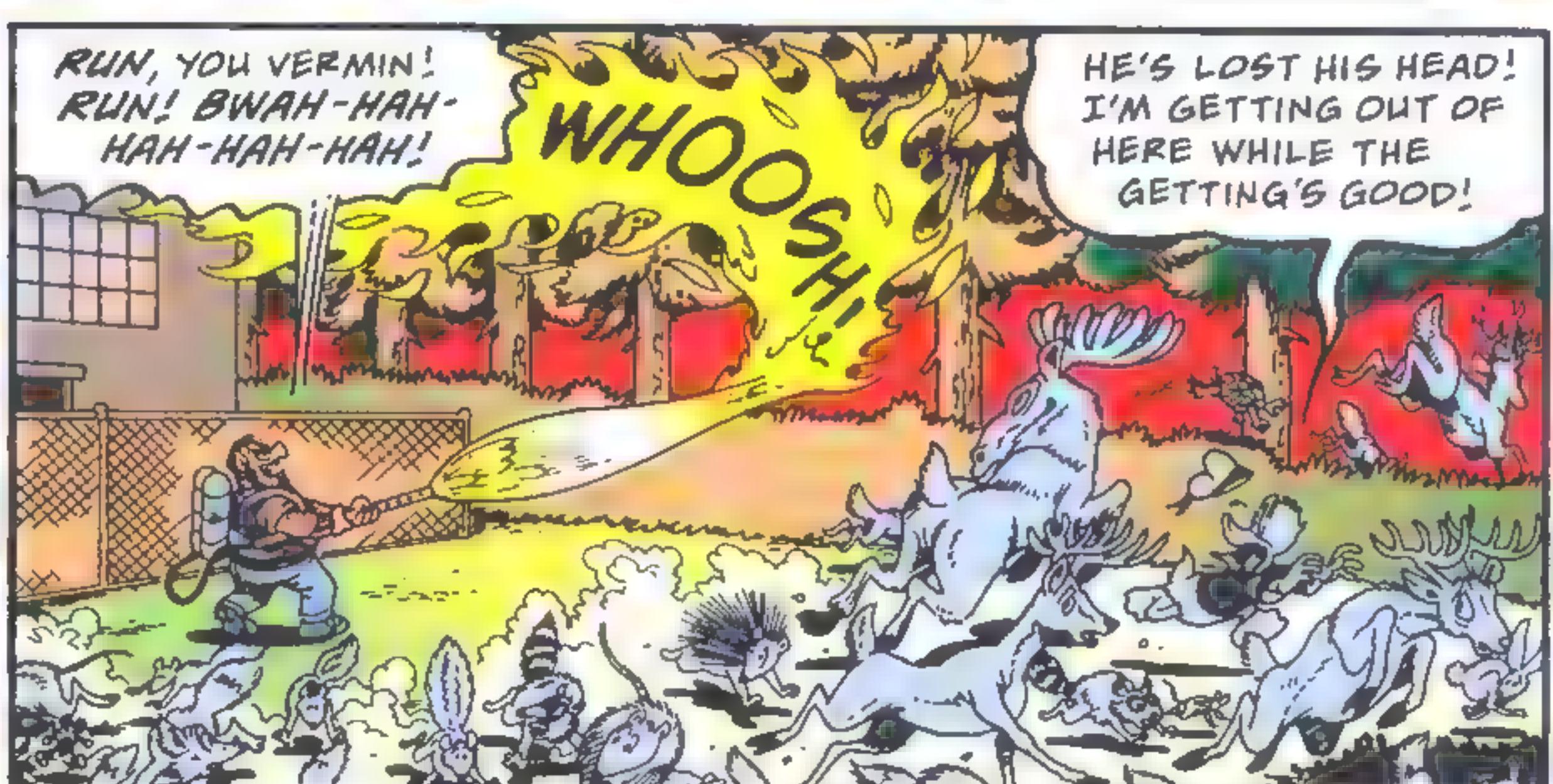
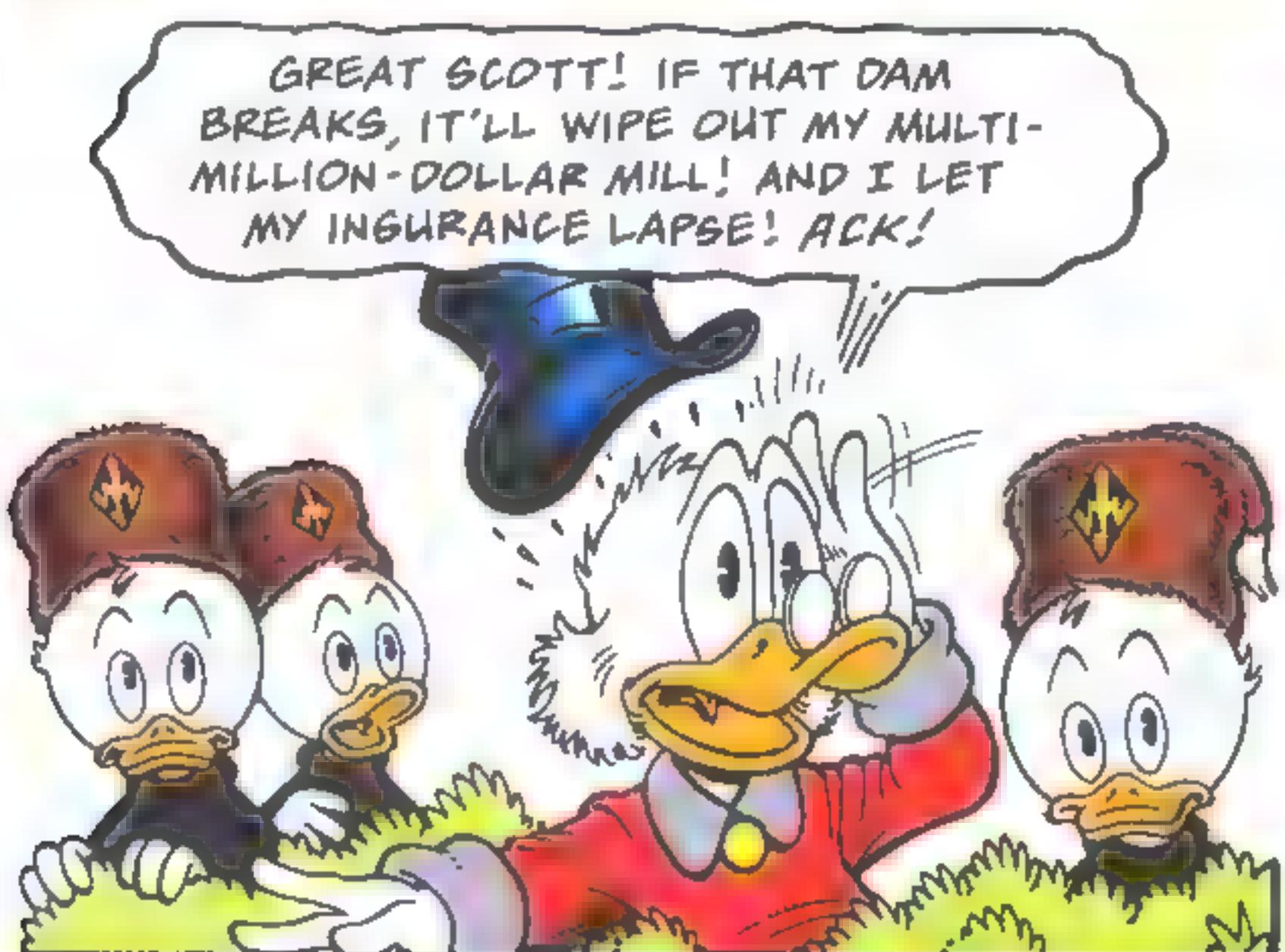
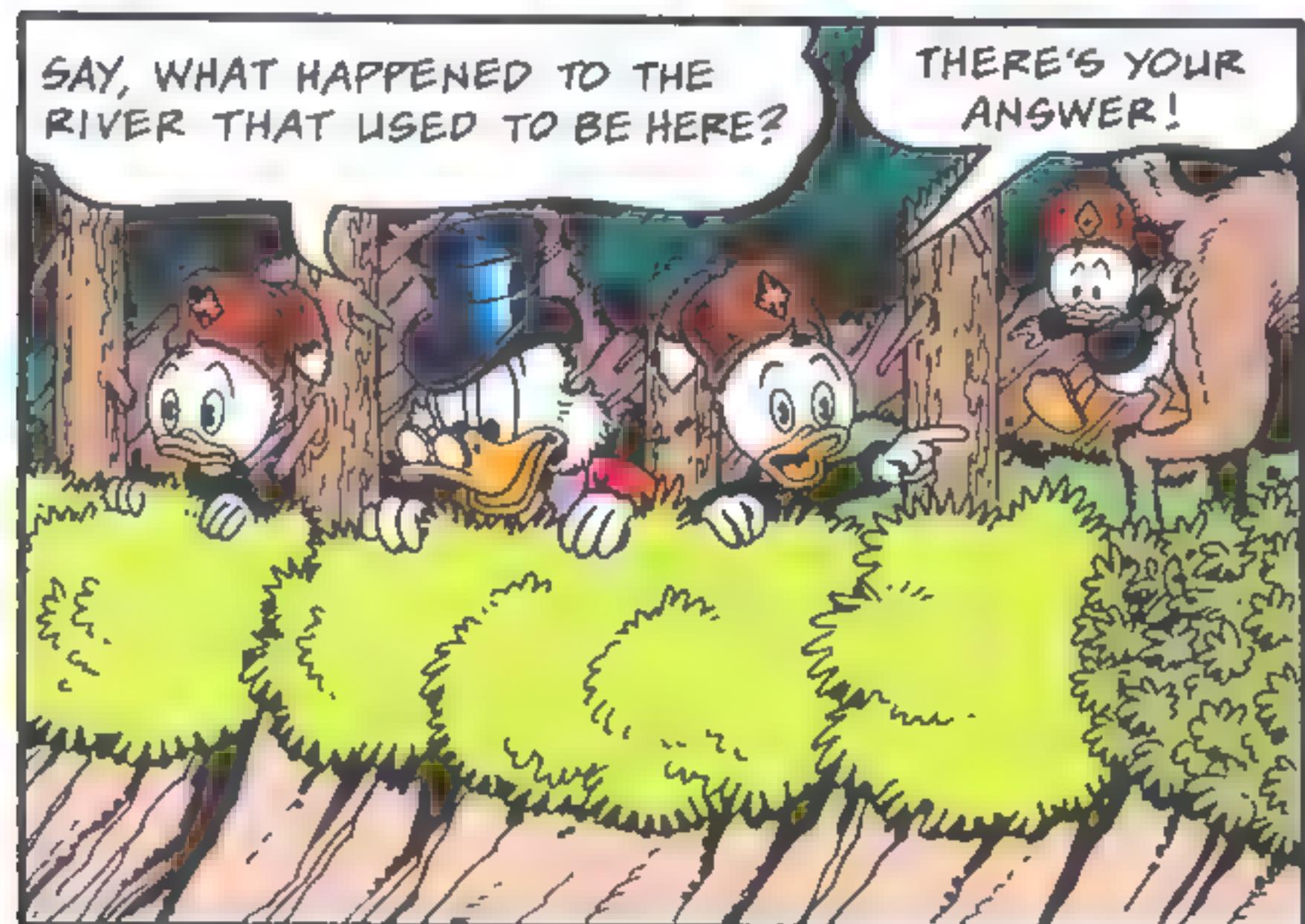
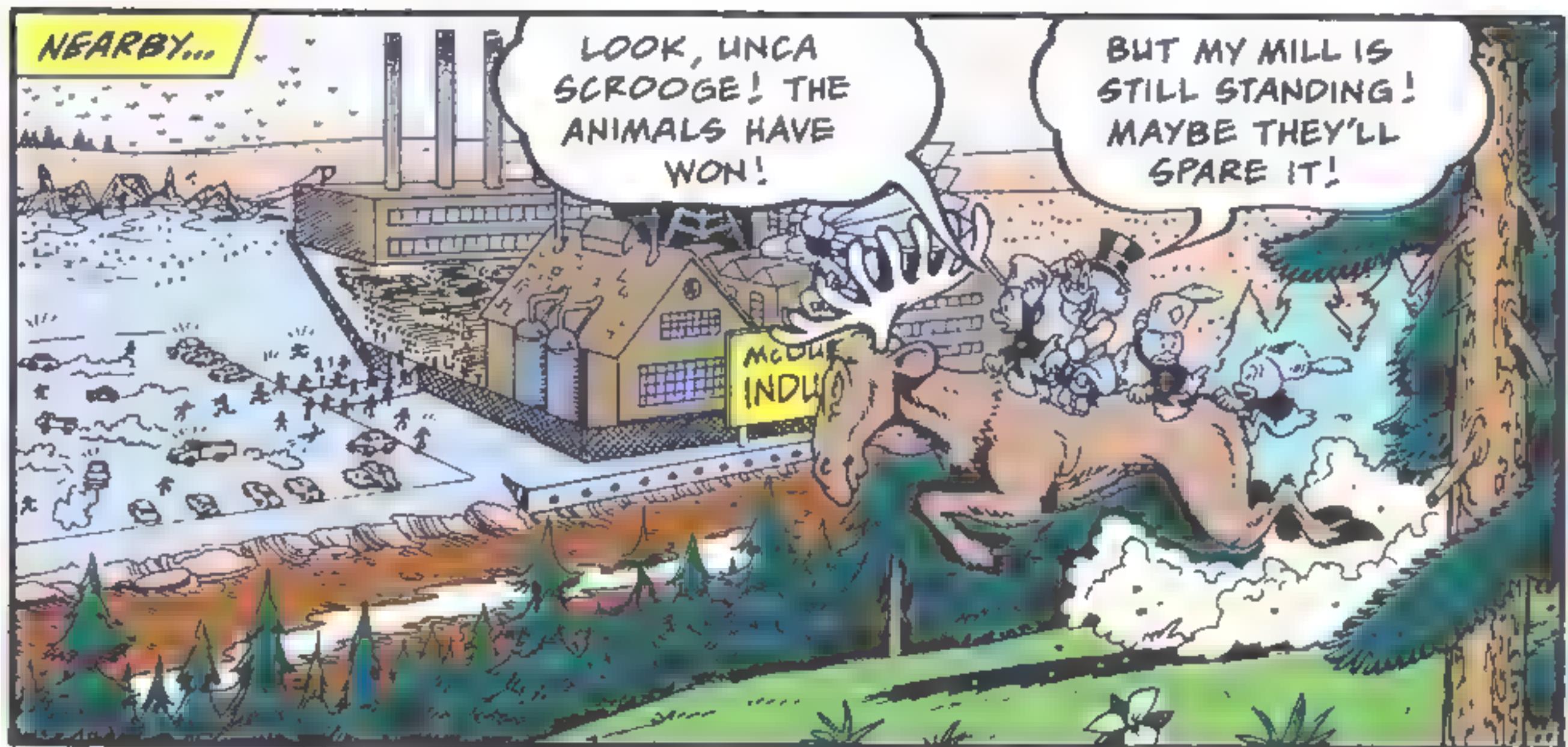


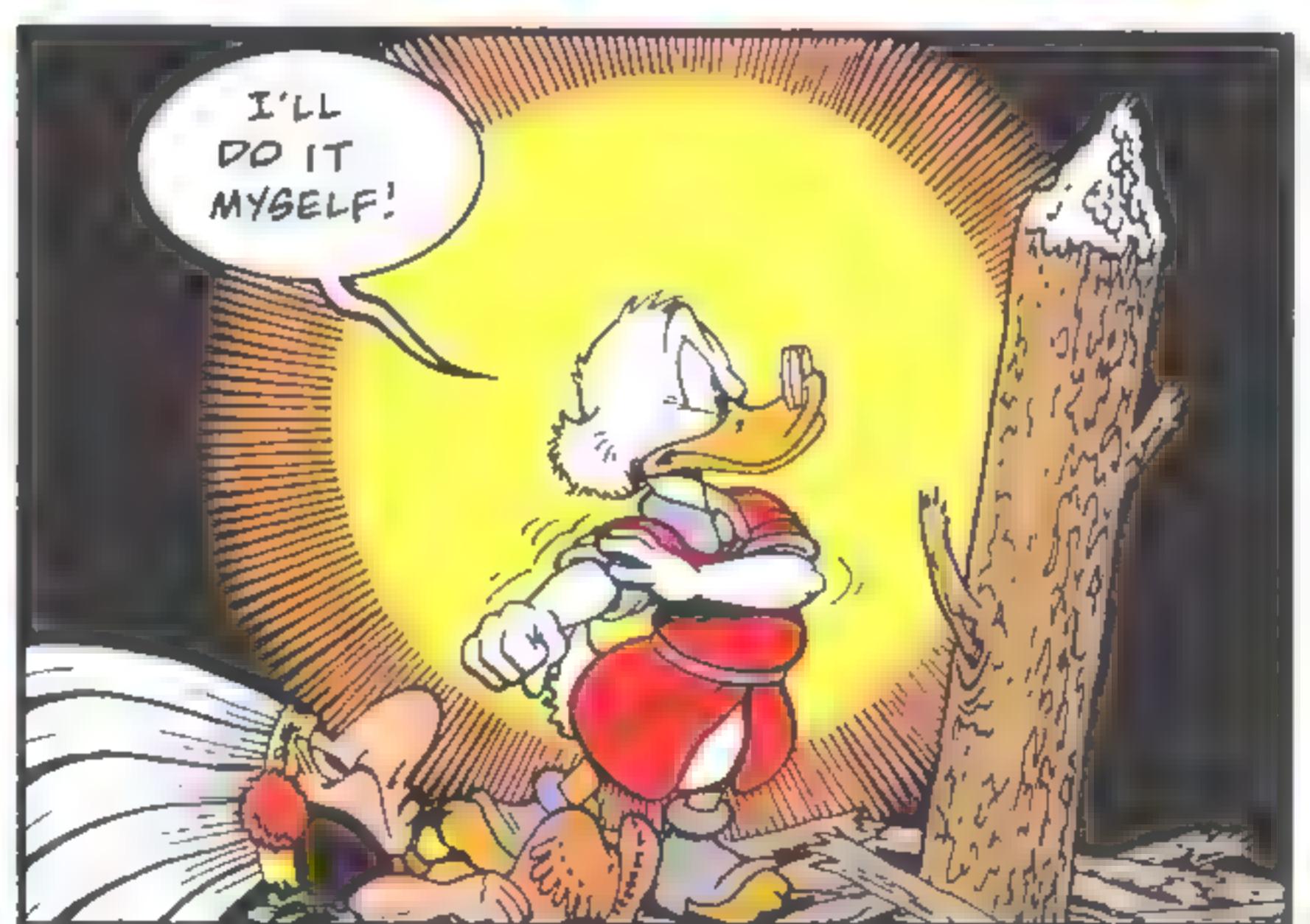
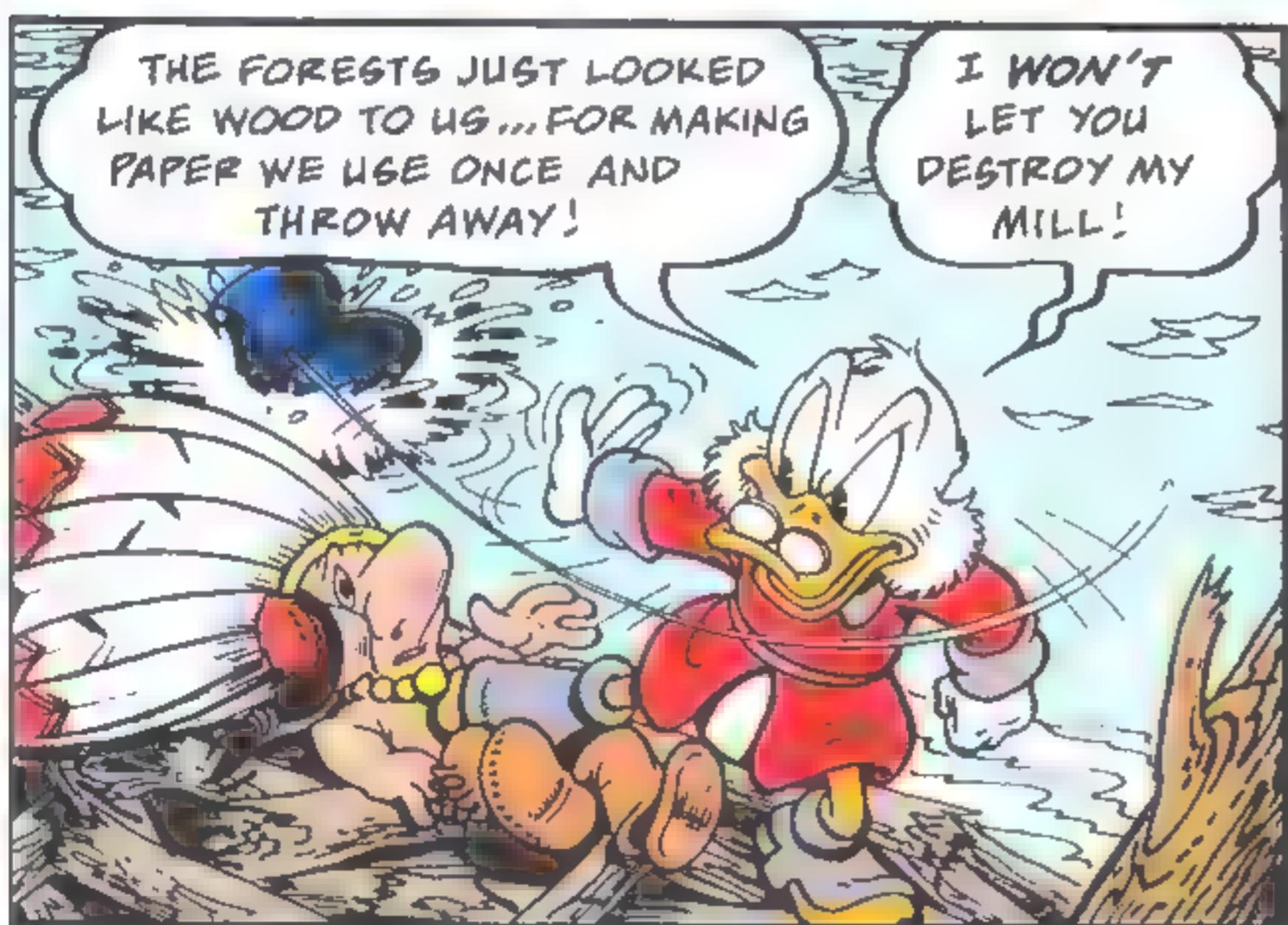
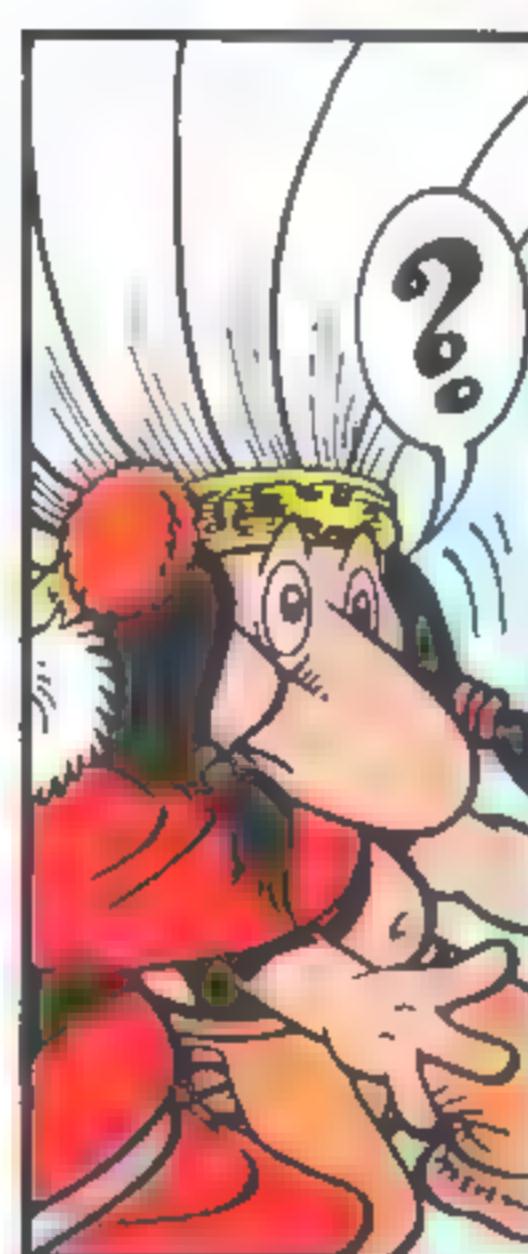
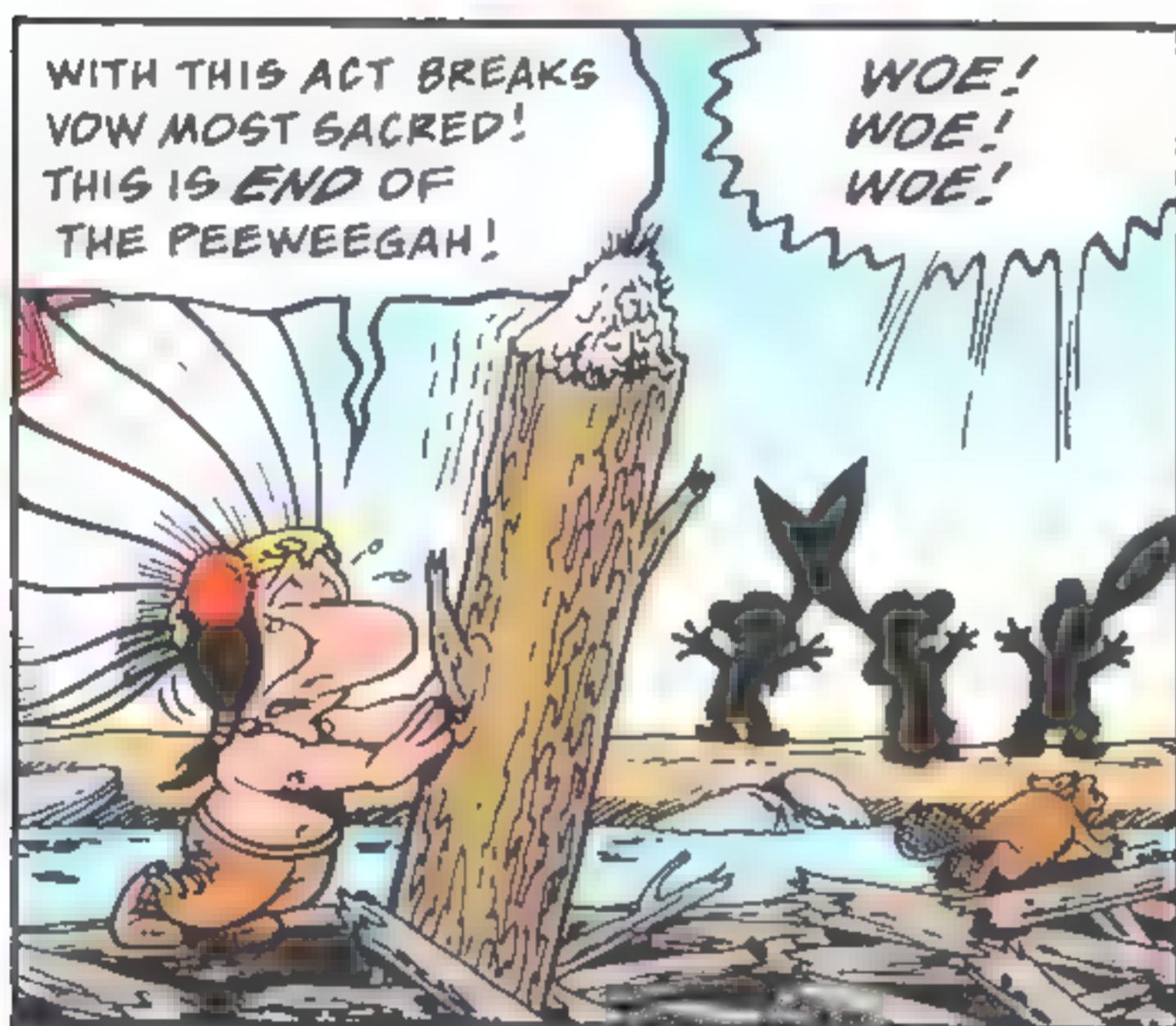
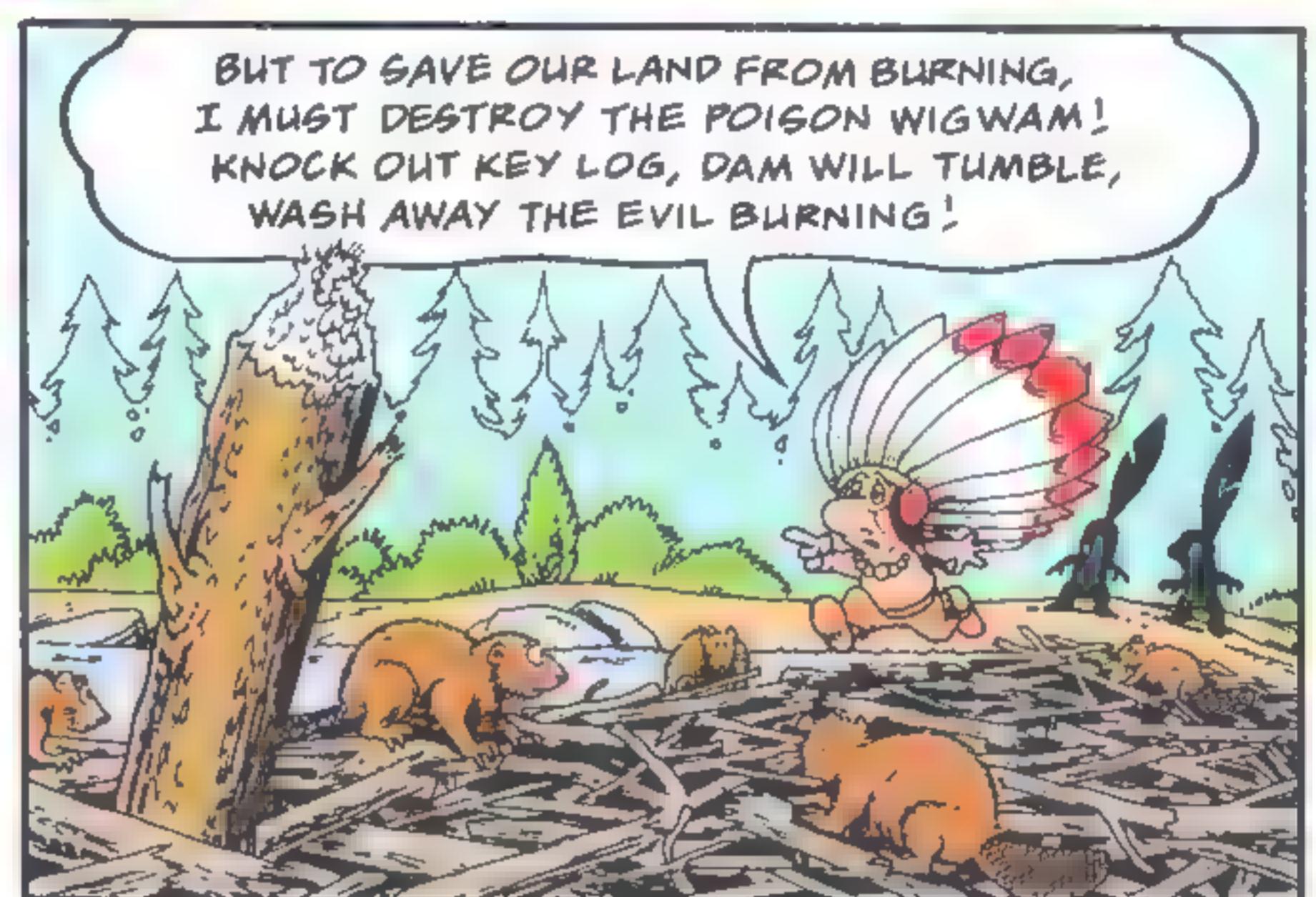
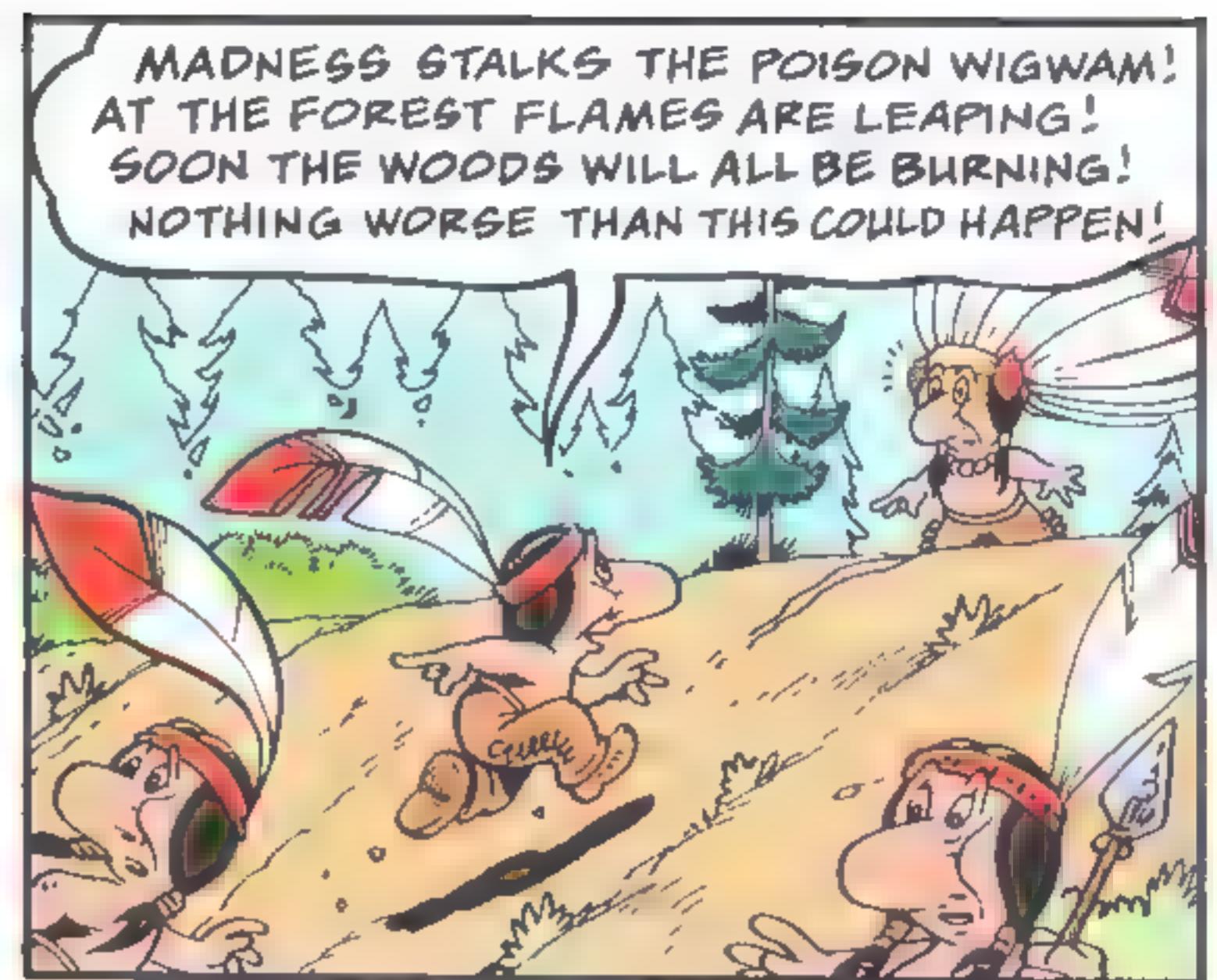
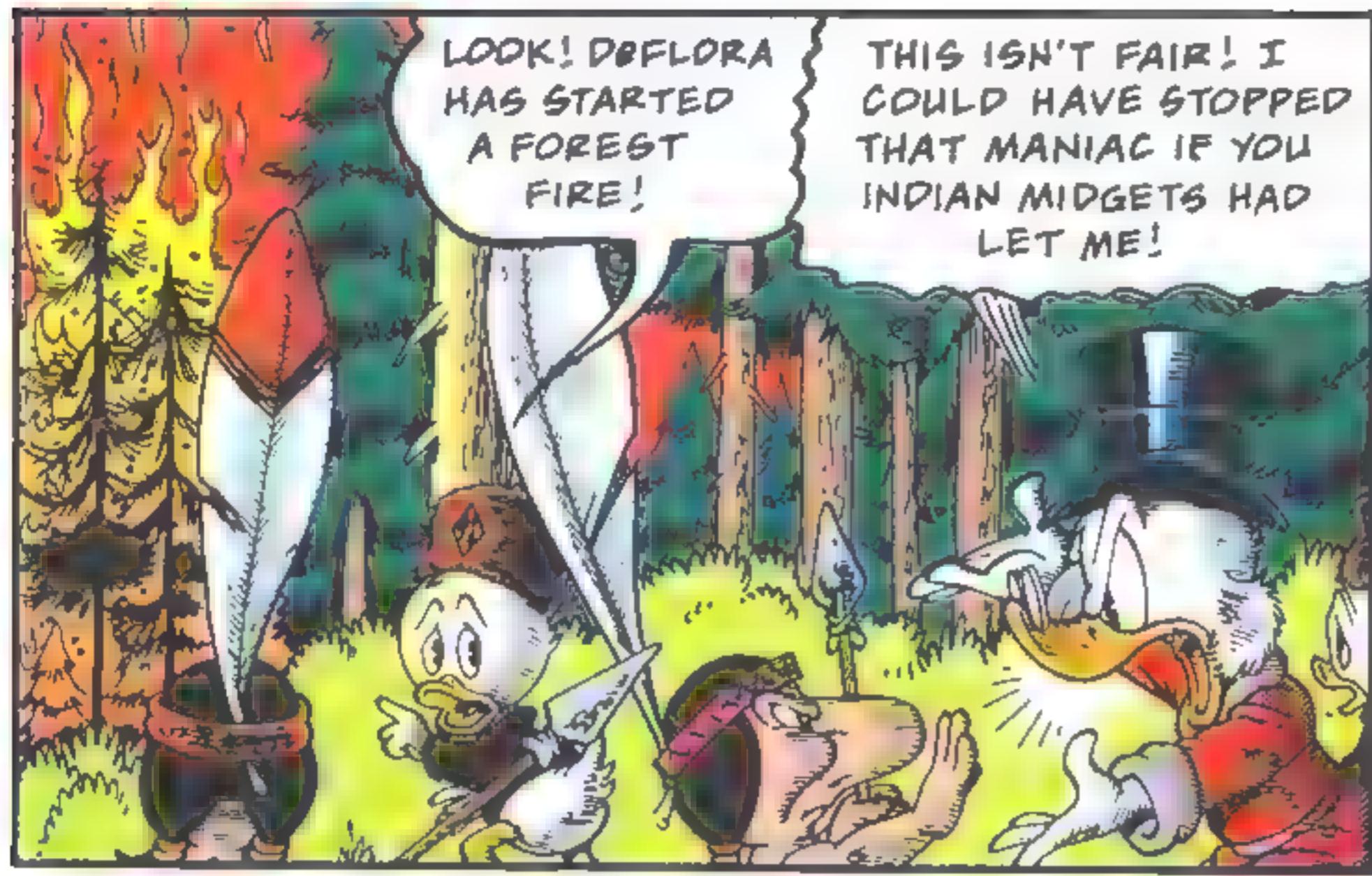
IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE THE WOODS AROUND
THE McDUCK MILL ARE FILLED WITH SHADY
FORMS CREEPING NEARER AND NEARER...

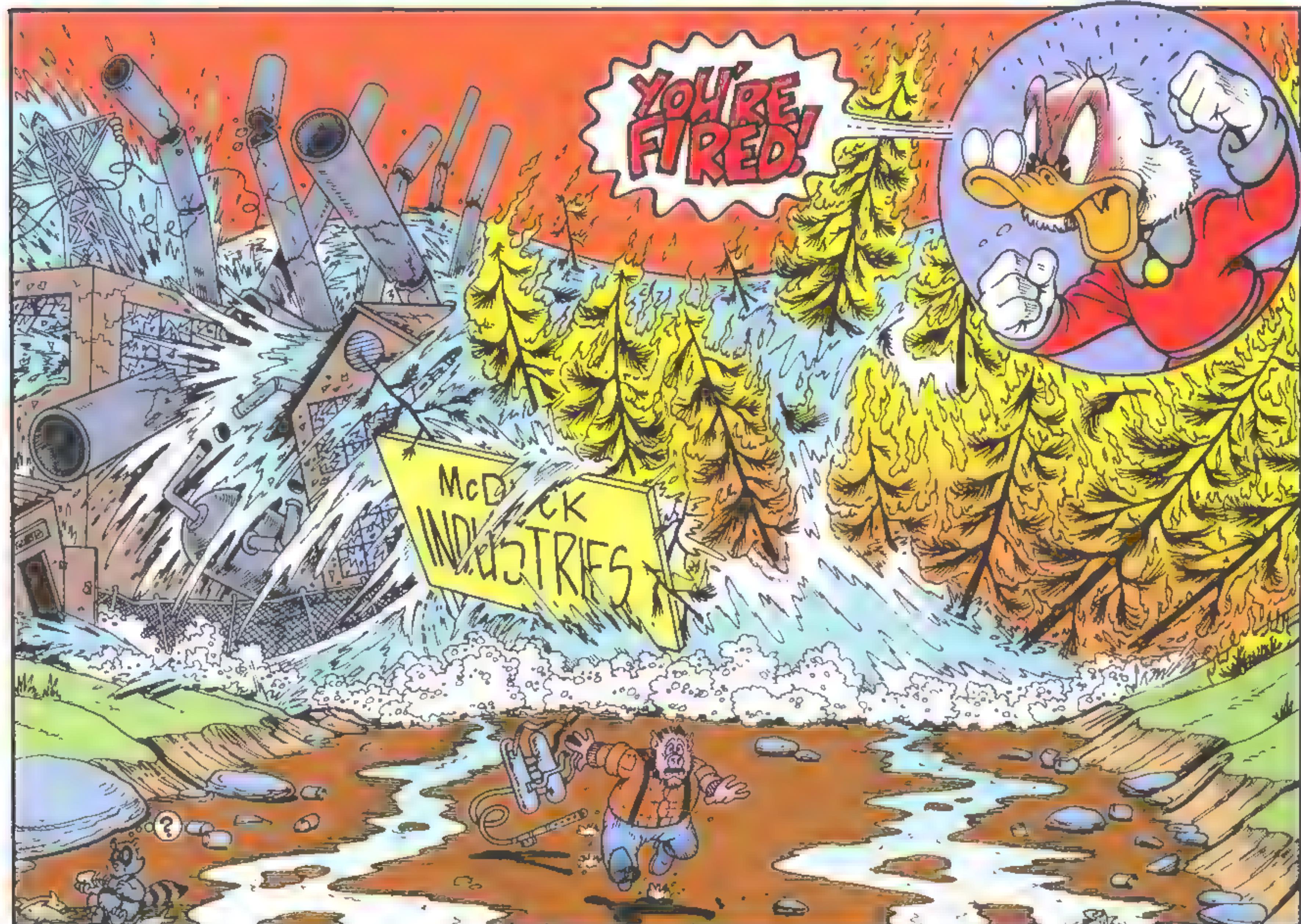
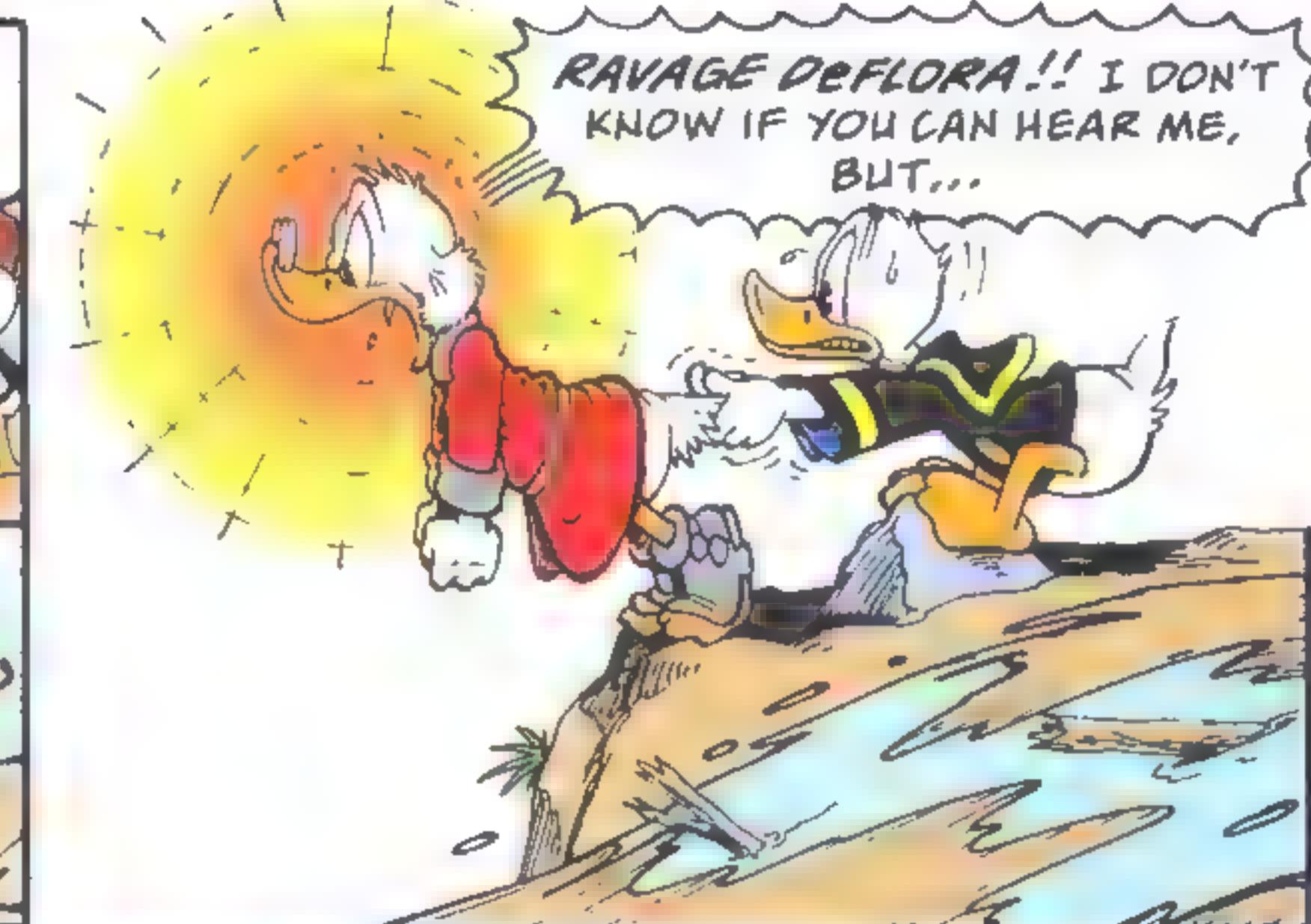
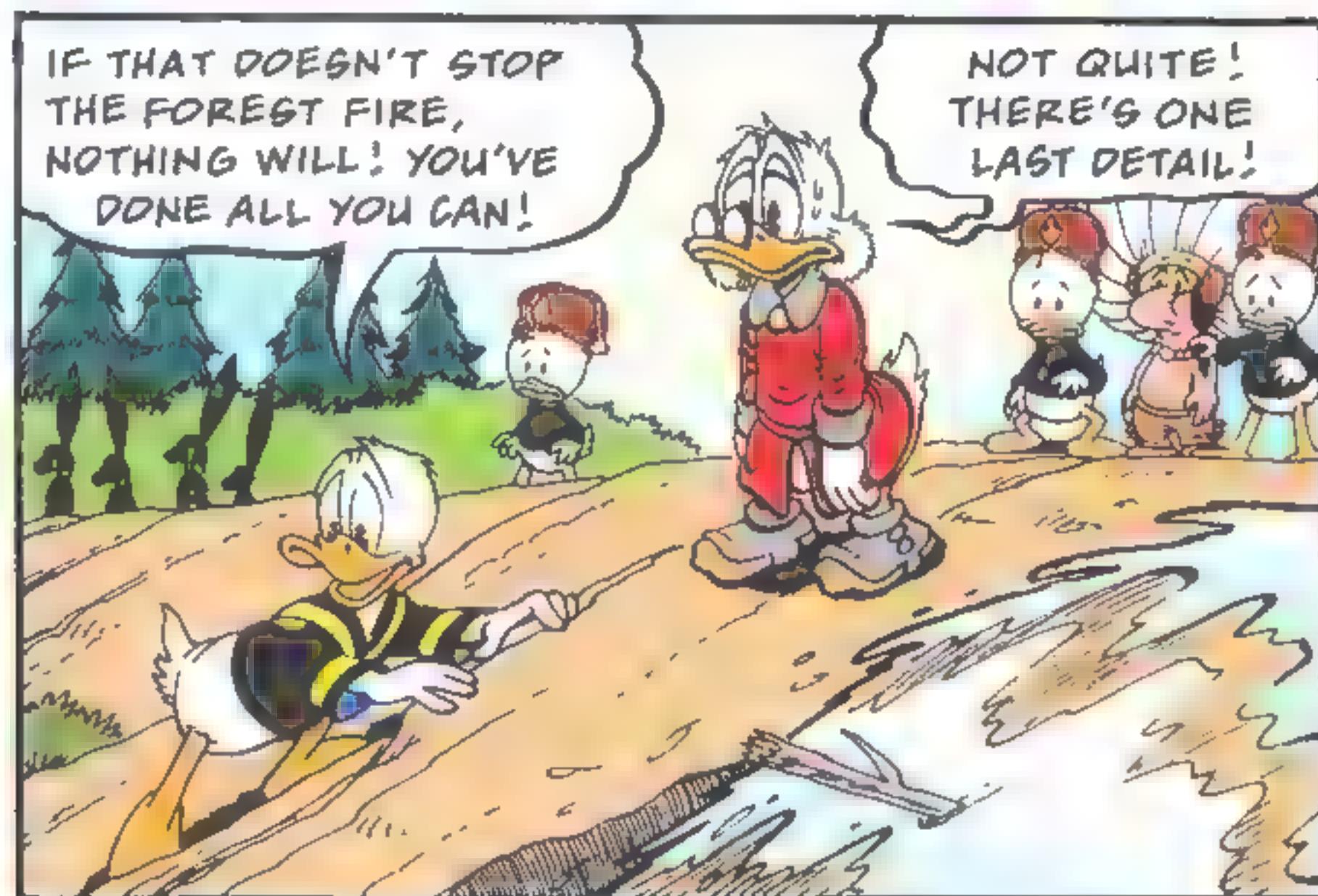
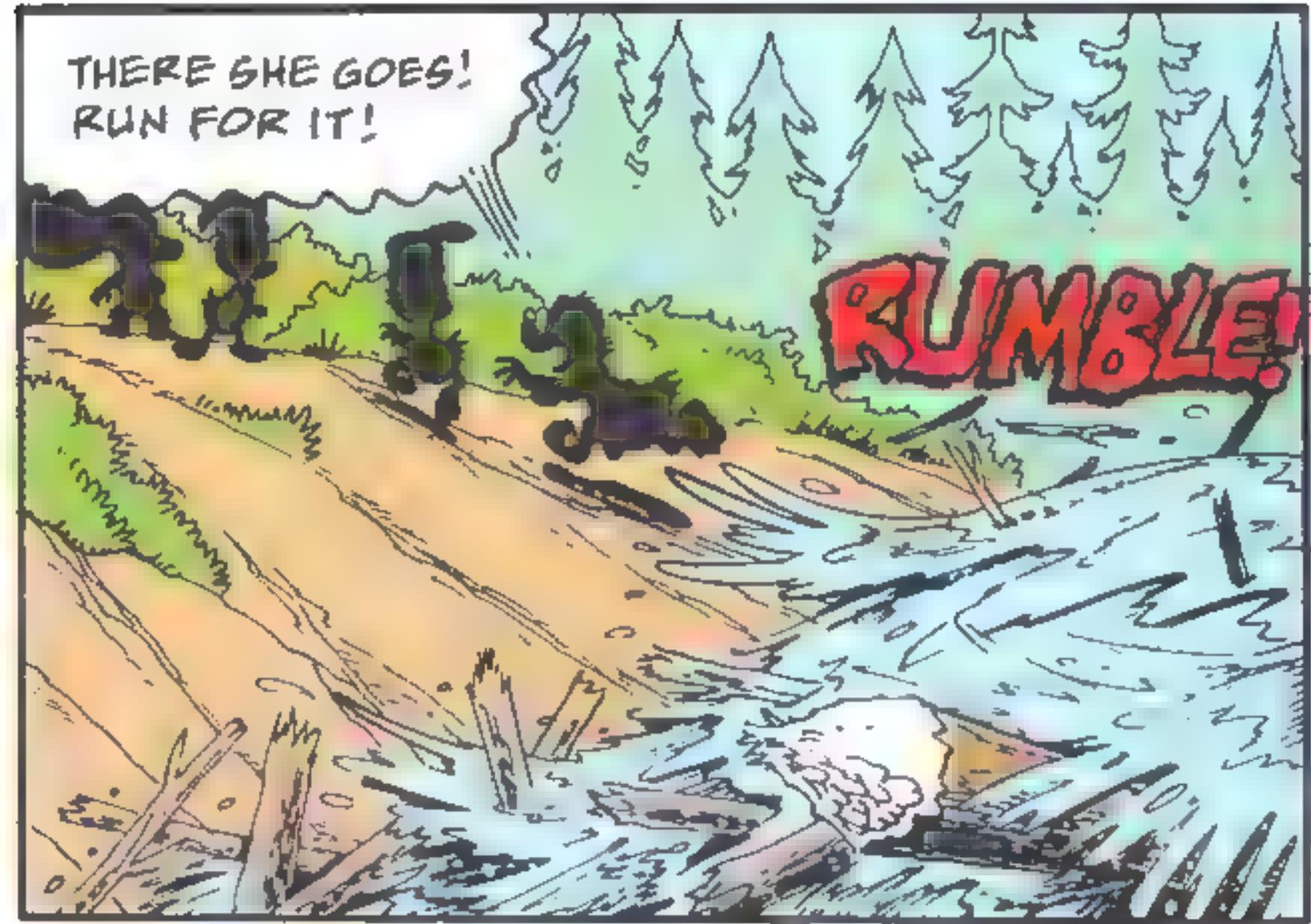
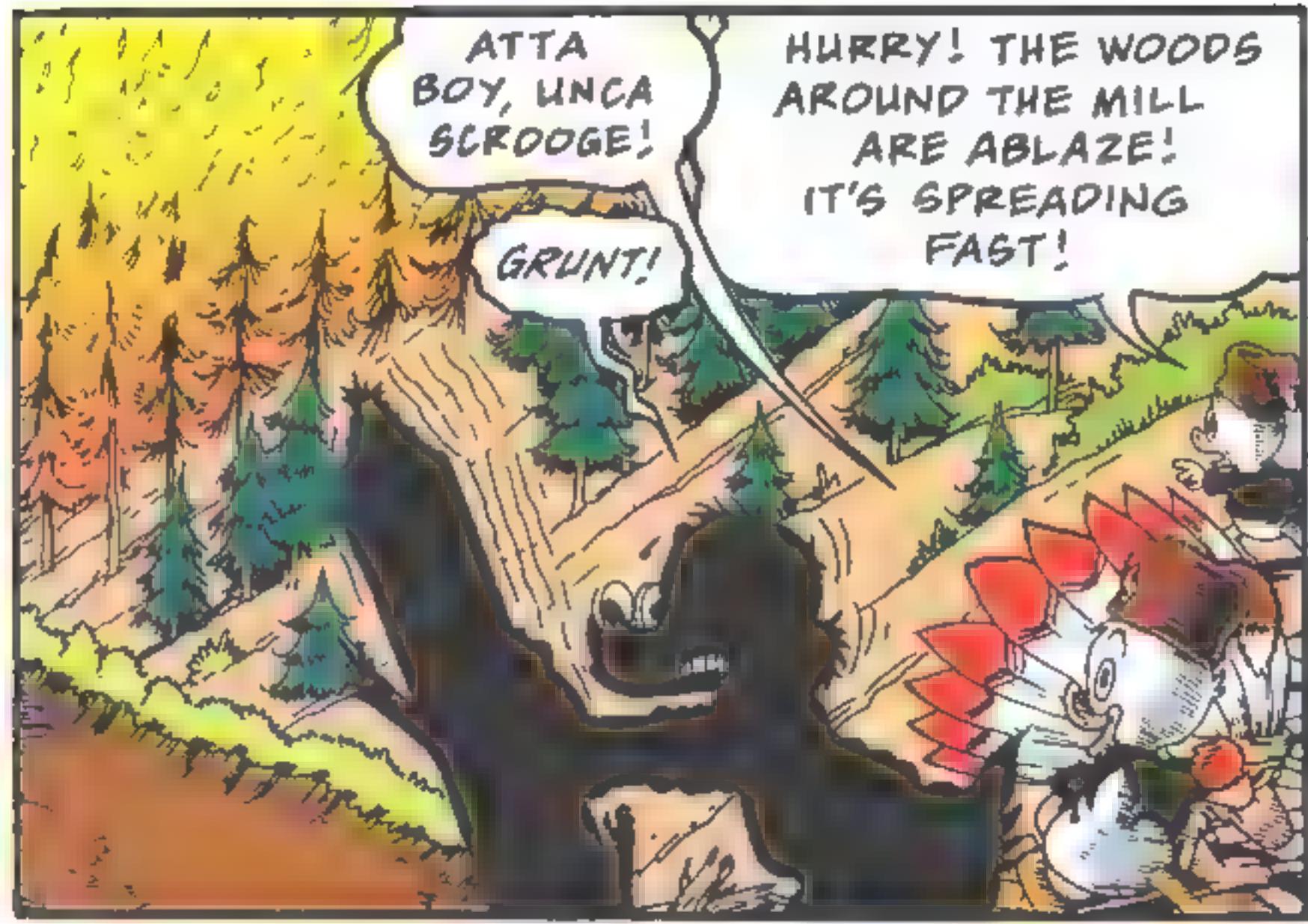












SO, THE WAR OF THE WENDIGO ENDS... AND AS WITH ANY WAR, THERE IS NO WINNER!

WELL, THE MILL IS A TOTAL LOSS!

AND DEFLORA MANAGED TO DUMP HIS ENTIRE CHEMICAL ARSENAL! THIS PLACE WILL BE STONE DEAD FOR 20 YEARS!

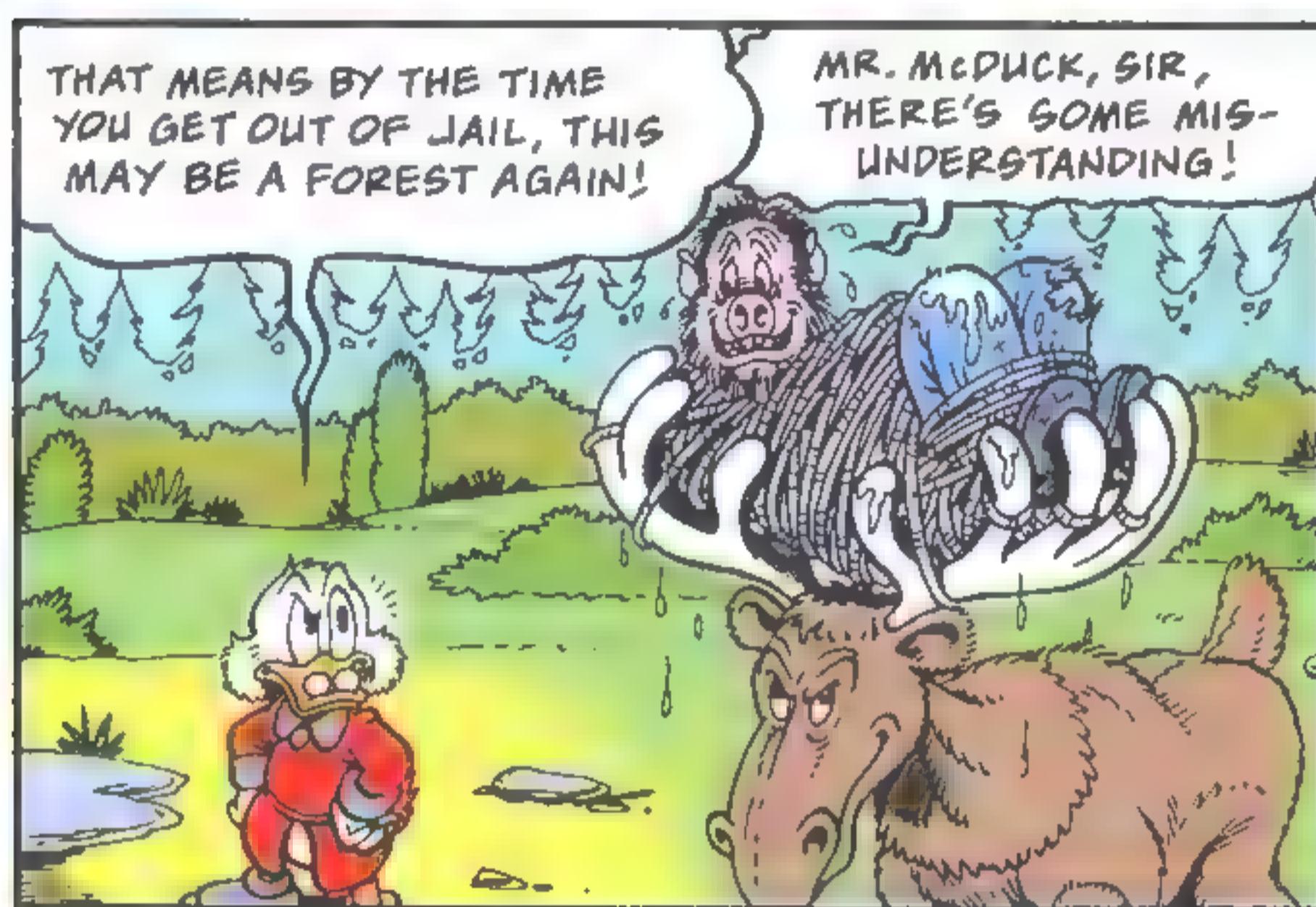


THAT MEANS BY THE TIME YOU GET OUT OF JAIL, THIS MAY BE A FOREST AGAIN!

MR. McDUCK, SIR,
THERE'S SOME MIS-
UNDERSTANDING!

AND YOU MADE IT WHEN YOU DECIDED TO MAROON US IN THE WILDERNESS AND TAKE CONTROL OF MY TIMBERLAND!

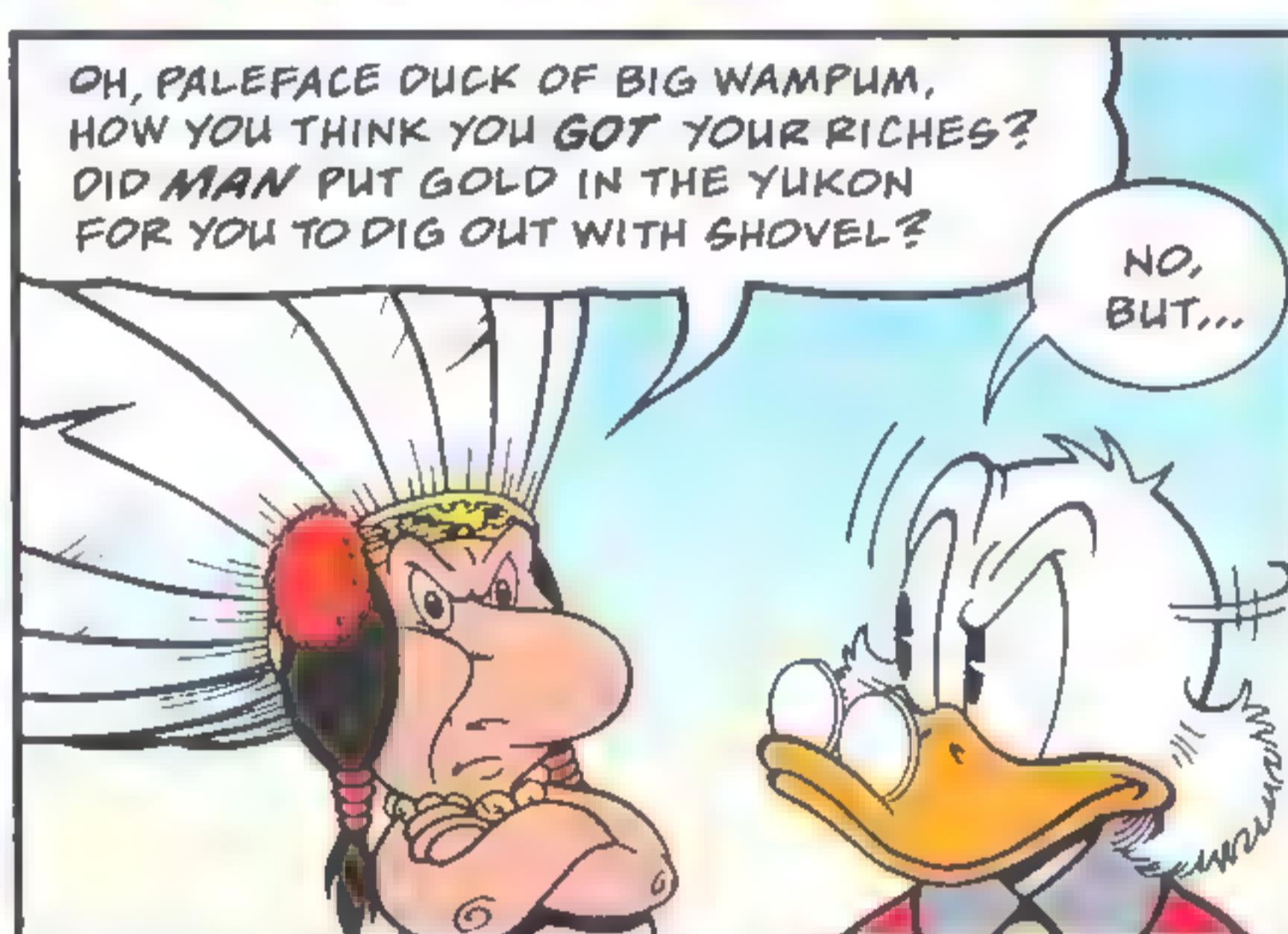
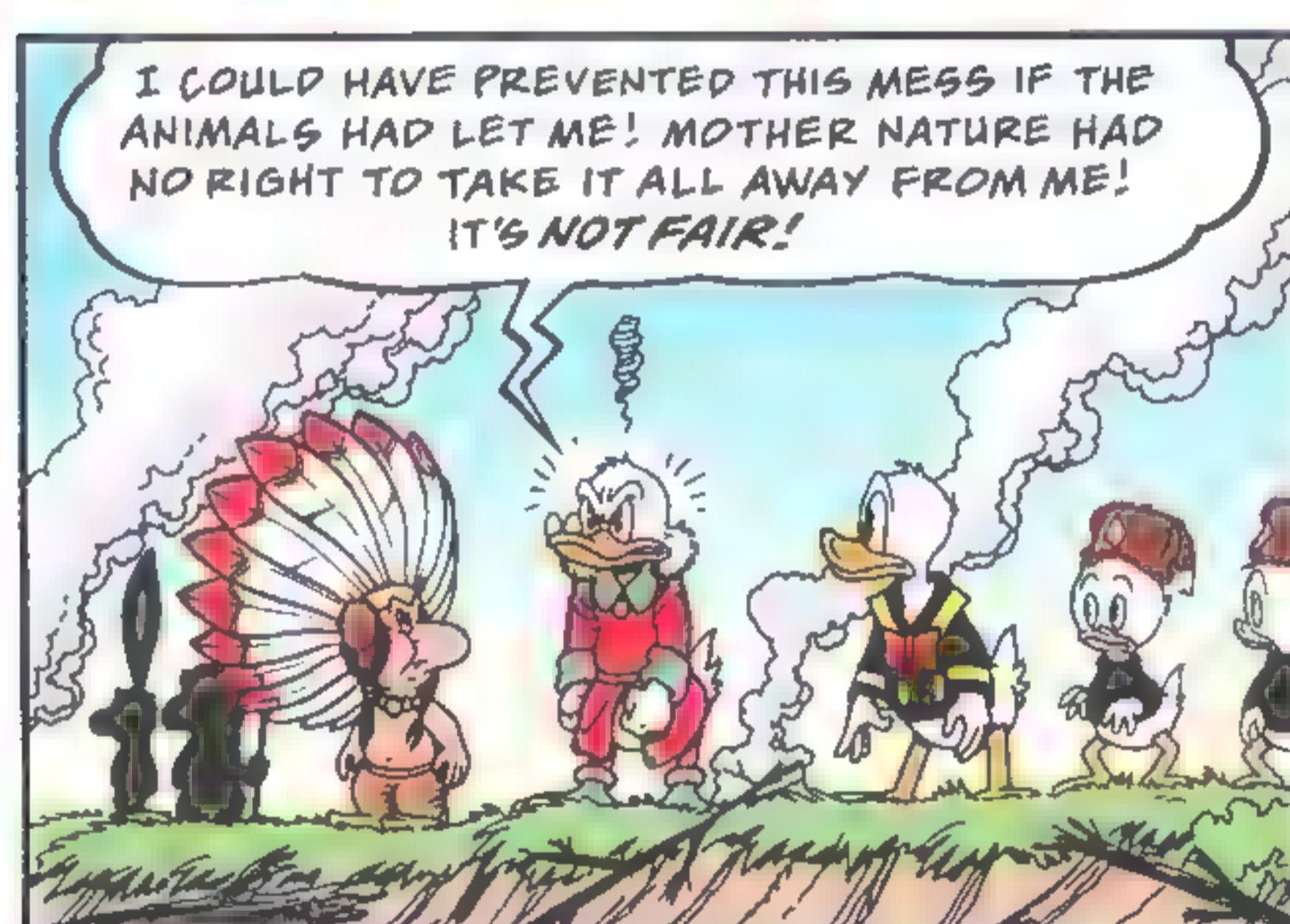
TAKE HIM AWAY!



I COULD HAVE PREVENTED THIS MESS IF THE ANIMALS HAD LET ME! MOTHER NATURE HAD NO RIGHT TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY FROM ME!
IT'S NOT FAIR!

OH, PALEFACE DUCK OF BIG WAMPUM,
HOW YOU THINK YOU GOT YOUR RICHES?
DID MAN PUT GOLD IN THE YUKON
FOR YOU TO DIG OUT WITH SHOVEL?

NO,
BUT...



DID MAN FILL YOUR MINES WITH DIAMONDS?
DID MAN FILL YOUR WELLS WITH OIL?
DID MAN PLANT THE ANCIENT FORESTS
THAT TURNED TO COAL FOR YOUR DIGGING?

N-NO,
B-BUT...

SCROOGE MAC-DUCK, YOU OWE YOUR RICHES TO THE MOTHER NATURE SPIRIT!
THIS DAY SPIRIT HAS DECIDED TO TAKE BACK THIS TINY PORTION!



SOME BIG MOUTHS HAVE
BEEN TELLING PYGMY INDIANS
AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT MY
PRIVATE BUSINESS!

YOU SMOKE PEACE
PIPE WITH GREAT SPIRIT,
SHE MIGHT SMILE
AGAIN ON PALEDUCK!

YOU MEAN, IF I STOP WRECKING
THE ENVIRONMENT, IT WOULD BE
A GOOD INVESTMENT IN MY OWN
BUSINESS FUTURE, EH, CHIEF?

HEY!
WHERE'D
THE
PEEWEEGAH
GO?

DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A
SOUND! LIKE THE WENDIGO
LEGENDS!

GONE WITH THE
WENDIGO!

CHIEF! THE GREAT
SPIRIT HAS BEEN
GOOD TO ME! I'LL
MAKE THAT
INVESTMENT!

I'LL INSTALL POLLUTION CONTROLS
IN ALL MY FACTORIES! AND I'LL
PLANT TWO TREES FOR EVERY ONE
I CUT! YOU'LL SEE!

I HOPE THE PEEWEEGAH
LAST UNTIL THEIR
LAND IS CLEAN
AGAIN!

IF WE DON'T TAKE CARE
OF THE ENVIRONMENT,
IT'LL BE THE
END OF ALL OF US!
NOT JUST
THE PEEWEEGAH!

IT'LL COST UNCA
SCROOGE A LOT TO
CLEAN UP ALL HIS
FACTORIES!

IT'LL PAY OFF IN
MANY WAYS! HE'LL
SEE!

OH, SO? DO YOU THINK UNCA
SCROOGE WILL EVER LEARN
TO APPRECIATE THE NON-
FINANCIAL PROFITS?

MAYBE HE'S
LEARNING ALREADY!

End

WALT DISNEY'S

UNCLE SCROOGE ADVENTURES



Cover used by Gladstone Publishing for its first reprinting of "Land of the Pygmy Indians."
Art by Daan Jippes.

It's
Magic!

Scoop

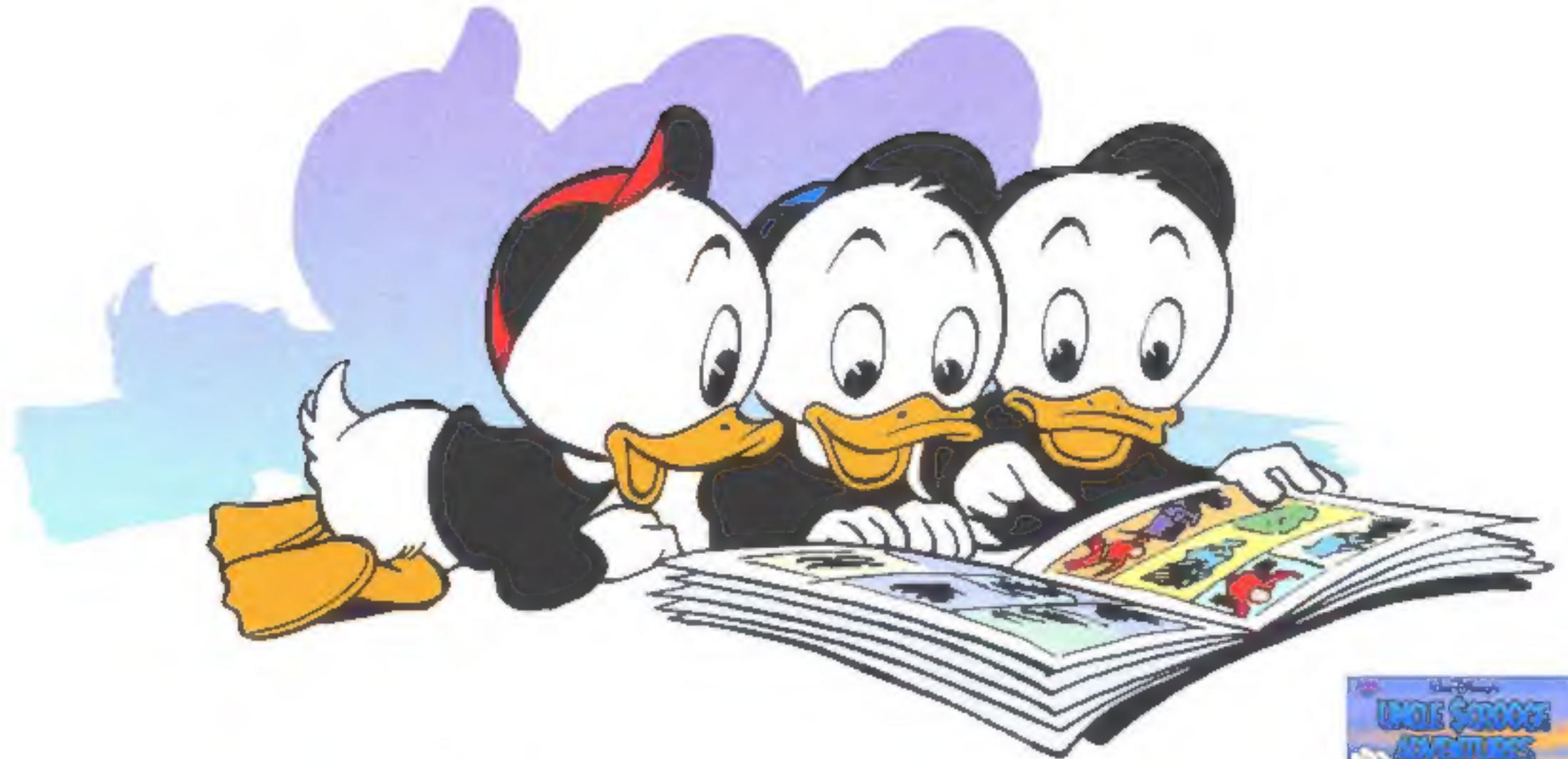
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